

WANTED

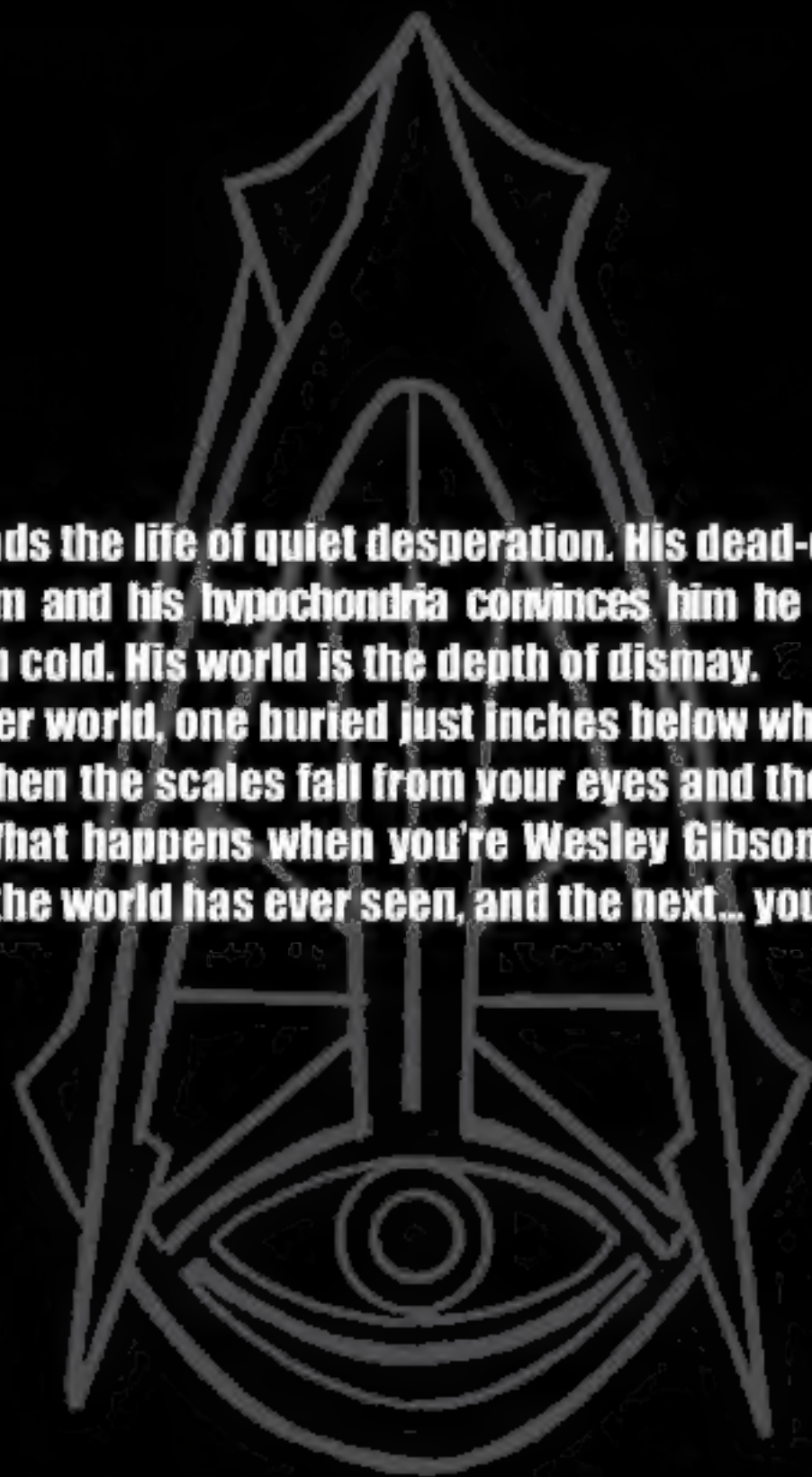


MARK MILLAR • JG JONES • PAUL MOUNTS

WANTED

Wesley Gibson leads the life of quiet desperation. His dead-end job numbs him, his girlfriend cheats on him and his hypochondria convinces him he has every disease from cancer to the common cold. His world is the depth of dismay.

But there is another world, one buried just inches below what Wesley thinks is his life. What happens when the scales fall from your eyes and the real clockwork of the world is laid bare? What happens when you're Wesley Gibson, one minute the most downtrodden wretch the world has ever seen, and the next... you're Wanted?



WANTED created by **Mark Millar and J.G. Jones**

WANTED issues #1-6

Written by **Mark Millar**

Pencils and Inks by **J.G. Jones**

Colors by **Bongotone's Paul Mounts**

Flashback sequences pgs. 6-10 of **WANTED #6**

Penciled and Inked by **Dick Giordano**

For the original editions: **WANTED** issues #1-6 lettering by
Dreamer Design's Robin Spehar, Dennis Heisler and Mark Roslan

For this edition:

Book Design by **Jason Medley**

Cover Art by **J. G. Jones**



IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Robert Kirkman: Chief Operating Officer

Erik Larsen: Chief Financial Officer

Todd McFarlane: President

Marc Silvestri: Chief Executive Officer

Jim Valentino: Vice President

Eric Stephenson: Publisher / Chief Creative Officer

Corey Hart: Director of Sales

Jeff Boles: Director of Publishing Planning & Book Trade Sales

Chris Ross: Director of Digital Sales

Jeff Stang: Director of Specialty Sales

Kat Salazar: Director of PR & Marketing

Drew Gill: Art Director

Heather Doornink: Production Director

Nicole Lapalme: Controller

IMAGECOMICS.COM

WANTED: Millarworld Edition. September 2018. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2701 NW Vaughn St., Suite 780, Portland, OR 97210.

Copyright © 2018. All rights reserved. Contains material originally published in single magazine form as **WANTED** issues #1-6 and **WANTED: Dossier**. "WANTED" its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Netflix Studios, LLC and Netflix Global, LLC, unless otherwise noted. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Netflix Studios, LLC and Netflix Global, LLC.

All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional.

Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satirical intent, is coincidental. Digital edition.

For international rights, contact: lucy@netflixmw.com.

NETFLIX



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Intro pg. 4

Chapter 1 **“Bring on the Bad Guys”** pg. 5

Chapter 2 **“Fuck You”** pg. 29

Chapter 3 **“Supergangbang”** pg. 51

Chapter 4 **“Crime Pays”** pg. 73

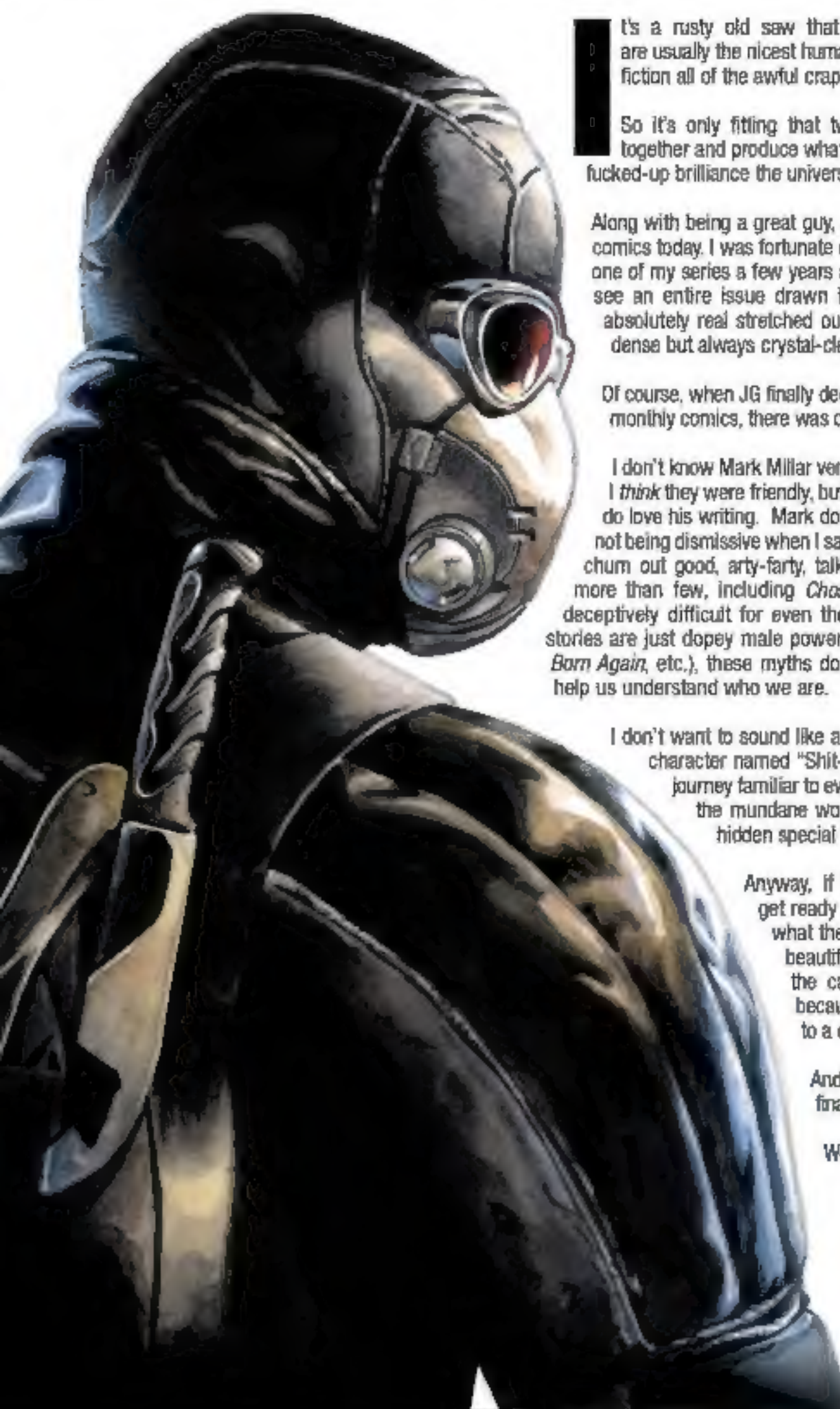
Chapter 5 **“The Shit List”** pg. 95

Chapter 6 **“Dead or Alive”** pg. 118

WANTED: Dossier pg. 141

Cover Gallery pg. 166

Bonus Material: **Character Designs
and Deleted Scenes** pg. 181



It's a rusty old saw that the writers and artists who create the darkest work are usually the nicest human beings, presumably because they get to purge into their fiction all of the awful crap that makes the rest of us such miserable bastards.

So it's only fitting that two of the sweetest, kindest men in comics would get together and produce what is unquestionably the most horrifically disturbing piece of fucked-up brilliance the universe of super-powered villainy has ever seen.

Along with being a great guy, JG Jones is easily one of the three best artists working in comics today. I was fortunate enough to have a few of JG's paintings grace the covers of one of my series a few years ago, and I used to fantasize about what it would be like to see an entire issue drawn by him...to see his ability to make the imagined look absolutely real stretched out over hundreds of glorious panels worth of unbelievably dense but always crystal-clear sequential storytelling.

Of course, when JG finally decided to make his triumphant return to the interior pages of monthly comics, there was only writer he could turn to... and it sure as hell wasn't me.

I don't know Mark Millar very well, though we have had several friendly chats (at least, I *think* they were friendly, but who the fuck can tell with that accent?). Either way, I sure do love his writing. Mark does better superhero fiction than any living creator, and I'm not being dismissive when I say he's the master of that particular genre. Most authors can churn out good, arty-farty, talking-heads, "mature readers" comics—Mark has written more than few, including *Chosen*, his other masterpiece—but capes and fights are deceptively difficult for even the best creators to really nail. At their worst, superhero stories are just dopey male power fantasies, but at their best (see: *Watchmen*, *Daredevil: Born Again*, etc.), these myths don't just entertain, they work as powerful allegories that help us understand who we are.

I don't want to sound like an asshole for reading too deeply into a story with a major character named "Shit-Head" in it, but by perfectly subverting the classic hero's journey familiar to every comic fan, Millar and Jones challenge us to think about the mundane world that we're all part of, and the price of entry into that hidden special world we all dream of one day joining.

Anyway, if this is your first time reading *Wanted*, have fun, and get ready for those last two pages. Those of you who refuse to see what the conclusion is really saying will probably want to burn this beautiful collection the second you put it down. But if that's the case, you should use my introduction page as kindling, because I think *Wanted* has the bravest, most interesting finale to a comic ever.

And to you chosen few who find yourself smiling when you finally reach the end of Wesley Gibson's journey?

Welcome to the other side.

Brian K. Vaughan
March 2005

BKV is the writer and co-creator of the ongoing series *Y: THE LAST MAN*, *EX MACHINA* and *RUNAWAYS*. Unlike Old Man Millar, he is still very young and very handsome.



INTRO

THIS IS MY BEST FRIEND HAVING
SEX WITH MY GIRLFRIEND OVER
AN IKEA TABLE I PICKED UP FOR
A REALLY GOOD PRICE.



BRING ON THE BAD GUYS

Written by: Mark Millar

Penciled and Inked by: J.G. Jones

Colored by: Paul Mounts

Lettered by: Dreamer Design's
Robin Spehar
Dennis Heisler
Mark Roslan



THIS IS ME MEETING HIM FOR DINNER TWO DAYS LATER AND PRETENDING NOT TO KNOW ABOUT IT AS WE ENJOY SOME REALLY NICE KOREAN FOOD TOGETHER.

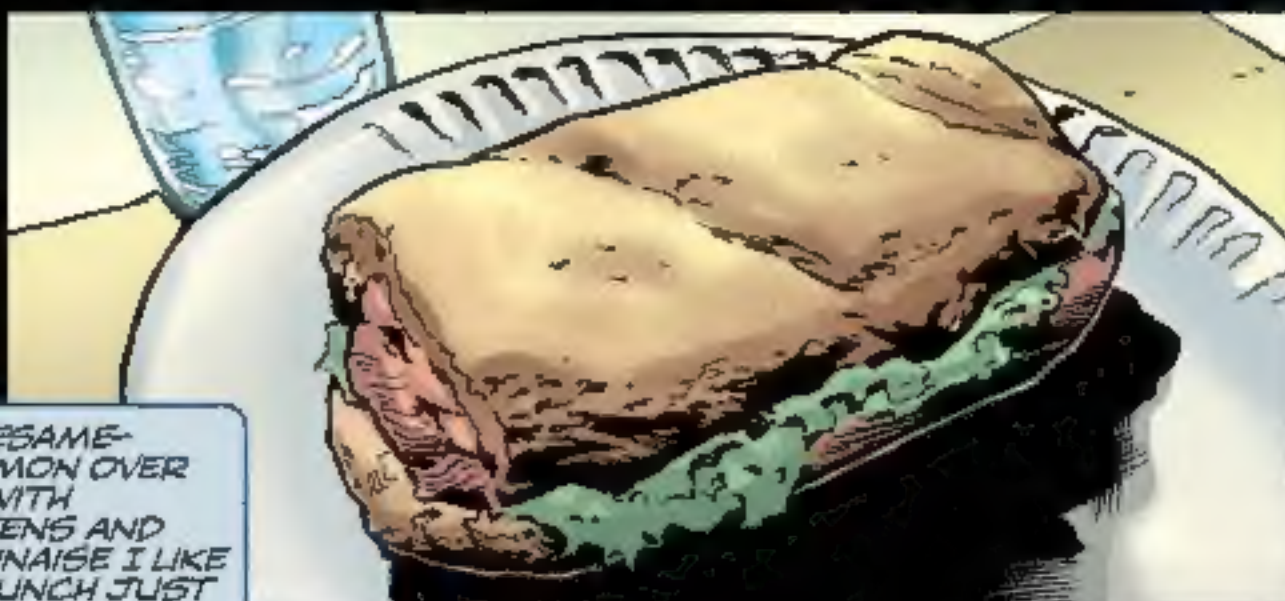


THIS IS THE OFFICE WHERE I WORK AS AN ASSISTANT TO THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR ON HYPOTHYROIDISM TODAY, THE THIRD-BIGGEST AUTO-IMMUNE PERIODICAL ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD.



THIS IS ME TAKING SHIT FROM MY AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOSS.

AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M SMILING AS SHE INSULTS ME, BUT IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I'M EMBARRASSED BY THE SITUATION AND MORE THAN A LITTLE AFRAID OF THE SCARY FUCKING BITCH.

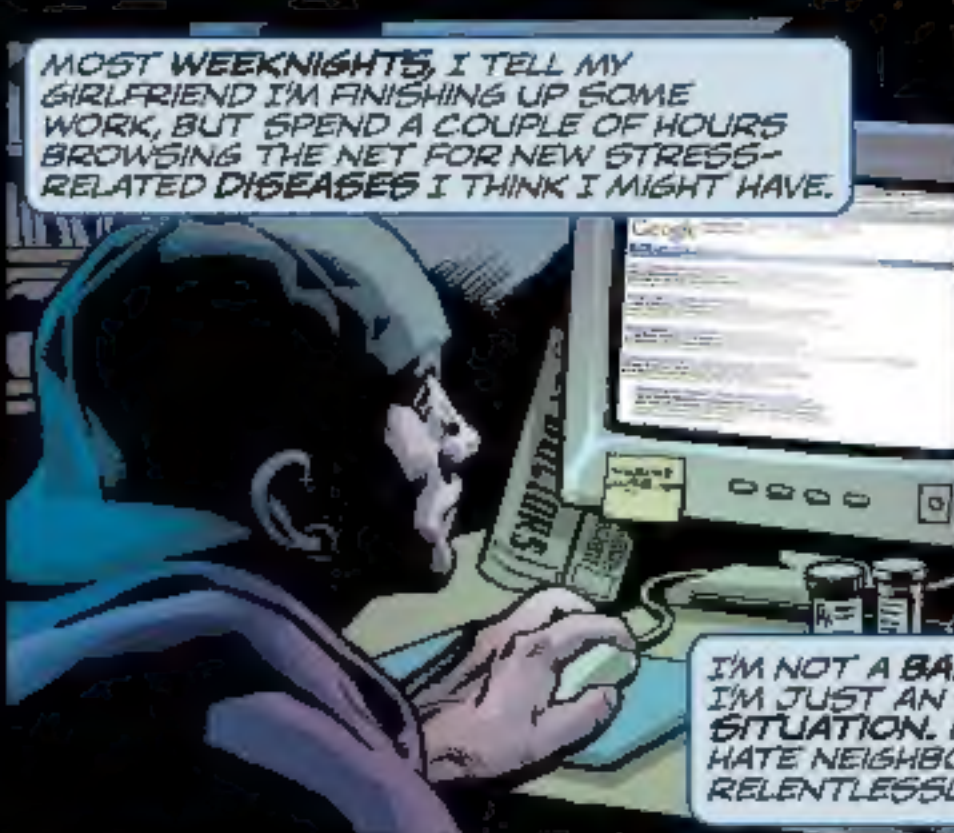


THIS IS THE SESAME-CRUSTED SALMON OVER SOURDOUGH WITH MUSTARD GREENS AND WASABI MAYONNAISE I LIKE TO HAVE FOR LUNCH JUST TO PROVE I'M DIFFERENT FROM THE HERD.

MOST WEEKDAYS, THESE SEMI-LITERATE, CHOLO FUCKS MEET ME OFF THE BUS AND WALK BEHIND ME HURLING INSULTS ABOUT MY BAGGIES OR MY OLD-SKOOL PUMAS.



MOST WEEKNIGHTS, I TELL MY GIRLFRIEND I'M FINISHING UP SOME WORK, BUT SPEND A COUPLE OF HOURS BROWSING THE NET FOR NEW STRESS-RELATED DISEASES I THINK I MIGHT HAVE.



I'M NOT A BAD PERSON OR ANYTHING. I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY IN A BAD SITUATION. DOESN'T EVERYONE HATE NEIGHBORS WHO EXHIBIT A RELENTLESSLY CHEERY DISPOSITION?

CHEER UP, WESLEY. IT MIGHT NEVER HAPPEN, KIDDO.



MY NAME IS WESLEY GIBSON AND MY DAD WALKED OUT ON MY MOM WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN WEEKS OLD.



DID HE LOOK INTO MY BABY-BLUES AND REALIZE THAT HE'D JUST FATHERED ONE OF THE MOST INSIGNIFICANT ASSHOLES OF THE 21ST CENTURY?

I'M NOT A
HOMOSEXUAL,
YOU UNDERSTAND.
IN FACT, I'VE BEDDED
OVER FIVE THOUSAND
WOMEN IN MY FIFTY-
EIGHT YEARS WHICH
MAKES ME QUITE
THE **OPPOSITE**,
I BELIEVE.

I JUST LIKE
TO DO THIS **SAY**
THING EVERY OTHER
YEAR TO **WHET MY**
APPETITE FOR THE
PLEASURE OF THE
FAIRER SEX.

THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE THE
PERFUMED TOUCH
OF A WOMAN AFTER
TWELVE MONTHS OF
HEAVING, SWEATING
MAN-FLESH
WRITHING BETWEEN
ONE'S SHEETS,
YOU KNOW.



UH, **WHATEVER**
YOU **SAY**, MISTER
GIBSON, BUT YOU STILL
GOTTA PAY US **EXTRA** IF
YOU WANNA DO ANYTHING
HEAVIER THAN **VIDEO-
TAPE** THIS, SIR.

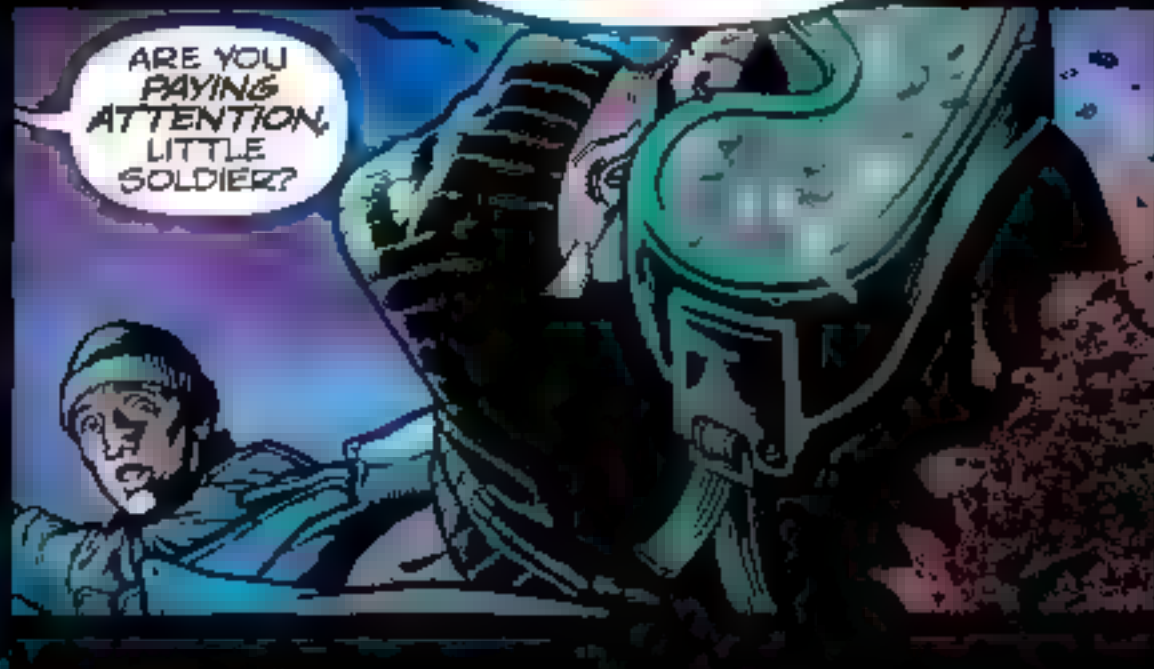
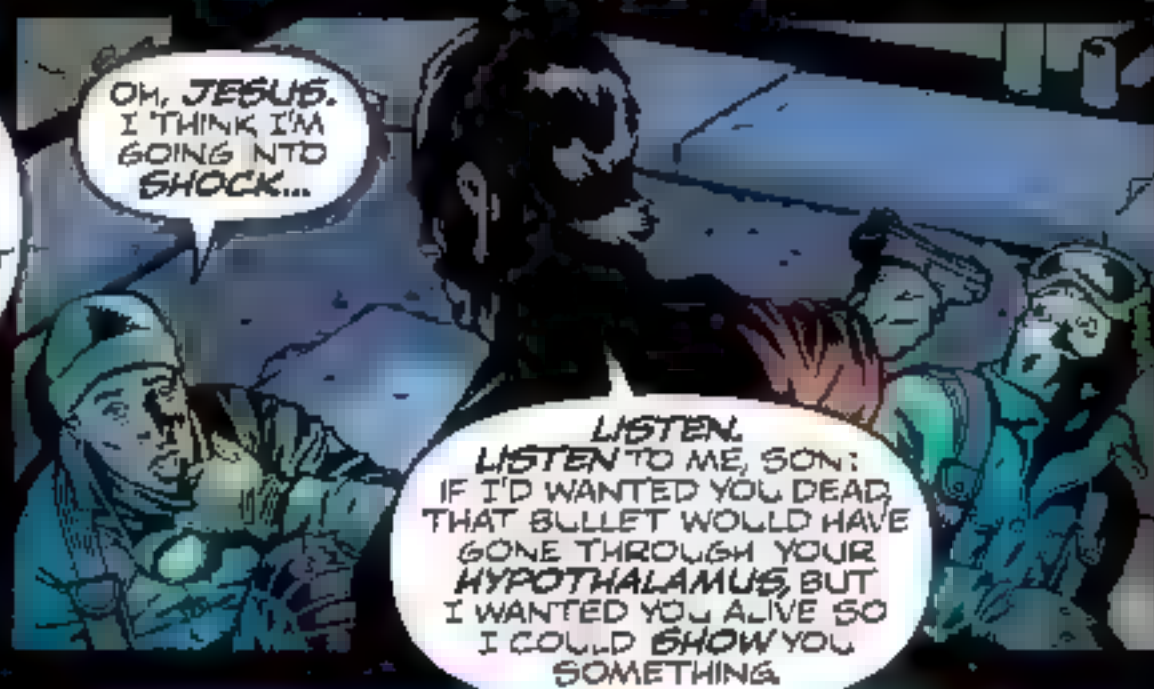
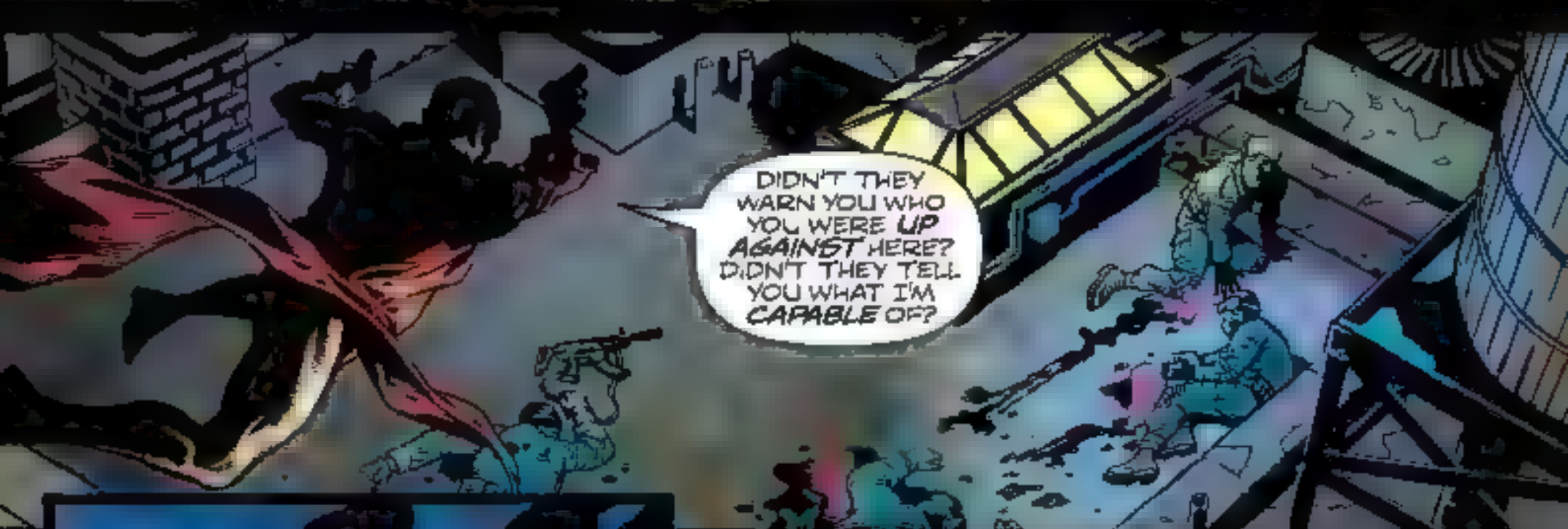
IT'S COOL IF
YOU WANNA JUST
GET YOURSELF OFF,
BUT IF YOU CHANGE
YOUR MIND AND WANNA
TOUCH US AND STUFF,
WE'RE GONNA NEED
THE MONEY
UP FRONT.

MY BOY, WHEN
YOU'VE KILLED,
CARESSED, OR FUCKED
JUST ABOUT ANYTHING
THAT EVER WALKED OR
CRAWLED, SOMETIMES IT'S
ENOUGH JUST TO SIT
BACK AND WATCH FOR
A CHANGE.

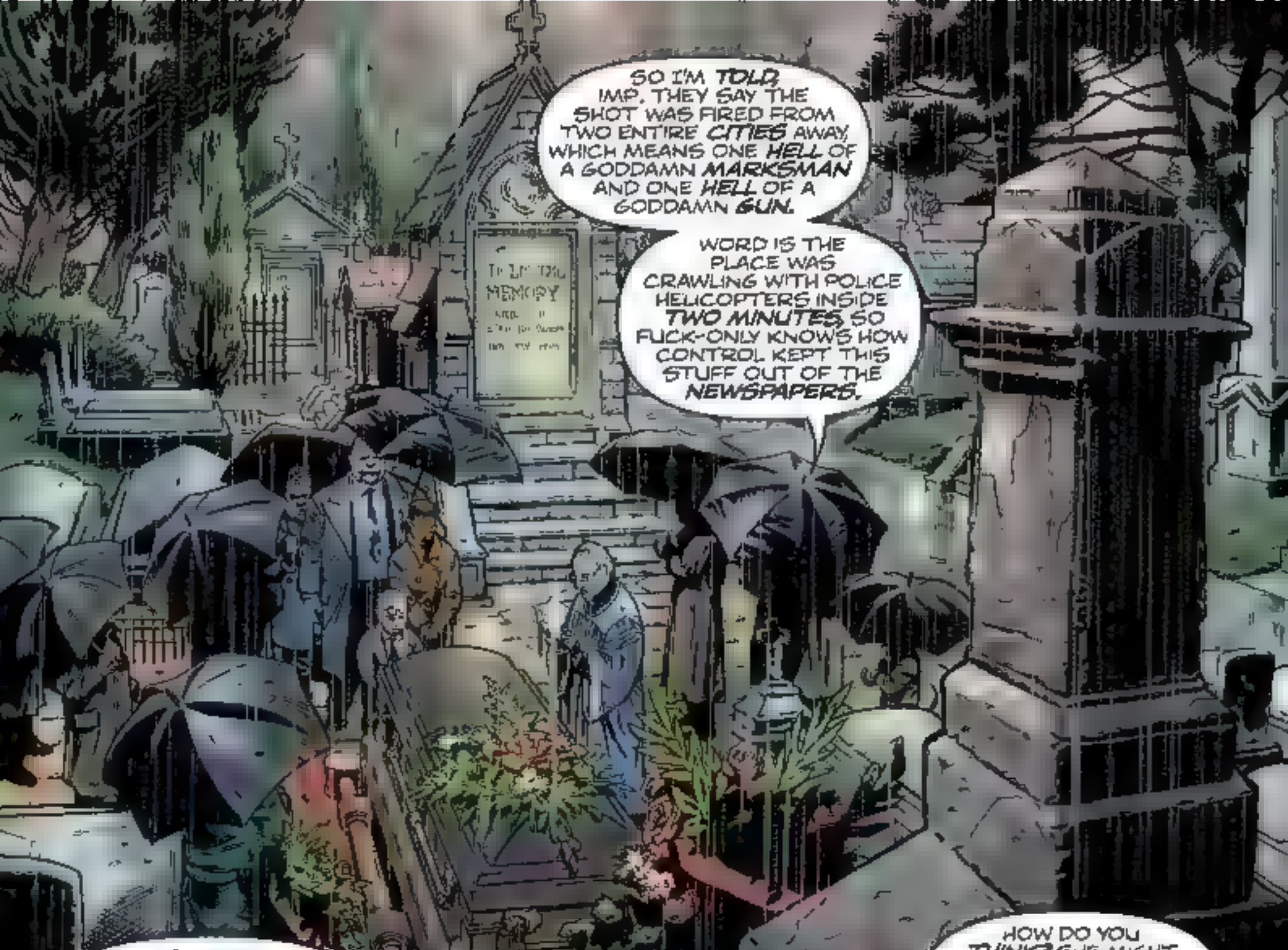












SO I'M TOLD, IMP. THEY SAY THE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM TWO ENTIRE CITIES AWAY, WHICH MEANS ONE HELL OF A GODDAMN MARKSMAN AND ONE HELL OF A GODDAMN GUN.

WORD IS THE PLACE WAS CRAWLING WITH POLICE HELICOPTERS INSIDE TWO MINUTES, SO FUCK-ONLY KNOWS HOW CONTROL KEPT THIS STUFF OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

SUCKER, CONTROL COULD KEEP THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST OUT OF THE NEWSPAPERS IF THEY WANTED TO. IN FACT, I THINK THEY DID A FEW YEARS BACK.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOX? HOW'S SHE TAKING THIS?

HOW DO YOU THINK? SHE MIGHT BE A CRAZY FUCKING PSYCHO BITCH, BUT GIBSON'S PROBABLY THE CLOSEST SHE EVER CAME TO ACTUALLY CARING ABOUT ANOTHER HUMAN BEING.

WORD IS THE PROFESSOR HAD TO KEEP HER HIGH ON HAPPY-JUICE THESE LAST FEW DAYS JUST TO STOP HER HEADING ACROSS TOWN AND GOING ON A KILLING-SPREE.

YOU THINK MISTER RICTUS WAS BEHIND ALL THIS?

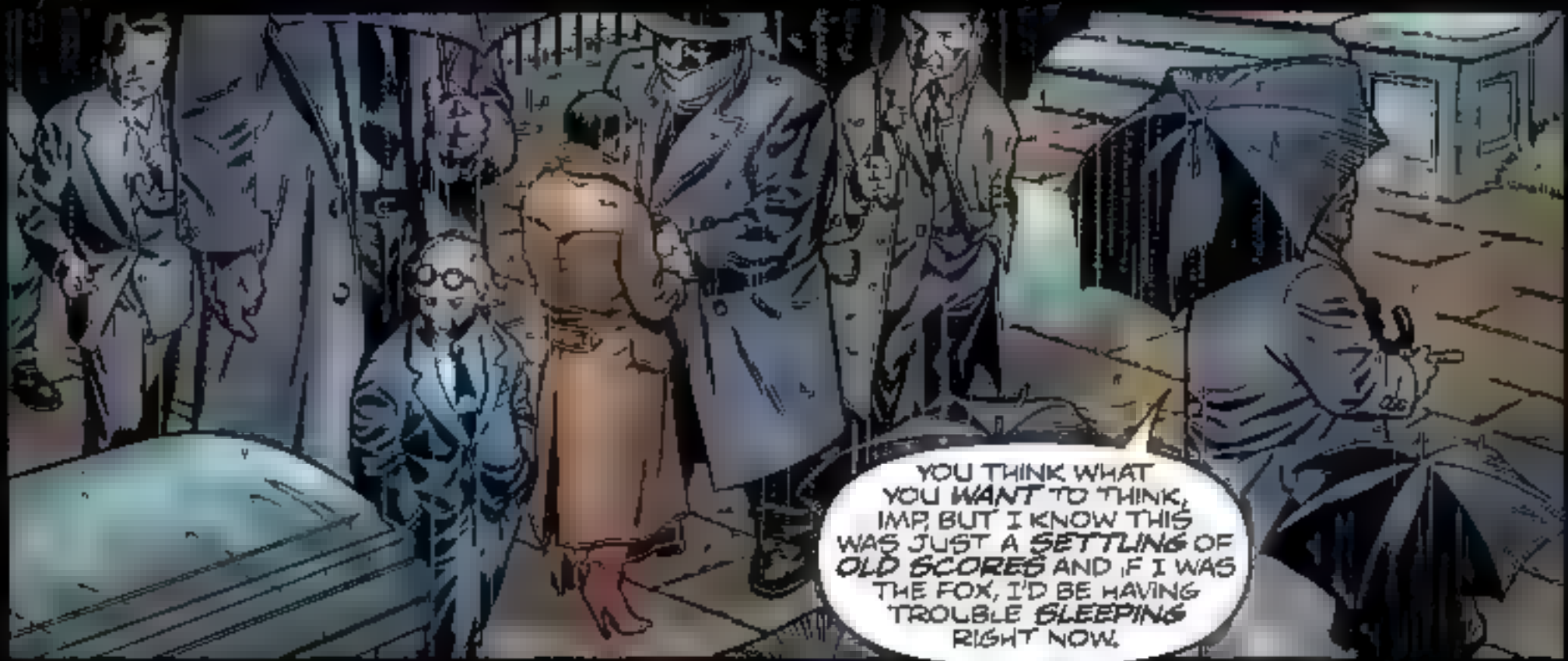
OH, COME ON. JUST BECAUSE HE SENDS A FEW FLOWERS AND ASKS SHIT-HEAD TO REPRESENT HIM AT THE FUNERAL DOESN'T MEAN HE'S LOST HIS MEMORY ALL OF A SUDDEN.

THOSE GUYS HAD MORE BAD BLOOD THAN A HEMOPHILIACS CONVENTION. WHO ELSE COULD HAVE ARRANGED A SET-UP LIKE THAT?

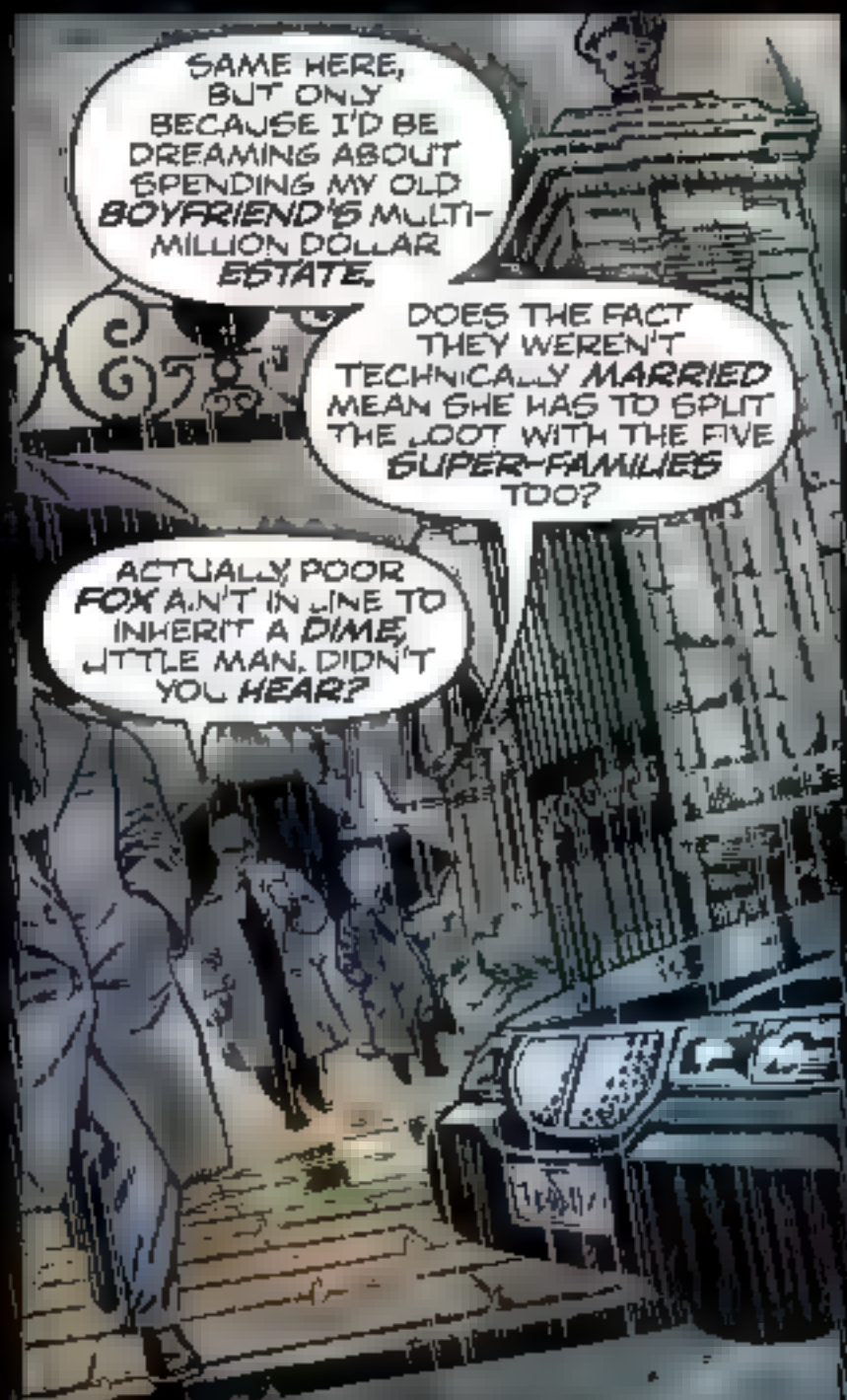


I DUNNO,
SUCKER. I MEAN,
HIT-MEN CAN CLOCK
UP A SHIT-LOAD
OF ENEMIES, MY
FRIEND..

YEAH,
BUT BEING THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
HIT-MAN MEANS NONE
OF THEM ARE PACKING
A PULSE BESIDES HIS
OLD BOSS.



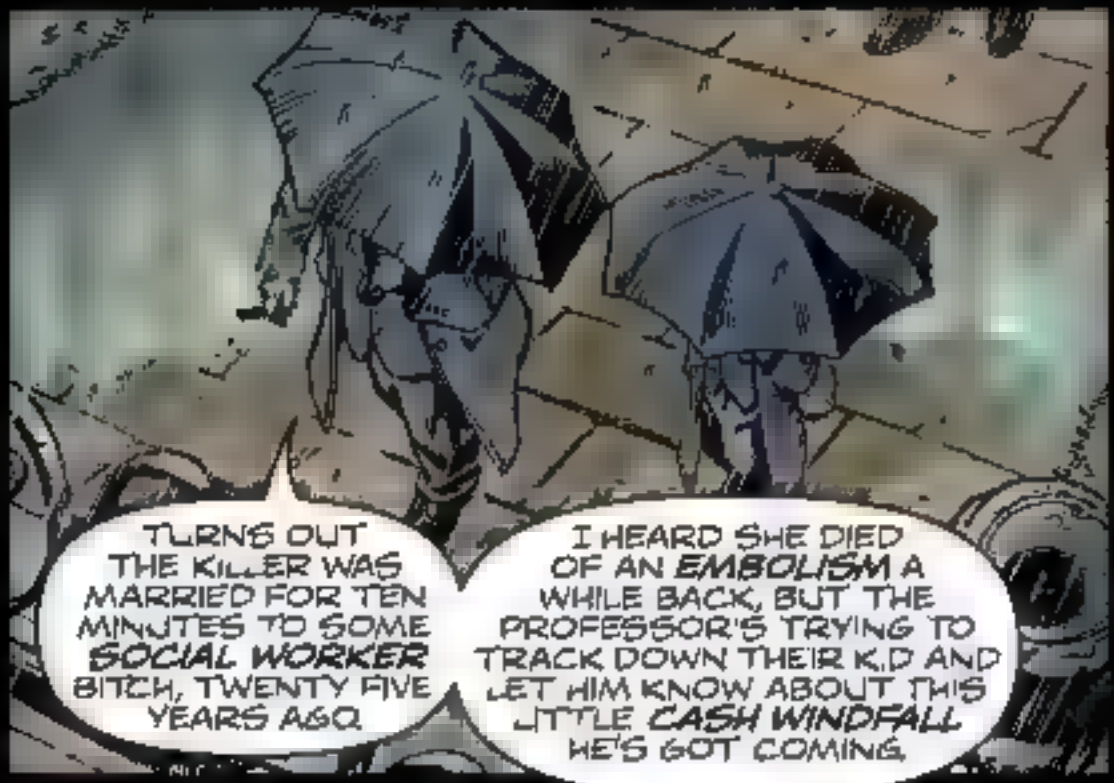
YOU THINK WHAT
YOU WANT TO THINK,
IMP, BUT I KNOW THIS
WAS JUST A **SETTLING** OF
OLD SCORES AND IF I WAS
THE FOX, I'D BE HAVING
TROUBLE **SLEEPING**
RIGHT NOW.



SAME HERE,
BUT ONLY
BECAUSE I'D BE
DREAMING ABOUT
SPENDING MY OLD
BOYFRIEND'S MULTI-
MILLION DOLLAR
ESTATE.

DOES THE FACT
THEY WEREN'T
TECHNICALLY **MARRIED**
MEAN SHE HAS TO SPLIT
THE LOOT WITH THE FIVE
SUPER-FAMILIES
TOO?

ACTUALLY POOR
FOX AIN'T IN LINE TO
INHERIT A DIME,
LITTLE MAN. DIDN'T
YOU HEAR?



TURNS OUT
THE KILLER WAS
MARRIED FOR TEN
MINUTES TO SOME
SOCIAL WORKER
BITCH, TWENTY FIVE
YEARS AGO.

I HEARD SHE DIED
OF AN **EMBOLISM** A
WHILE BACK, BUT THE
PROFESSOR'S TRYING TO
TRACK DOWN THEIR KID AND
LET HIM KNOW ABOUT THIS
LITTLE **CASH WINDFALL**
HE'S GOT COMING.

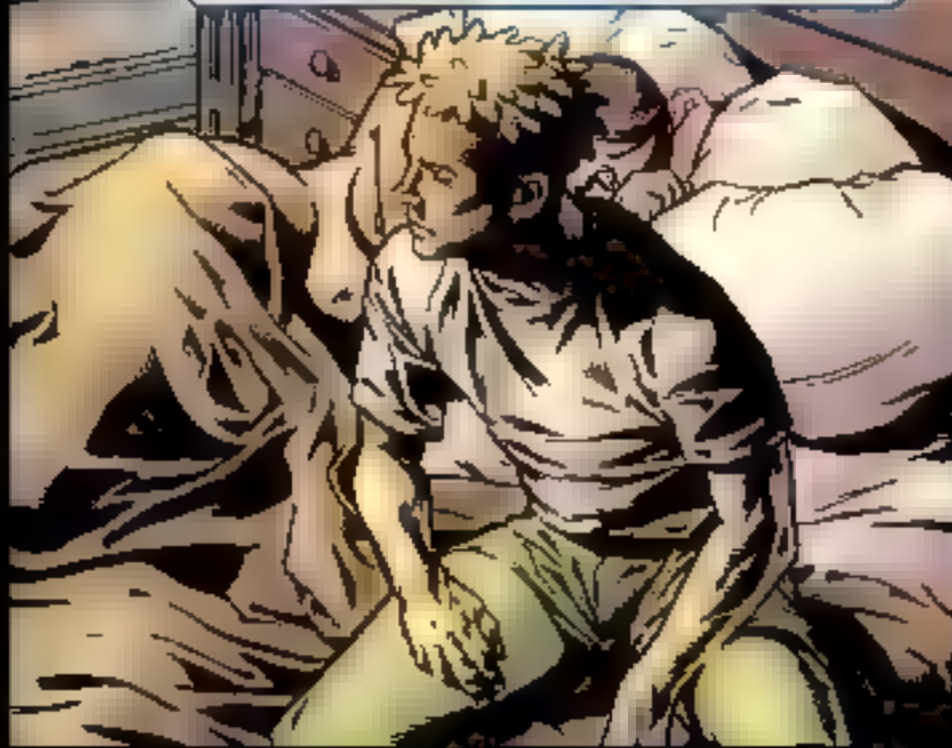


LUCKY
LITTLE
BASTARD.

TALK
ABOUT THE
RIGHT **WOMB**
AT THE RIGHT
TIME.

REMEMBER ME?
WESLEY GIBSON?

IF I LOOK TIRED IT'S BECAUSE I WAS UP ALL NIGHT CONSOLING LISA AFTER SHE BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED TO FUCKING ELEVEN CO-WORKERS IN THE TWENTY-TWO MONTHS WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER.



I WANT US TO TRY FOR A **BABY**, WESLEY. I'D FEEL MORE **ATTRACTIVE** IF YOU MADE A COMMITMENT AND WOULDN'T NEED THE **VALIDATION** OF THESE **CONSTANT** AFFAIRS.

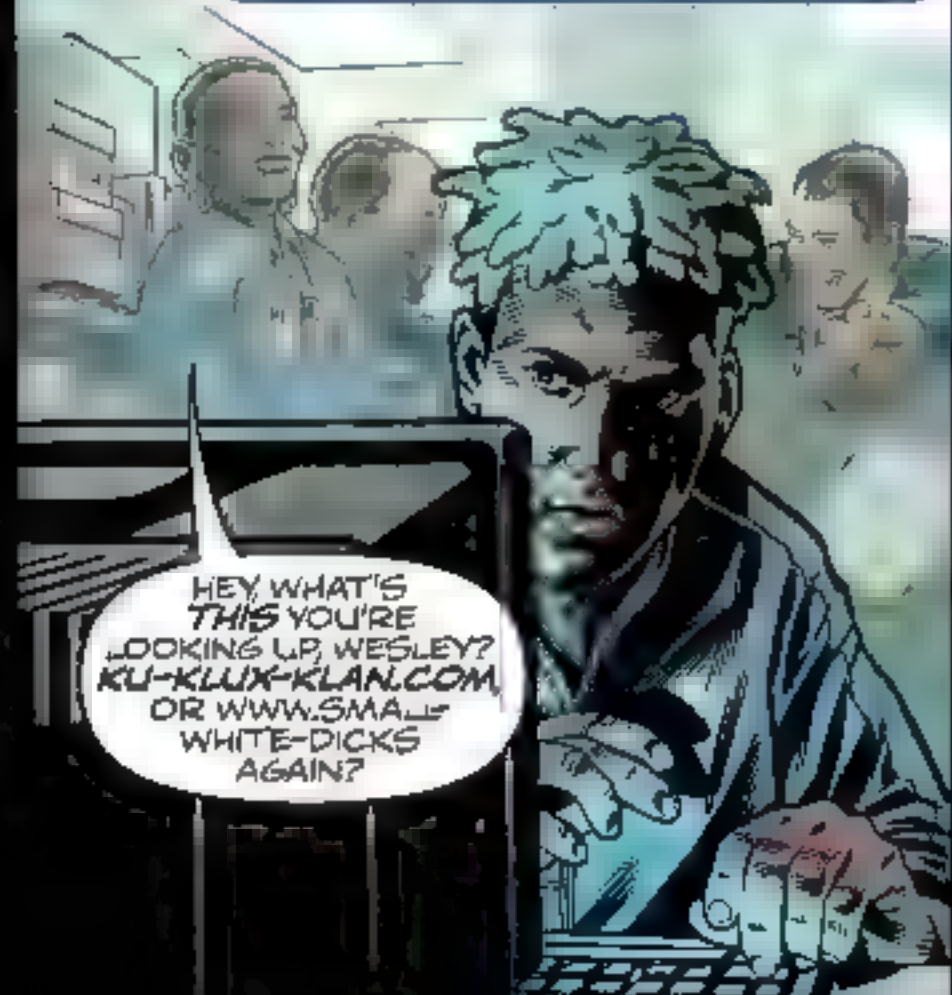


BUT HOW CAN WE BRING A **BABY** INTO THIS? SHE HASN'T EVEN SHAVED HER LEGS SINCE LAST CHRISTMAS.

HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS JOB? HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS RELATIONSHIP? I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A **FUCKING MILLIONAIRE** BY TWENTY-FOUR.



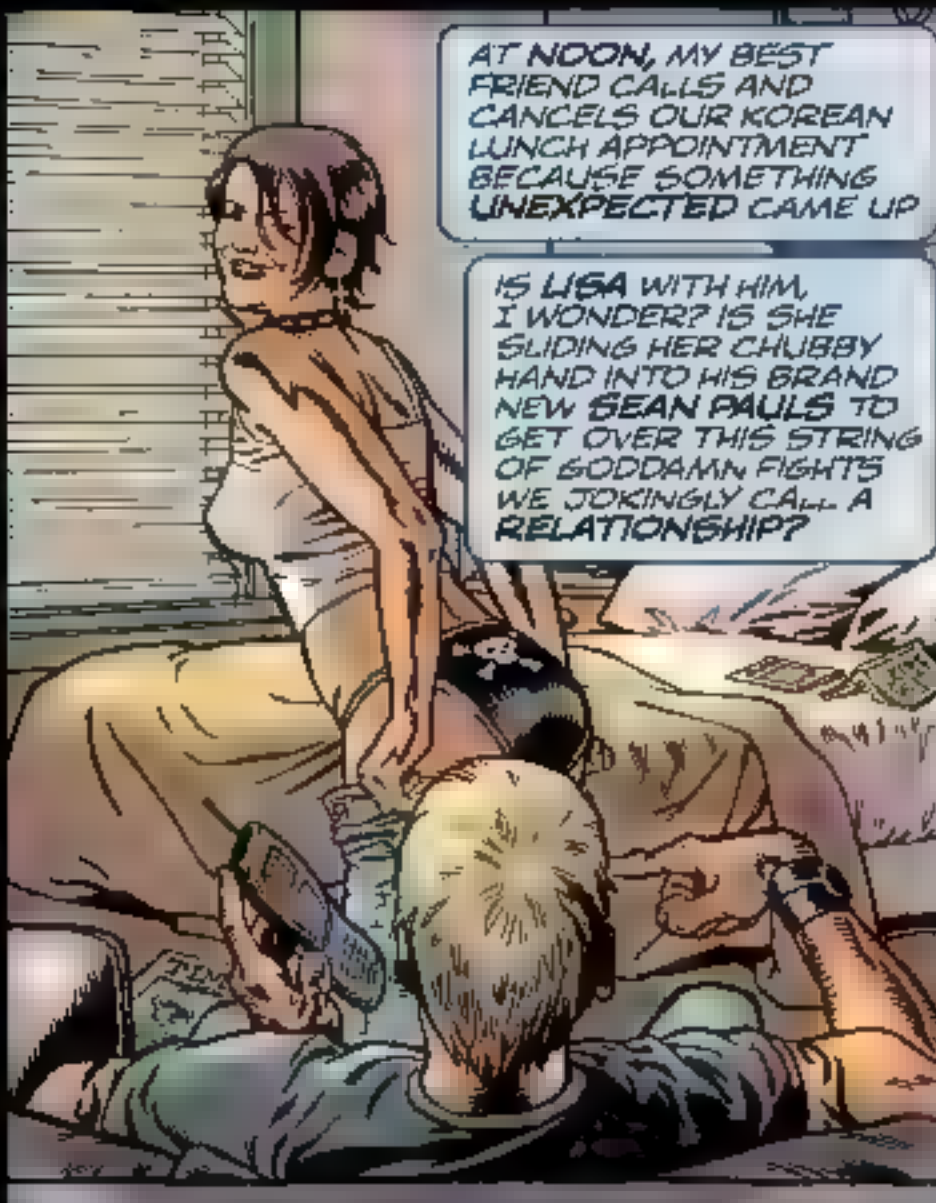
BY 10 A.M., I'M ALREADY BROWSING THE INTERNET AGAIN TRYING TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THE WORRYING LEVELS OF THE **CHRONIC FATIGUE** I'VE BEEN FEELING A LOT LATELY.



HEY, WHAT'S THIS YOU'RE LOOKING UP, WESLEY? **KU-KLUX-KLAN.COM** OR **WWW.SMALL WHITE-DICKS** AGAIN?

AT NOON, MY BEST FRIEND CALLS AND CANCELS OUR **KOREAN LUNCH** APPOINTMENT BECAUSE SOMETHING **UNEXPECTED** CAME UP

IS LISA WITH HIM, I WONDER? IS SHE SLIDING HER **CHUBBY** HAND INTO HIS BRAND NEW **SEAN PAULS** TO GET OVER THIS STRING OF **GODDAMN** FIGHTS WE JOKINGLY CALL A **RELATIONSHIP**?





WHY CAN'T I CONFRONT THEM ABOUT THIS SITUATION WHEN THEY'RE PRACTICALLY COPULATING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME?

WHY AM I TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD AND POPPING MORE PILLS THAN YOUR AVERAGE OCTOGENARIAN?



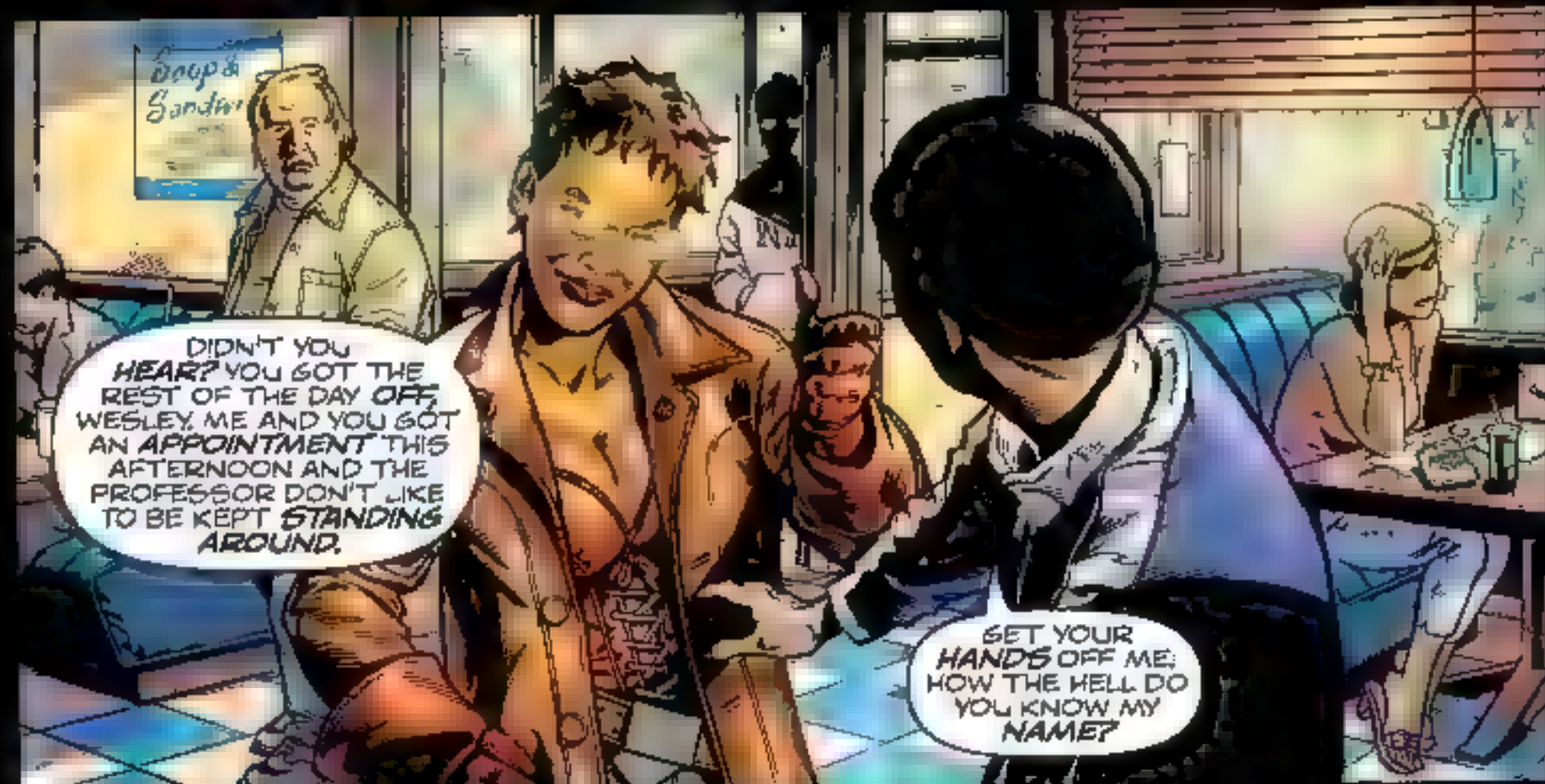
UH, COULD I HAVE A SESAME-CRUSTED SALMON OVER SOURDOUGH WITH MUSTARD GREENS AND WASABI MAYONNAISE, PLEASE, JARED?

TWO SECONDS, MAN. TWO SECONDS.



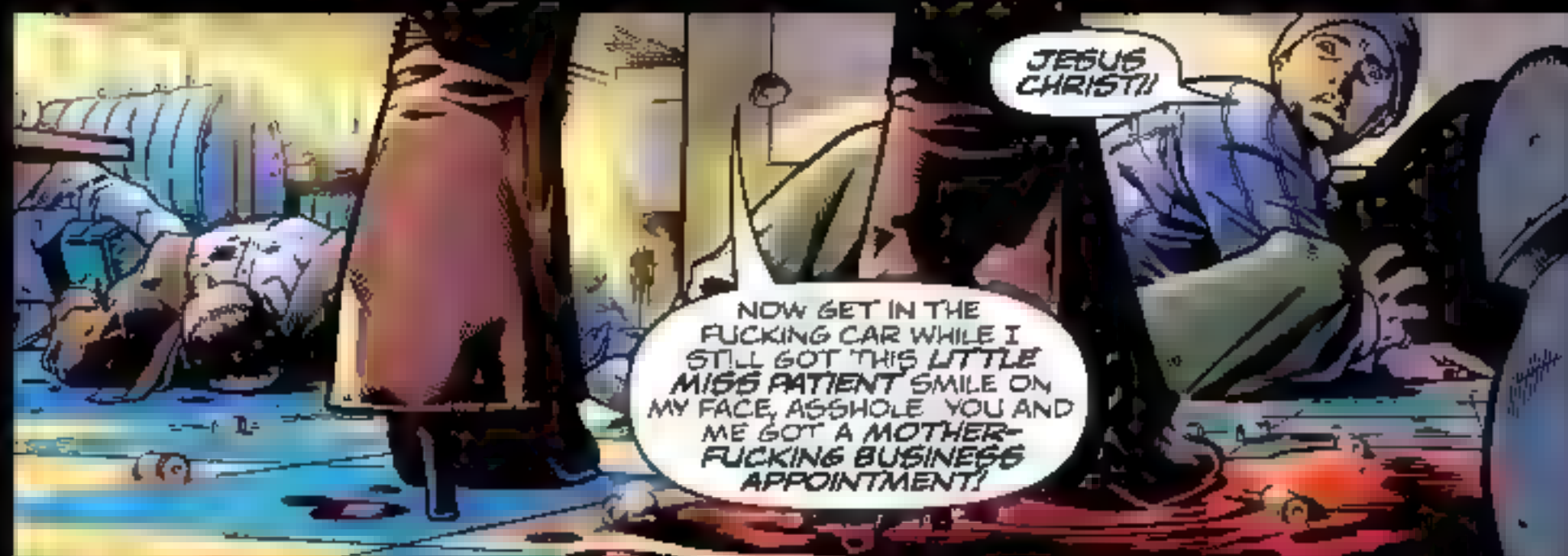
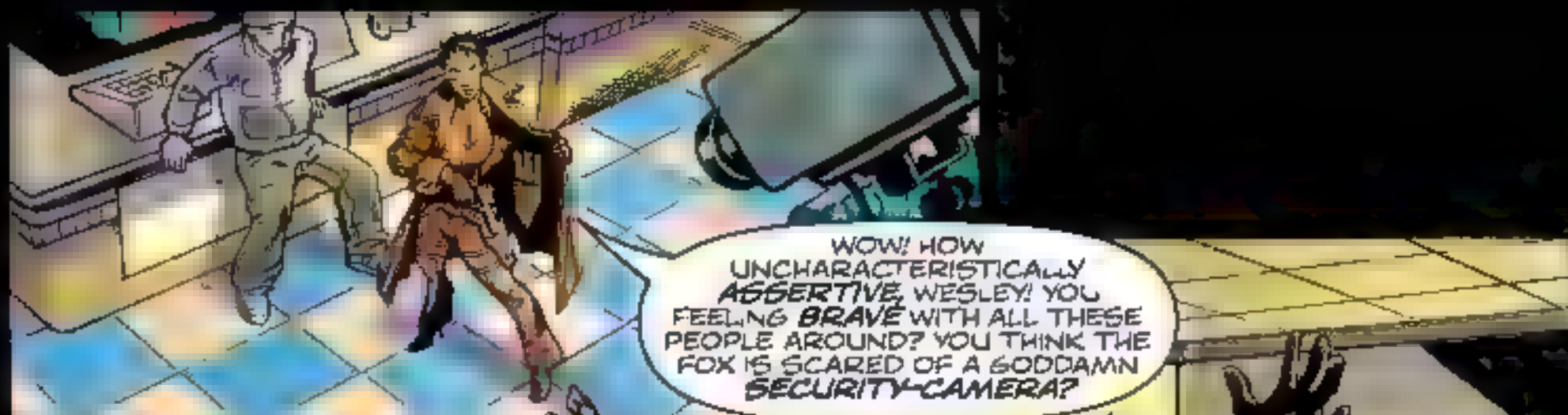
ACTUALLY, YOU SHOULD CANCEL THAT ORDER, JARED, BECAUSE MY FRIEND HERE AIN'T GONNA HAVE TIME TO MASTICATE OVER HIS SOURDOUGH THIS AFTERNOON.

EXCUSE ME?



DIDN'T YOU HEAR? YOU GOT THE REST OF THE DAY OFF, WESLEY. ME AND YOU GOT AN APPOINTMENT THIS AFTERNOON AND THE PROFESSOR DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT STANDING AROUND.

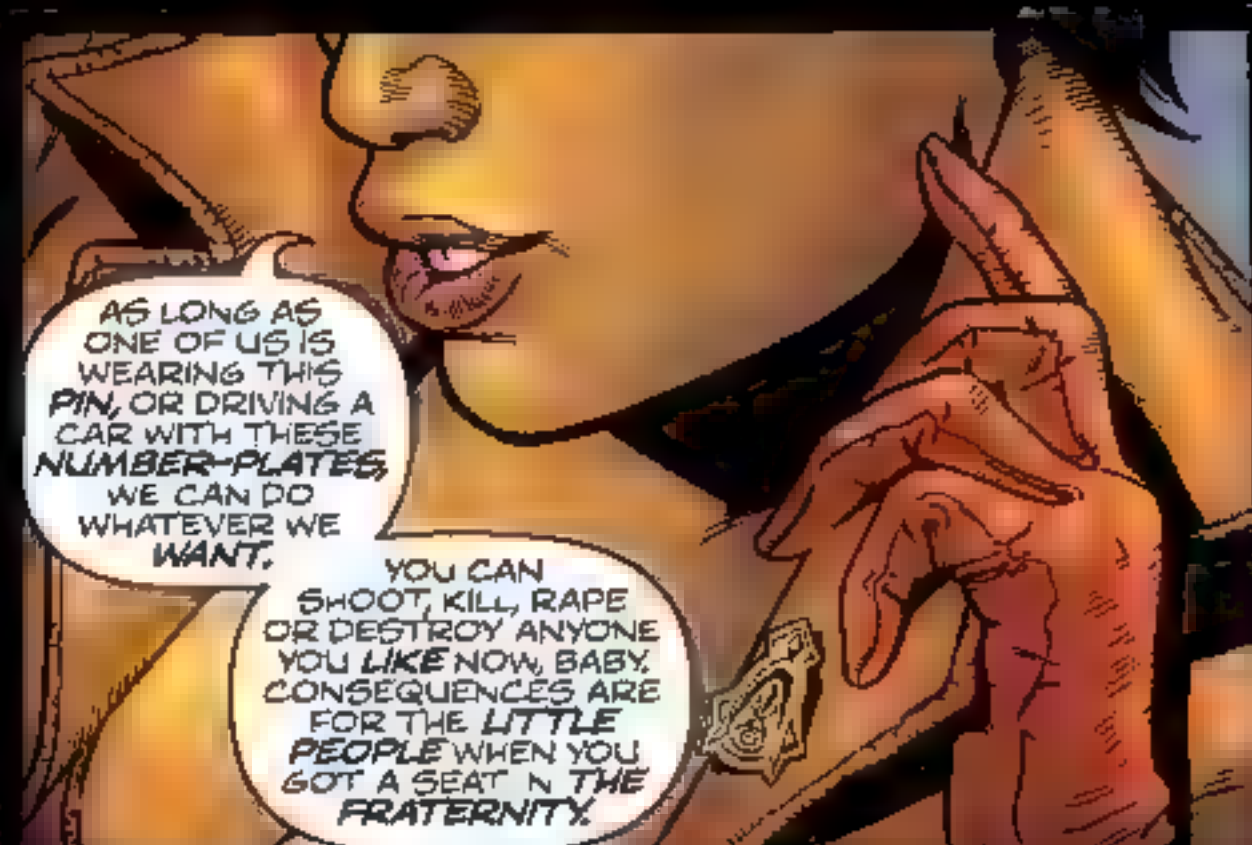
SET YOUR HANDS OFF ME; HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?





I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU JUST DID THAT. THE COPS ARE GOING TO BE ALL OVER YOU FOR THIS. YOU'RE GONNA GO TO JAIL...

JESUS, WESLEY. WOULD YOU LIGHTEN UP? I KNOW YOU BEEN SCARED YOUR ENTIRE LIFE, BUT I BEEN SENT HERE TO TELL YOU THAT THOSE DAYS ARE BEHIND YOU, MAN.

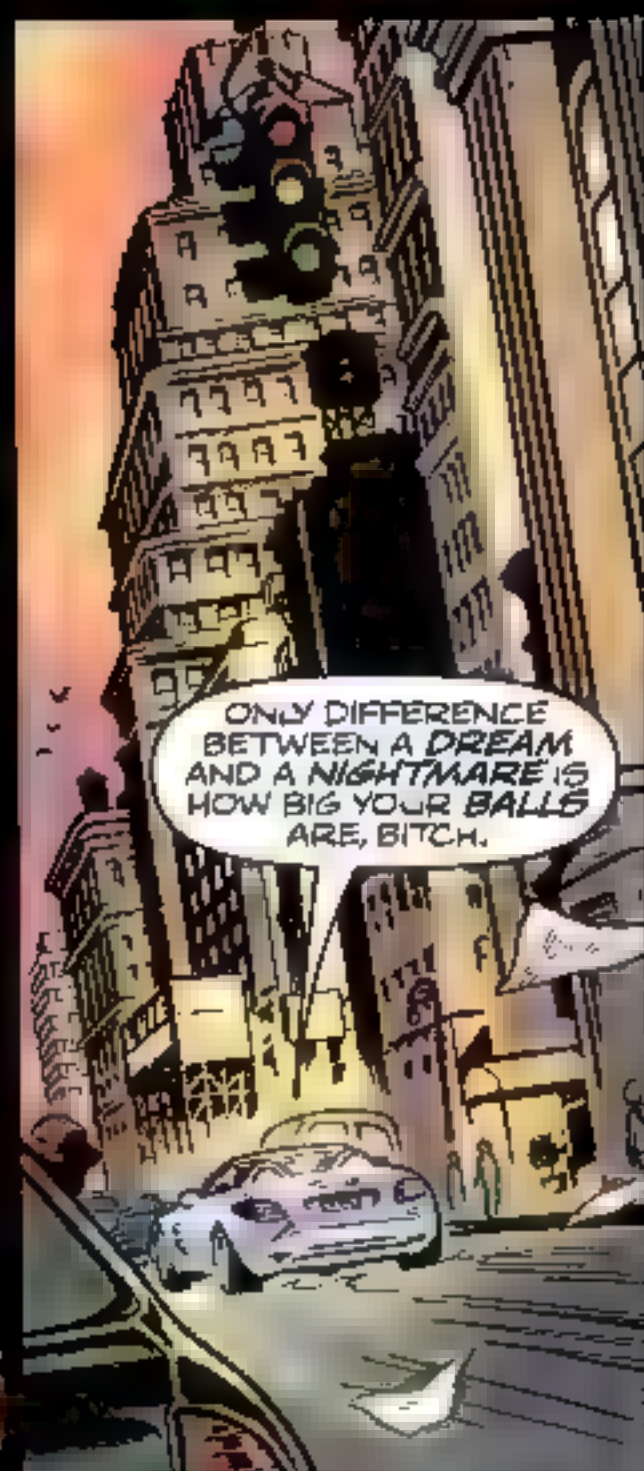


AS LONG AS ONE OF US IS WEARING THIS PIN, OR DRIVING A CAR WITH THESE NUMBER-PLATES, WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT.

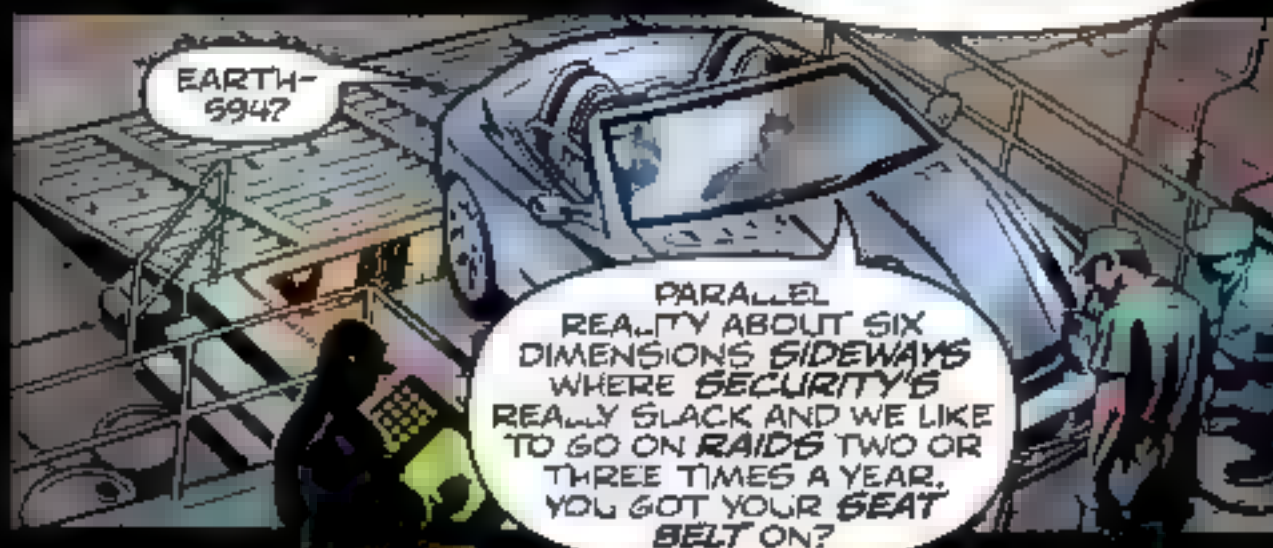
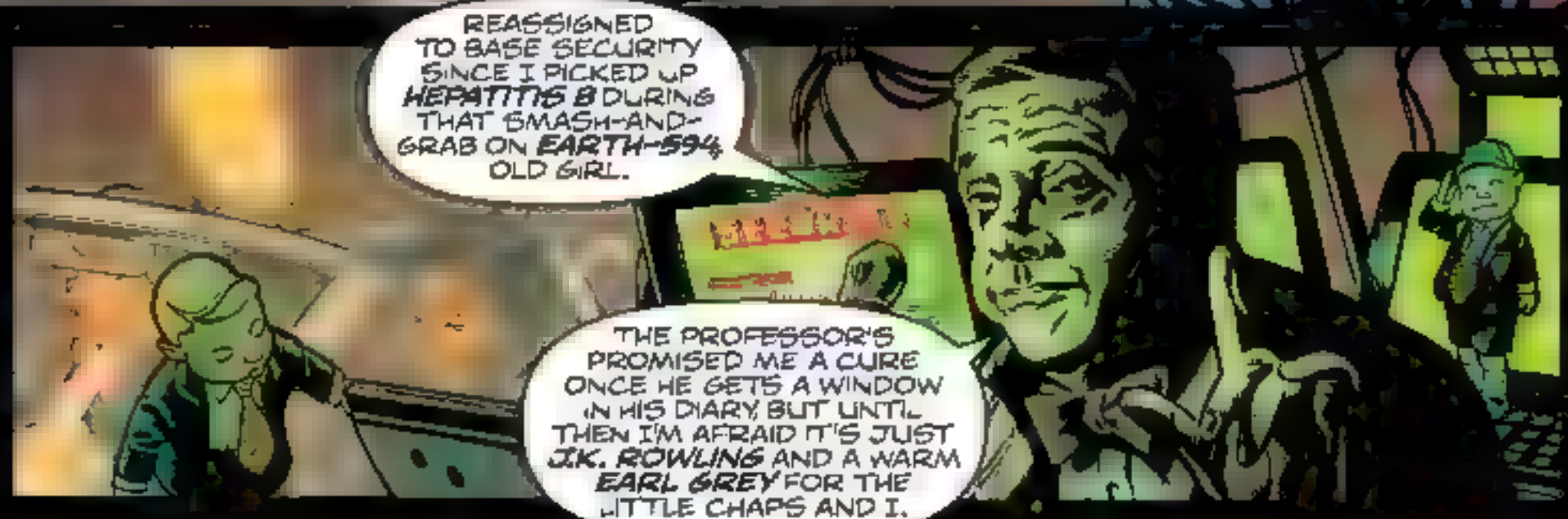
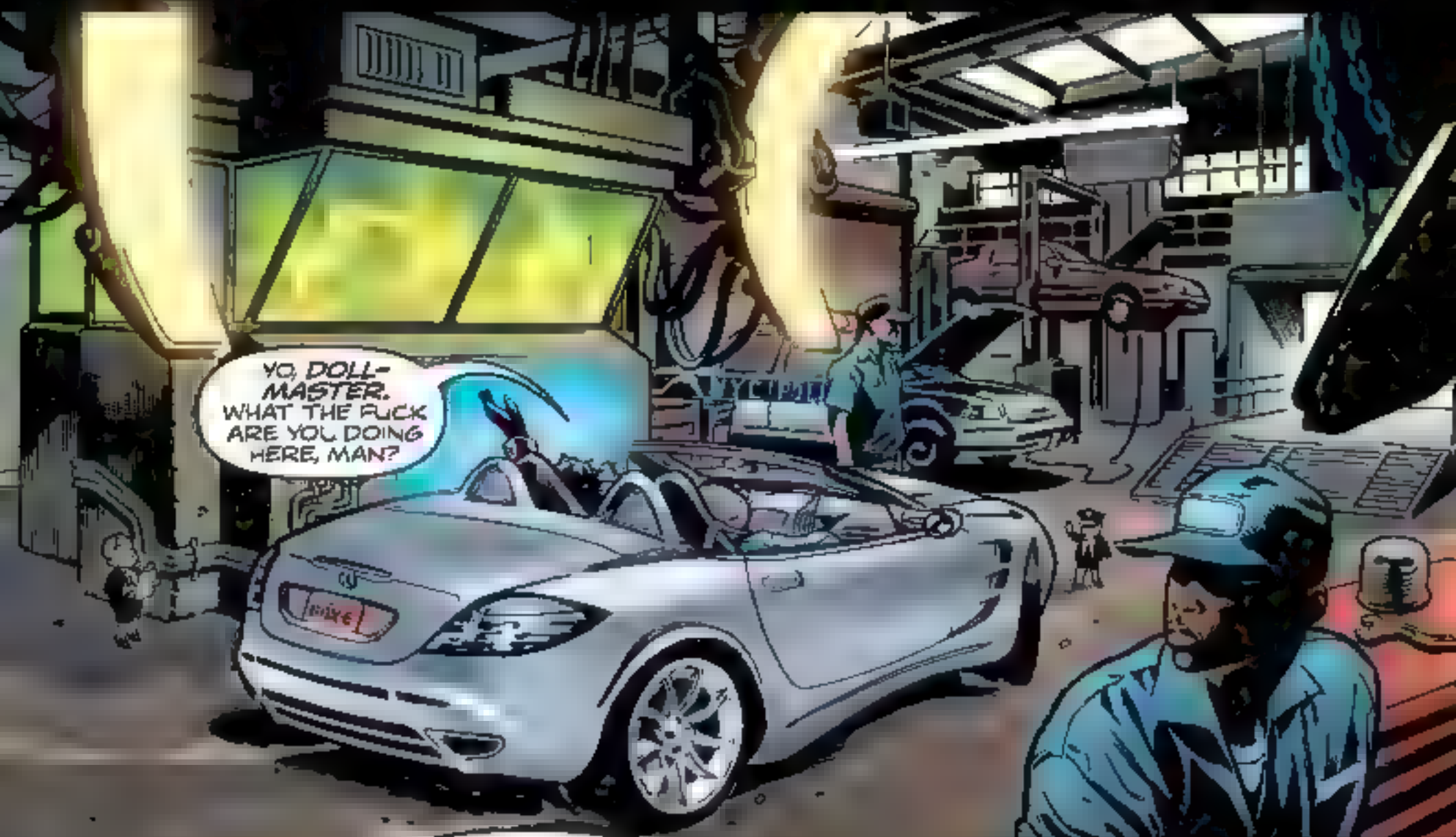
YOU CAN SHOOT, KILL, RAPE OR DESTROY ANYONE YOU LIKE NOW, BABY. CONSEQUENCES ARE FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHEN YOU GOT A SEAT N THE FRATERNITY.



OH, GOD. THIS IS A NIGHTMARE. THIS IS A FUCKING NIGHTMARE I'M HAVING...



ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DREAM AND A NIGHTMARE IS HOW BIG YOUR BALLS ARE, BITCH.





HOLY SHIT!

PARDON ME WHILE I SUIT UP, BUT ONLY COSTUMED SUPER VILLAINS GOT AUTHORIZATION BEYOND THIS POINT, WESLEY.



THEY'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION FOR YOU, OF COURSE, BUT ONLY COS YOUR DADDY'S OLD COSTUME'S BEING REDESIGNED TO FIT YOUR SKINNY LITTLE ASS, SWEETHEART.

YOU PEOPLE KNOW MY DAD?

DON'T GET TOO EXCITED, MONEY. HE GOT FUCKED IN THE FACE LAST WEEK BY AN UNKNOWN GUNMAN, SO DON'T GO EXPECTING ANY OF THAT TEARFUL REUNION SHIT DOWN HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT MY DAD WAS INVOLVED IN WHATEVER IT IS YOU PEOPLE DO?



YOU MEAN WAS YOUR OLD MAN ONE OF THE GREATEST SUPERVILLAINS OF ALL TIME?

YES, WESLEY, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYING.



SUPER VILLAINS? AS IN THE GUYS FROM THE BATMAN MOVIES AND THOSE LAME TV SHOWS?

NO, SUPER VILLAINS AS IN THE META-HUMAN CRIMINAL NETWORK WHO BEEN RUNNING ORGANIZED CRIME ON THIS PLANET SINCE NINETEEN EIGHTY-SIX, SHIT-FOR-BRAINS.



BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SUPER VILLAINS.

YEAH, WELL, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN MY GOOD FRIEND FUCKWIT HERE AND HIS THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF INDESTRUCTIBLE BODY MASS?

HOW'S IT GOING THERE, FUCKWIT?



I HOPE YOU AIN'T GONNA LET US SEE THE PROFESSOR DO ANYTHING BIG MAN, BECAUSE THAT'S ABSOLUTELY THE LAST THING I WANT RIGHT NOW.

THAT OKAY, MISS FOX. NOT ONLY YOU NOT WANT TO GO IN PROFESSOR'S LAB, BUT FUCKWIT NOT LET YOU IN PROFESSOR'S LAB.



C'MON. WE BETTER HURRY...

WHAT'S GOING ON? HOW THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT?



FUCKWIT'S KIND OF A DOWN'S SYNDROME COPY OF EARTH'S FIRST SUPERHERO WESLEY. YOU GOTTA ASK HIM THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT YOU WANT OR HE JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN SUPERHERO? ARE YOU TELLING ME SUPERHEROES ARE REAL NOW TOO?

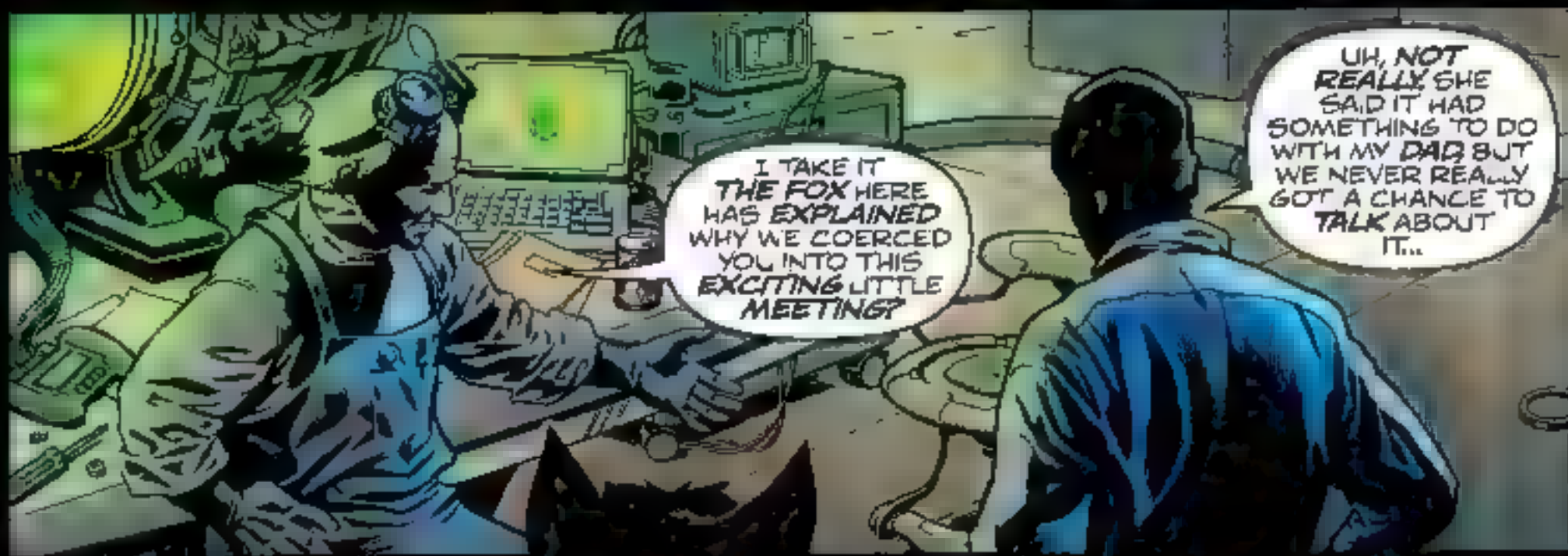




OH, JESUS.
I THINK I'M
GOING TO
THROW UP.

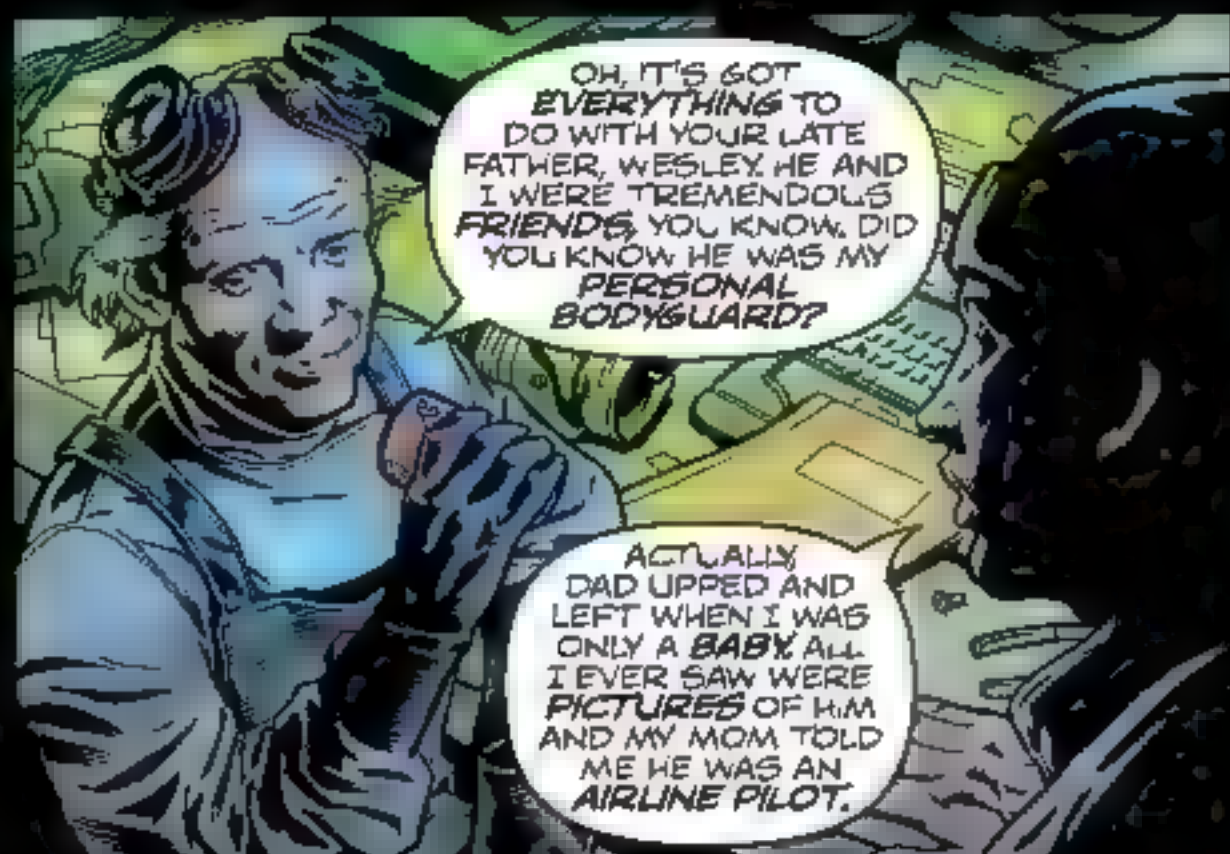
WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING,
BOY? THAT YOU'VE
NEVER SEEN AN
OLD MAN COBBLING
TIME-TRAVELING
FOOT-WEAR?

THE NAME'S
PROFESSOR
SOLOMON SELTZER,
BY THE WAY, AND IT'S
MY VERY GREAT
PLEASURE TO MEET
YOU AT LAST.



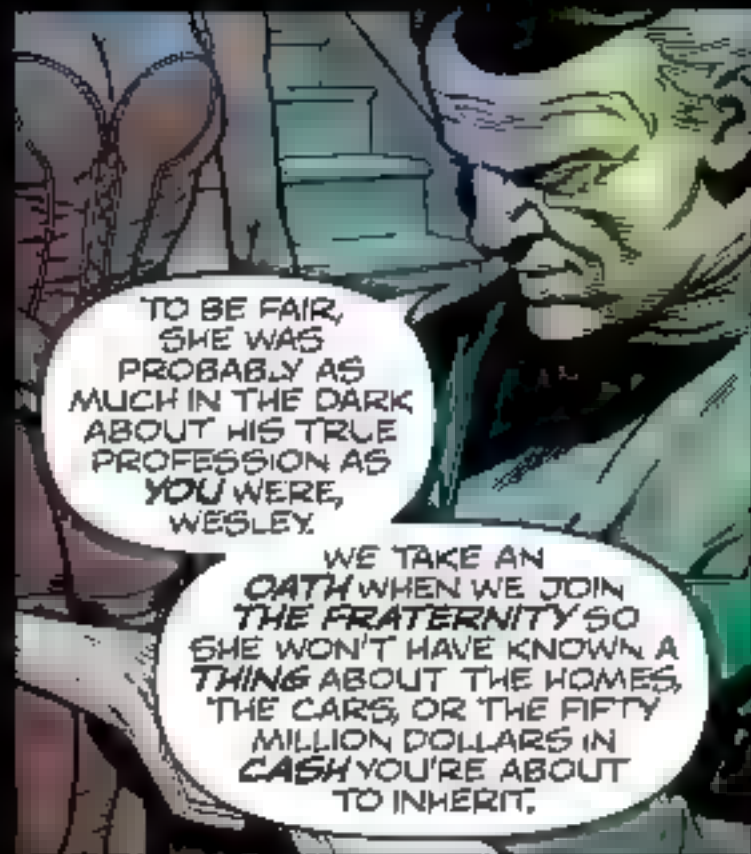
I TAKE IT
THE FOX HERE
HAS EXPLAINED
WHY WE COERCED
YOU INTO THIS
EXCITING LITTLE
MEETING?

UH, NOT
REALLY SHE
SAID IT HAD
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH MY DAD, BUT
WE NEVER REALLY
GOT A CHANCE TO
TALK ABOUT
IT...



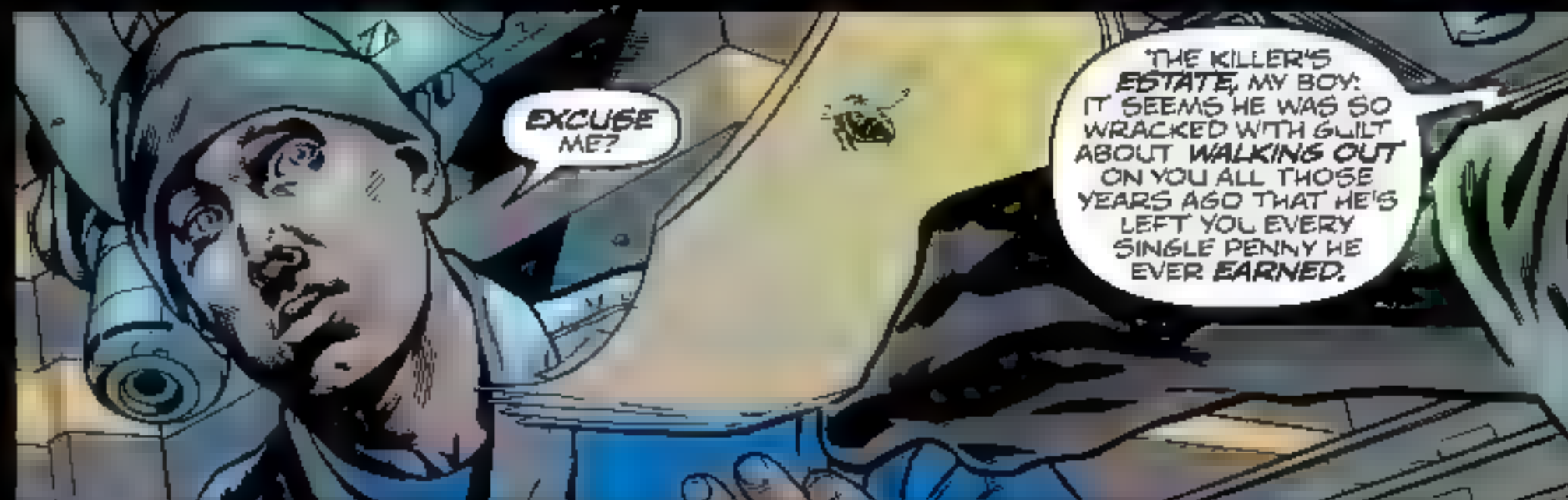
OH, IT'S GOT
EVERYTHING TO
DO WITH YOUR LATE
FATHER, WESLEY. HE AND
I WERE TREMENDOUS
FRIENDS, YOU KNOW. DID
YOU KNOW HE WAS MY
PERSONAL
BODYGUARD?

ACTUALLY,
DAD UPPED AND
LEFT WHEN I WAS
ONLY A BABY. ALL
I EVER SAW WERE
PICTURES OF HIM
AND MY MOM TOLD
ME HE WAS AN
AIRLINE PILOT.



TO BE FAIR,
SHE WAS
PROBABLY AS
MUCH IN THE DARK
ABOUT HIS TRUE
PROFESSION AS
YOU WERE,
WESLEY.

WE TAKE AN
OATH WHEN WE JOIN
THE FRATERNITY SO
SHE WON'T HAVE KNOWN A
THING ABOUT THE HOMES,
THE CARS, OR THE FIFTY
MILLION DOLLARS IN
CASH YOU'RE ABOUT
TO INHERIT.



EXCUSE
ME?

THE KILLER'S
ESTATE, MY BOY.
IT SEEMS HE WAS SO
WRACKED WITH GUILT
ABOUT WALKING OUT
ON YOU ALL THOSE
YEARS AGO THAT HE'S
LEFT YOU EVERY
SINGLE PENNY HE
EVER EARNED.



YOU MEAN I'M A
MULTI-MILLIONAIRE?
JUST LIKE THAT?

NO, I'M
AFRAID IT'S NOT
THAT **SIMPLE**.
WESLEY, YOUR FATHER
LEFT SOME VERY
SPECIFIC CONDITIONS
WITH THIS INHERITANCE
AND I CAN'T PART WITH
A **CENT** UNLESS
YOU AGREE TO
COMPLY.

WHAT KIND OF
CONDITIONS?

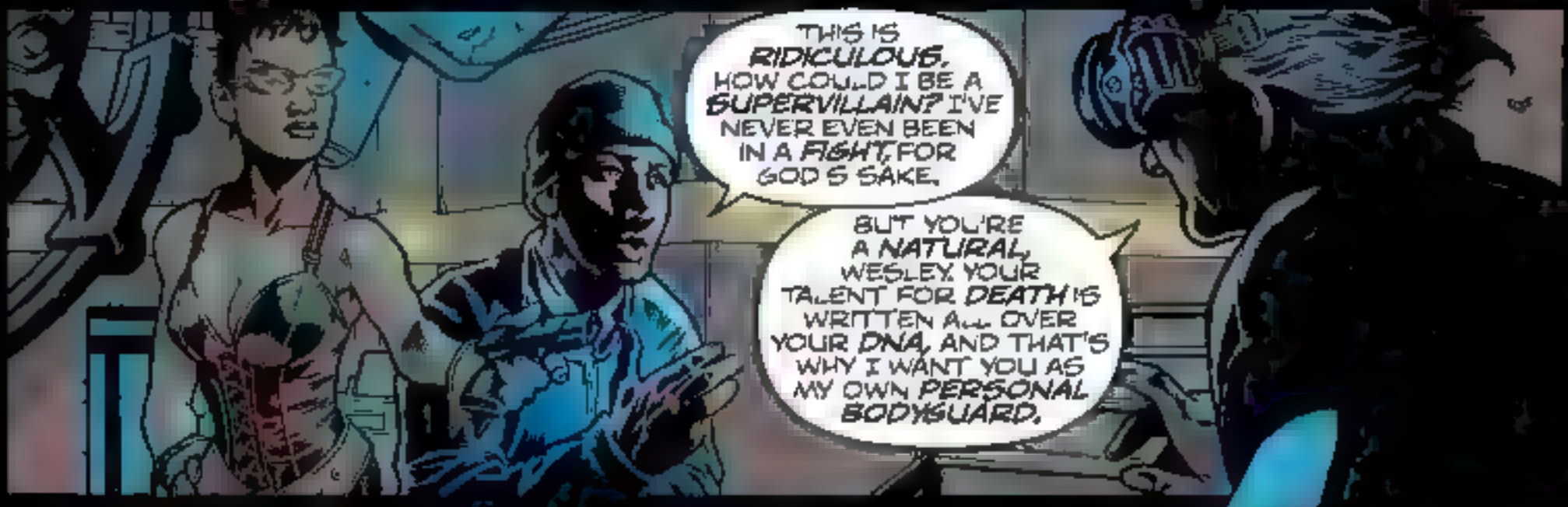
WELL, IT SEEMS HE WANTS US
TO COMPENSATE FOR ALL THE
EFFEMINATE AFFECTATIONS YOU'VE
PICKED UP OVER THE YEARS FROM YOUR
NEUROTIC SINGLE MOTHER.

HE WANTS US
TO **EMPLOY** YOU
FOR SIX MONTHS,
LICK YOU INTO SHAPE,
AND ESSENTIALLY
TEACH YOU HOW
TO BE A **MAN**,
MY BOY.



HIS DYING WISH
WAS THAT, AT THE END
OF OUR **TIME TOGETHER**,
YOU'LL BE IN RATHER MORE
CONTROL OF
YOUR LIFE.

EITHER THAT,
OF COURSE, OR
YOU COULD GO BACK
TO BEING BITCHED AT
BY YOUR **AFRICAN-
AMERICAN**
BOSS.



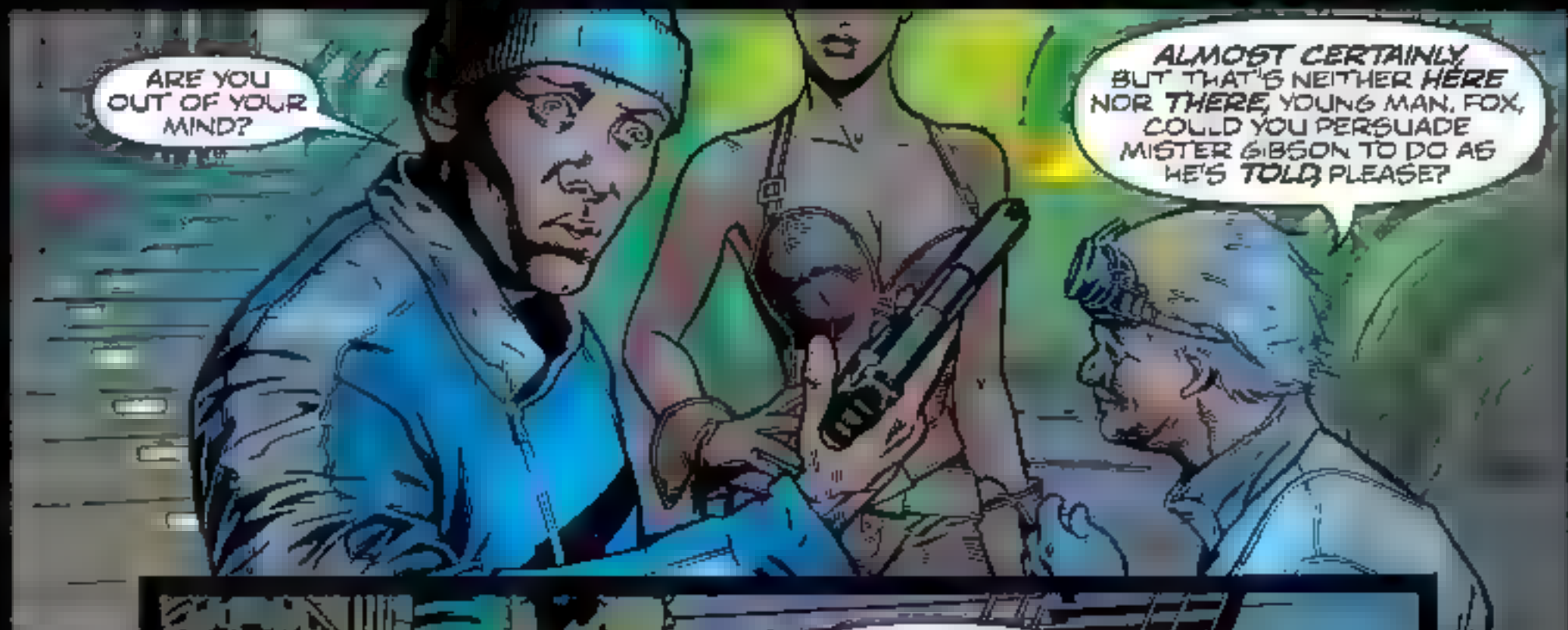
THIS IS
RIDICULOUS.
HOW COULD I BE A
SUPERVILLAIN? I'VE
NEVER EVEN BEEN
IN A **FIGHT**, FOR
GOD'S SAKE.

BUT YOU'RE
A **NATURAL**.
WESLEY, YOUR
TALENT FOR **DEATH** IS
WRITTEN ALL OVER
YOUR **DNA**, AND THAT'S
WHY I WANT YOU AS
MY OWN **PERSONAL**
BODYGUARD.

BUT I'VE
NEVER EVEN
FIRED A
GUN.



IT DOESN'T
MATTER. IT'S IN
THE **BLOOD** AND
YOU'RE GOING TO **PROVE**
IT TO YOURSELF NOW BY
TAKING DOWN THESE SIX
FLIES WHO'VE BEEN
DISTRACTING ME
ALL MORNING.



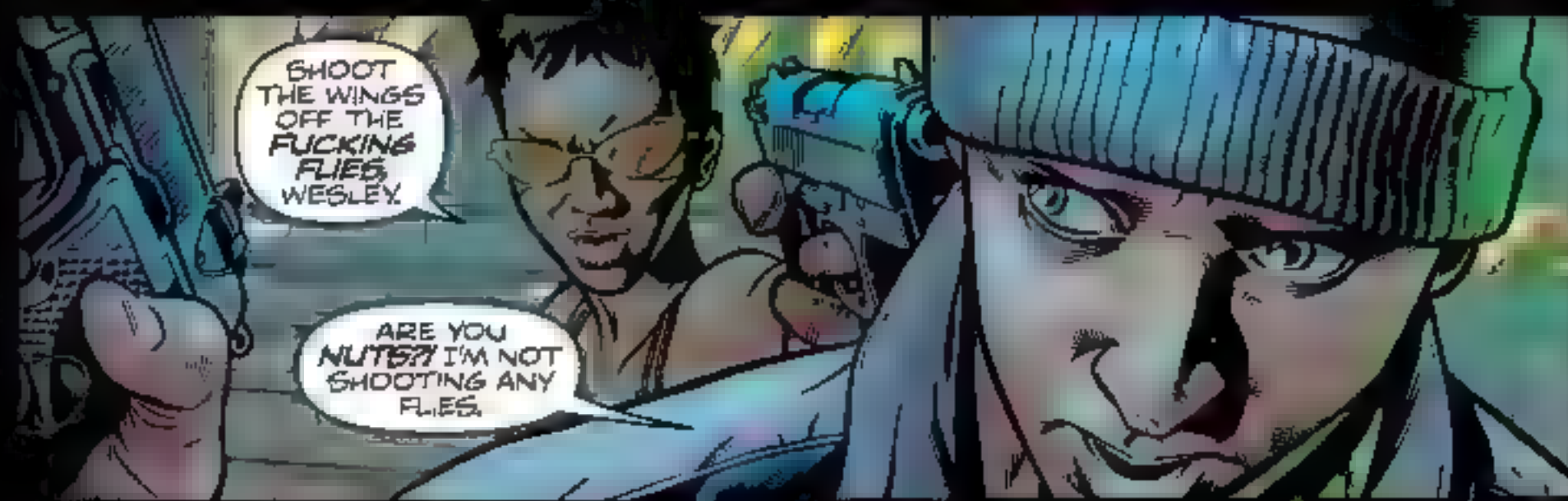
ARE YOU
OUT OF YOUR
MIND?

ALMOST CERTAINLY,
BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE
NOR THERE, YOUNG MAN. FOX,
COULD YOU PERSUADE
MISTER GIBSON TO DO AS
HE'S TOLD, PLEASE?



MY PLEASURE,
PROFESSOR.

WHAT?



SHOOT
THE WINGS
OFF THE
FUCKING
FLIES,
WESLEY.

ARE YOU
NUTS? I'M NOT
SHOOTING ANY
FLIES.



ON THE
COUNT OF
THREE...



WHAT??



KLIK!

ONE...

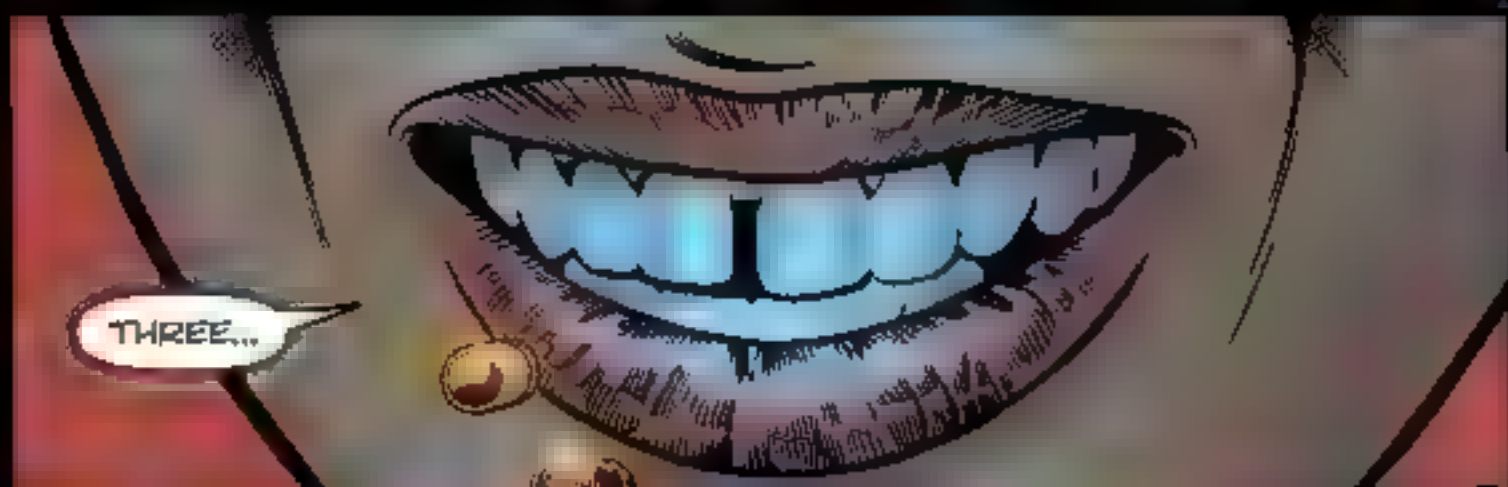


JESUS
CHRIST?



TWO...

FOX!
FOR GOD'S
SAKE...!



THREE...





THERE.



THAT WASN'T SO DIFFICULT NOW, WAS IT?

WHAT?



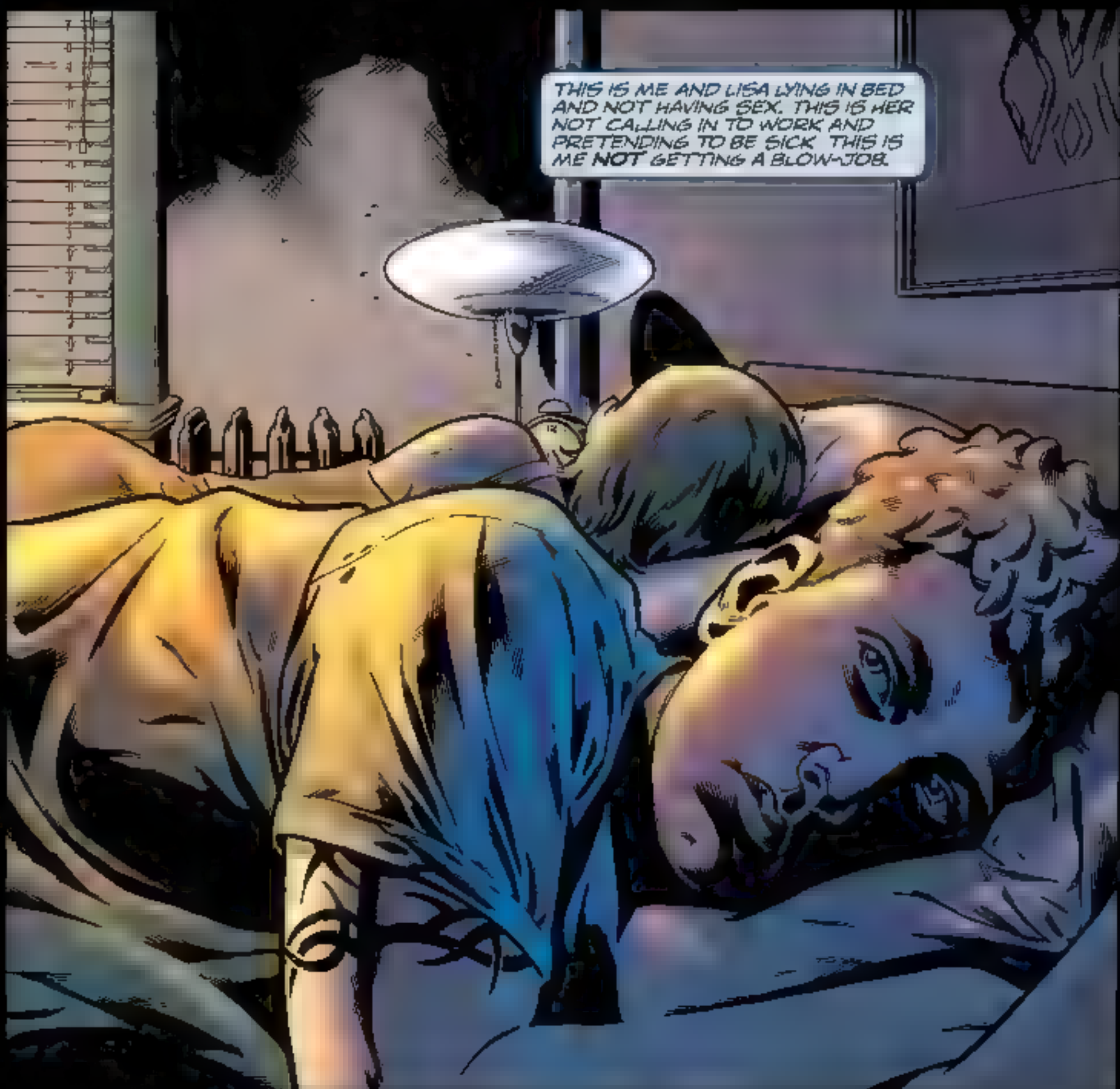
HOLY SHIT!

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?



THIS IS ME AND LISA LYING IN BED
AND NOT HAVING SEX. THIS IS HER
NOT CALLING IN TO WORK AND
PRETENDING TO BE SICK. THIS IS
ME NOT GETTING A BLOW-JOB.



FUCK YOU

Written by: Mark Miller

Penciled and Inked by: J.E. Jones

Colored by: Paul Hamata

Lettered by: Bremner Design's

Robin Spoker

Brian Keltner

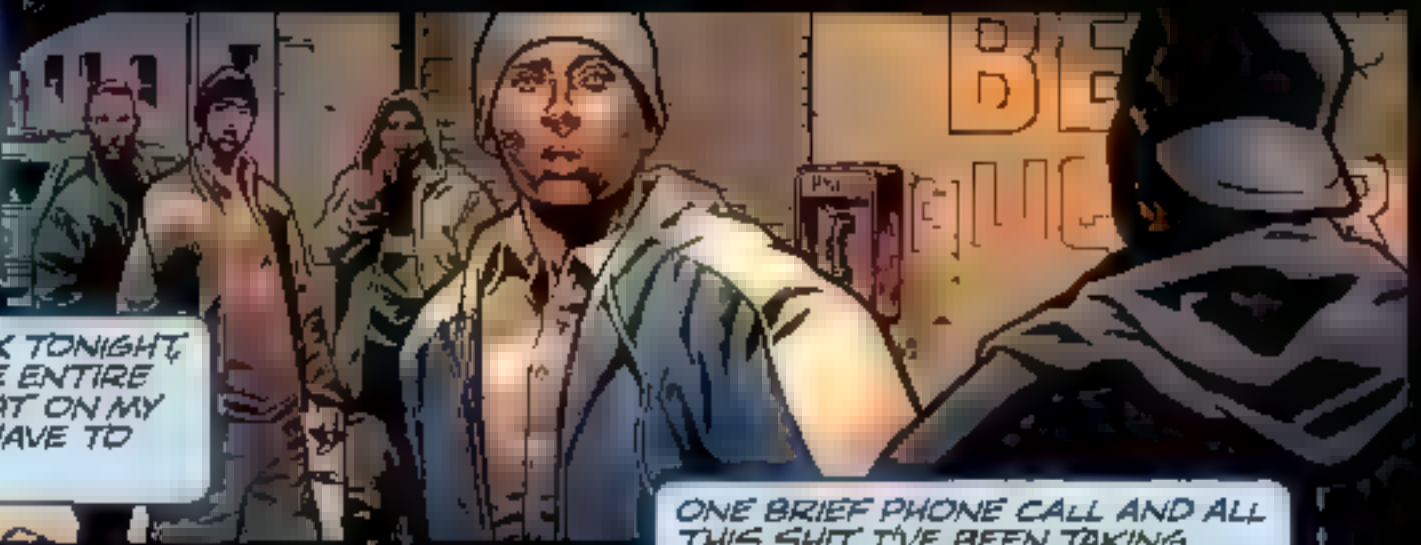
Mark Roslan



FORTY MINUTES FROM NOW, I'M GOING TO PASS MY ARTHRITIC NEIGHBOR ON THE OUTSIDE STAIRS AND THE RETARDED OLD FLICKER'S GOING TO OPEN HIS MOUTH AND SAY..

CHEER UP, WESLEY. IT MIGHT NEVER HAPPEN, KIDDO.

BY LUNCHTIME, I'LL BE EATING THE SAME SANDWICH I'VE EATEN EVERY DAY FOR THE LAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS. BY MID-AFTERNOON MY BOSS WILL HAVE CALLED ME AN ASSHOLE AT LEAST THREE TIMES.



ON THE WAY HOME FROM WORK TONIGHT, EVERY SPIKE LEE EXTRA IN THE ENTIRE FUCKING WORLD WILL HAVE SPAT ON MY BACK AGAIN, BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS ANYMORE.

ONE BRIEF PHONE CALL AND ALL THIS SHIT I'VE BEEN TAKING OVER THE YEARS COULD BE FLUSHED DOWN THE TOILET.



I'M GONNA BE HOME LATE TONIGHT, WESLEY. THAT GIRL FROM HUMAN RESOURCES IS LEAVING AT THE END OF THE WEEK AND WE'RE ALL GONNA, Y'KNOW...

WHAT? GO FOR A FEW DRINKS? ENJOY A NICE MEAL? TAKE A WALK AROUND TO MY BEST FRIEND'S PLACE AND HUMPTHE SON OF A BITCH AGAIN UNTIL HIS PENIS DISINTEGRATES?

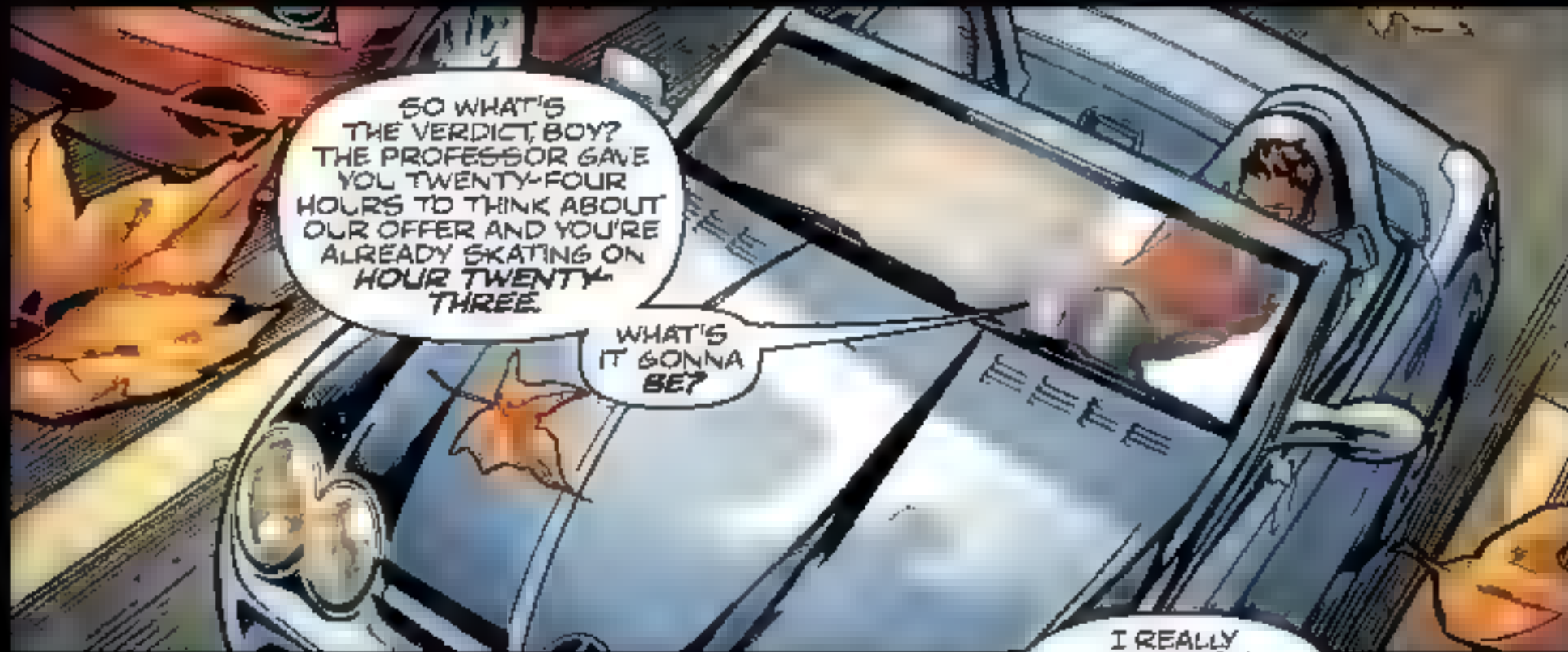


WELL, DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR KEYS, HONEY.



ME, FORGET MY KEYS? JESUS, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'D FORGET HIS HEAD IF IT WASN'T SCREWED ON, WESLEY GIBSON.

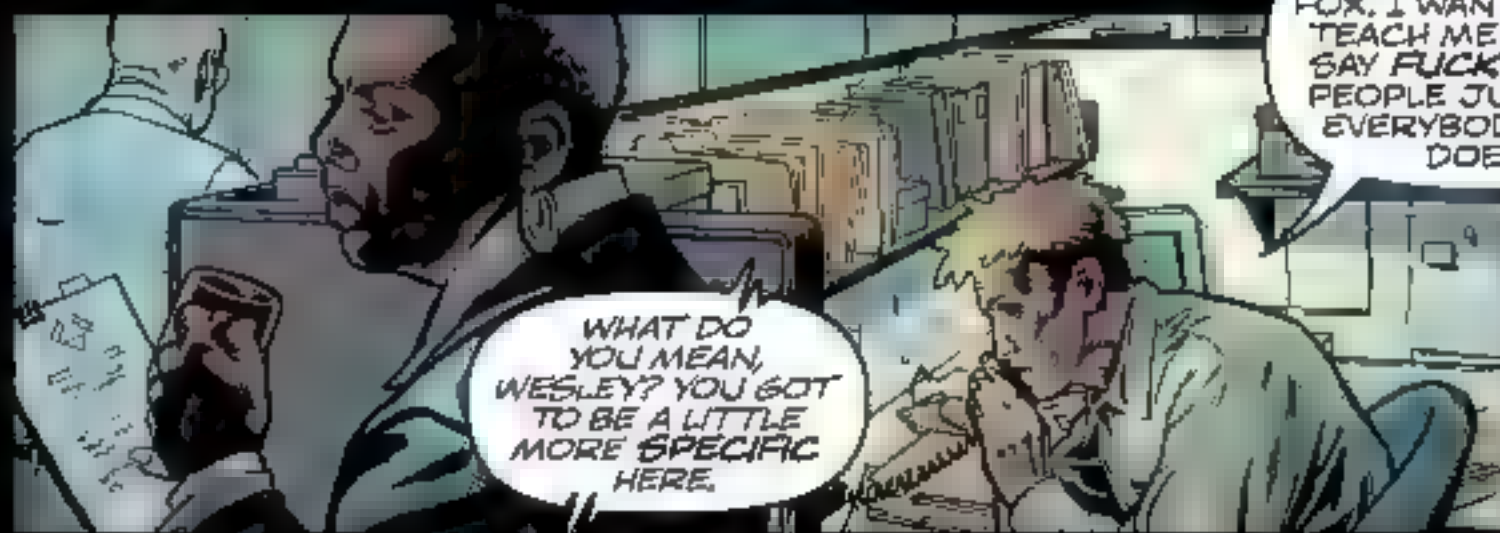
CHICKEN-SHIT. NO WONDER SHE'S HUMPTING YOUR BEST FRIEND ASSHOLE. I'VE SEEN SPINA BIFIDA BABIES WITH MORE GODDAMN BACKBONE.



SO WHAT'S THE VERDICT, BOY? THE PROFESSOR GAVE YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO THINK ABOUT OUR OFFER AND YOU'RE ALREADY SKATING ON HOUR TWENTY-THREE.

WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

I REALLY WANT TO DO IT, FOX. I WANT YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO SAY F*CK YOU TO PEOPLE JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES.

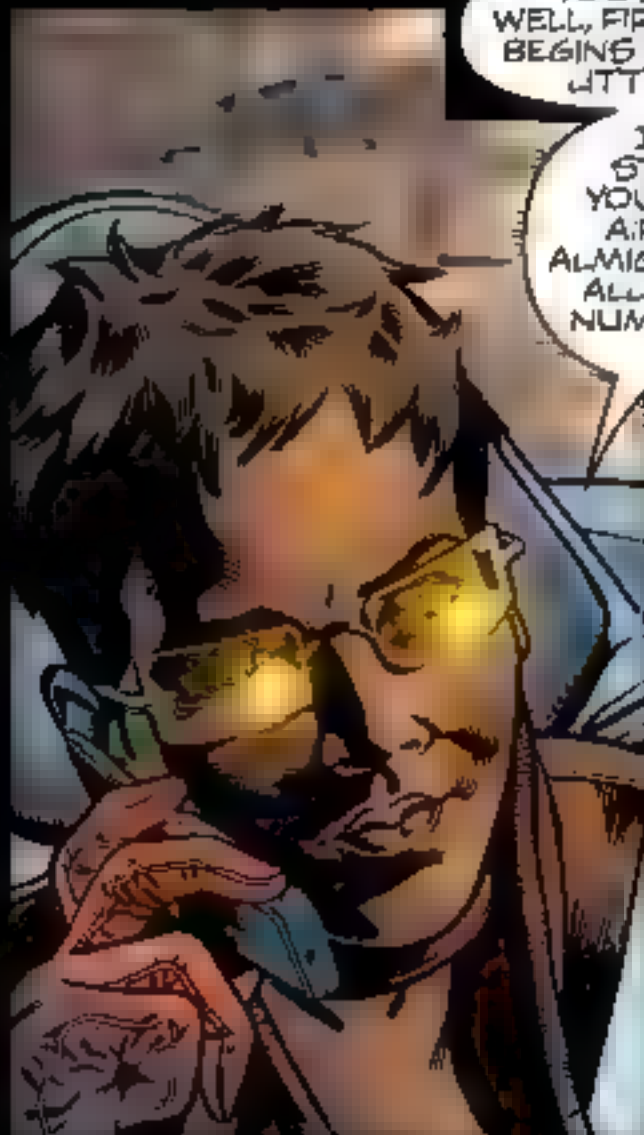


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WESLEY? YOU GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC HERE.

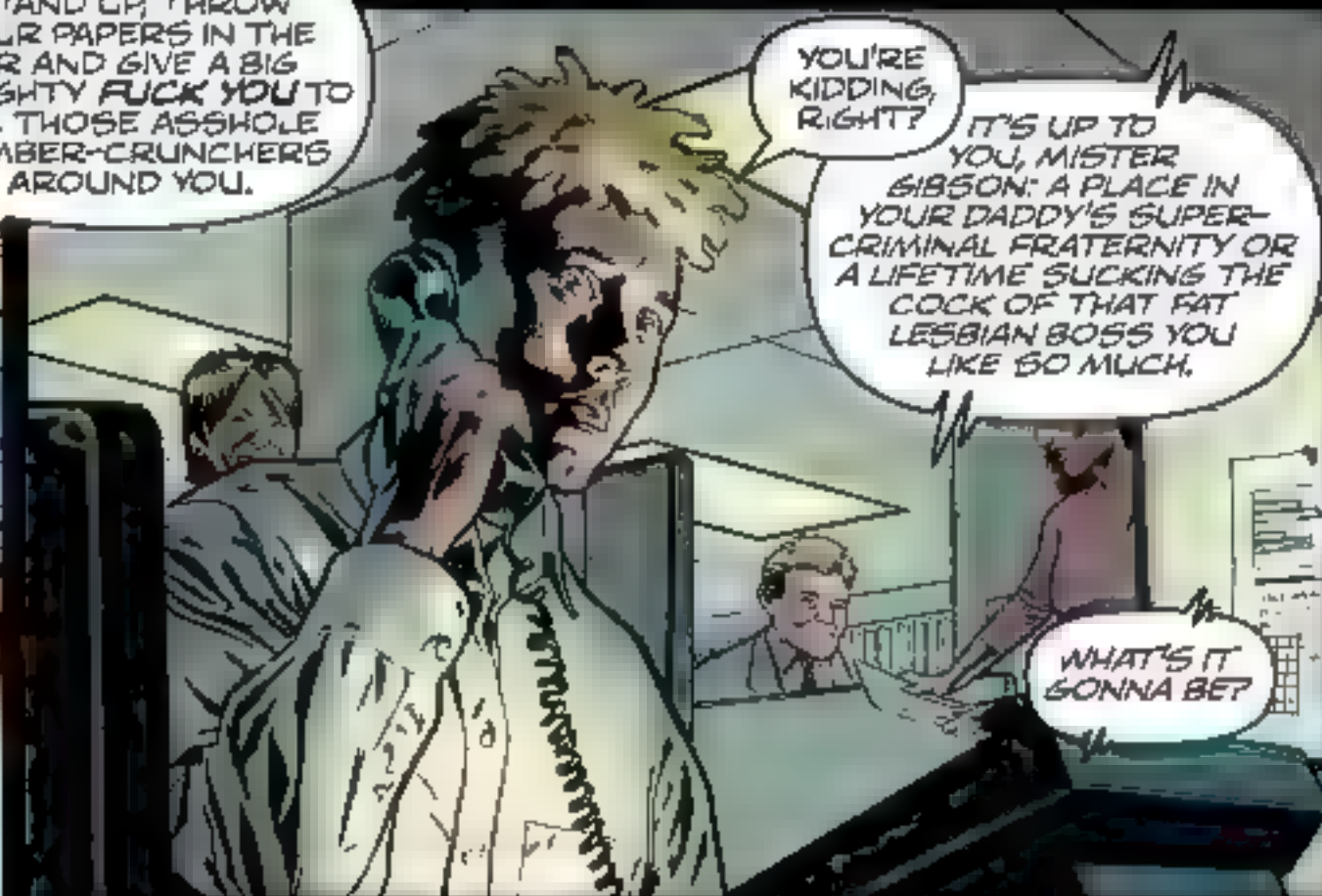


I WANT TO BE A SUPERVILLAIN, FOX. I WANT YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO BE A BAD GUY.

YOU DO, HUH? WELL, FIRST LESSON BEGINS RIGHT NOW, LITTLE MAN.



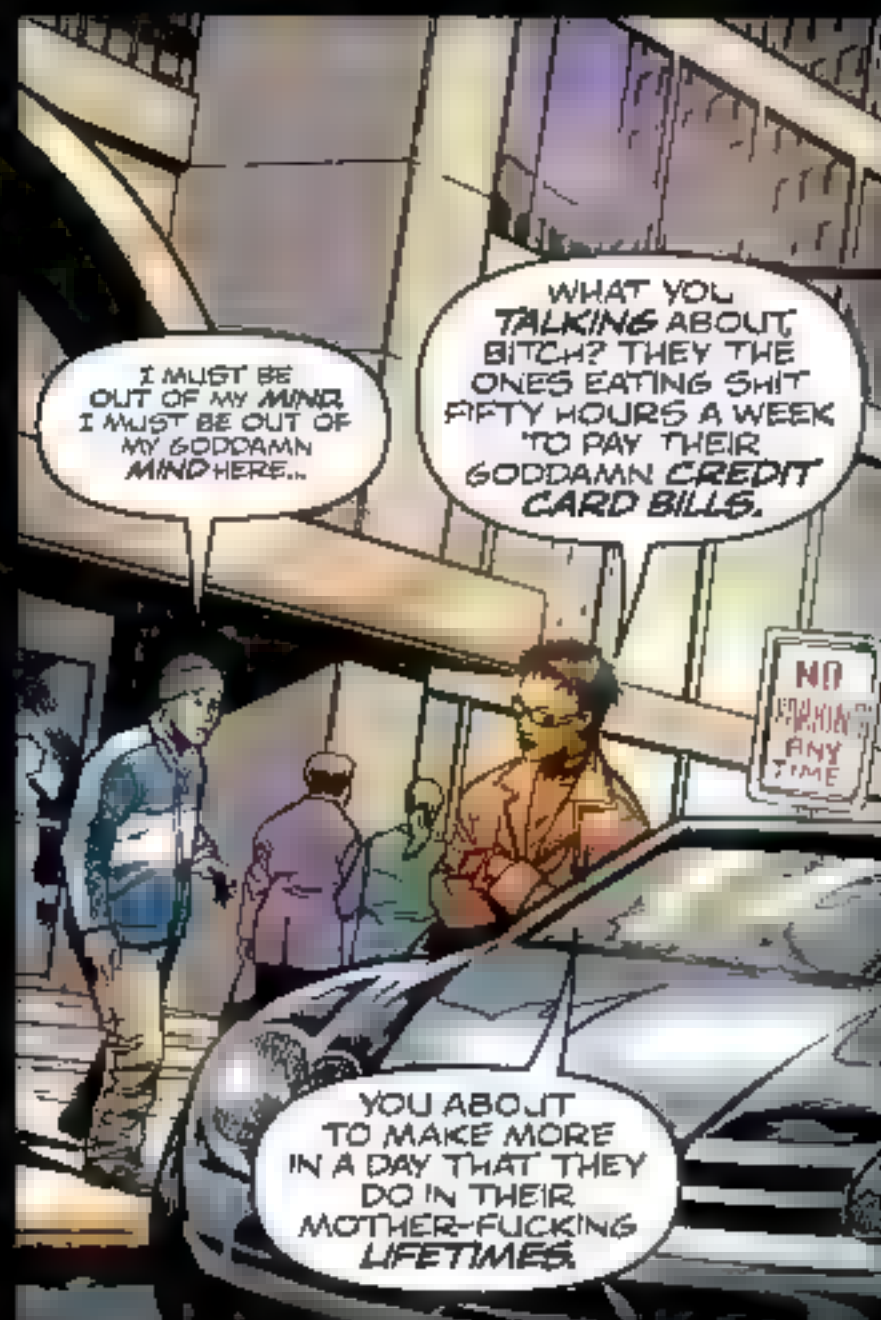
I WANT YOU TO STAND UP, THROW YOUR PAPERS IN THE AIR AND GIVE A BIG ALMIGHTY F*CK YOU TO ALL THOSE ASSHOLE NUMBER-CRUNCHERS AROUND YOU.



YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

IT'S UP TO YOU, MISTER GIBSON: A PLACE IN YOUR DADDY'S SUPER-CRIMINAL FRATERNITY OR A LIFETIME SUCKING THE COCK OF THAT FAT LESBIAN BOSS YOU LIKE SO MUCH.

WHAT'S IT GONNA BE?

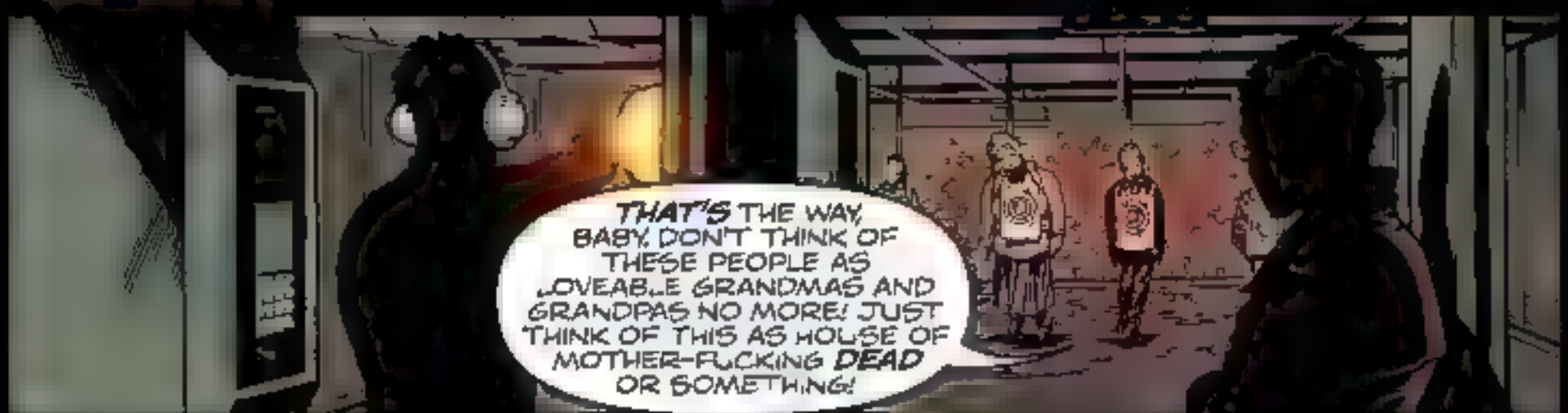




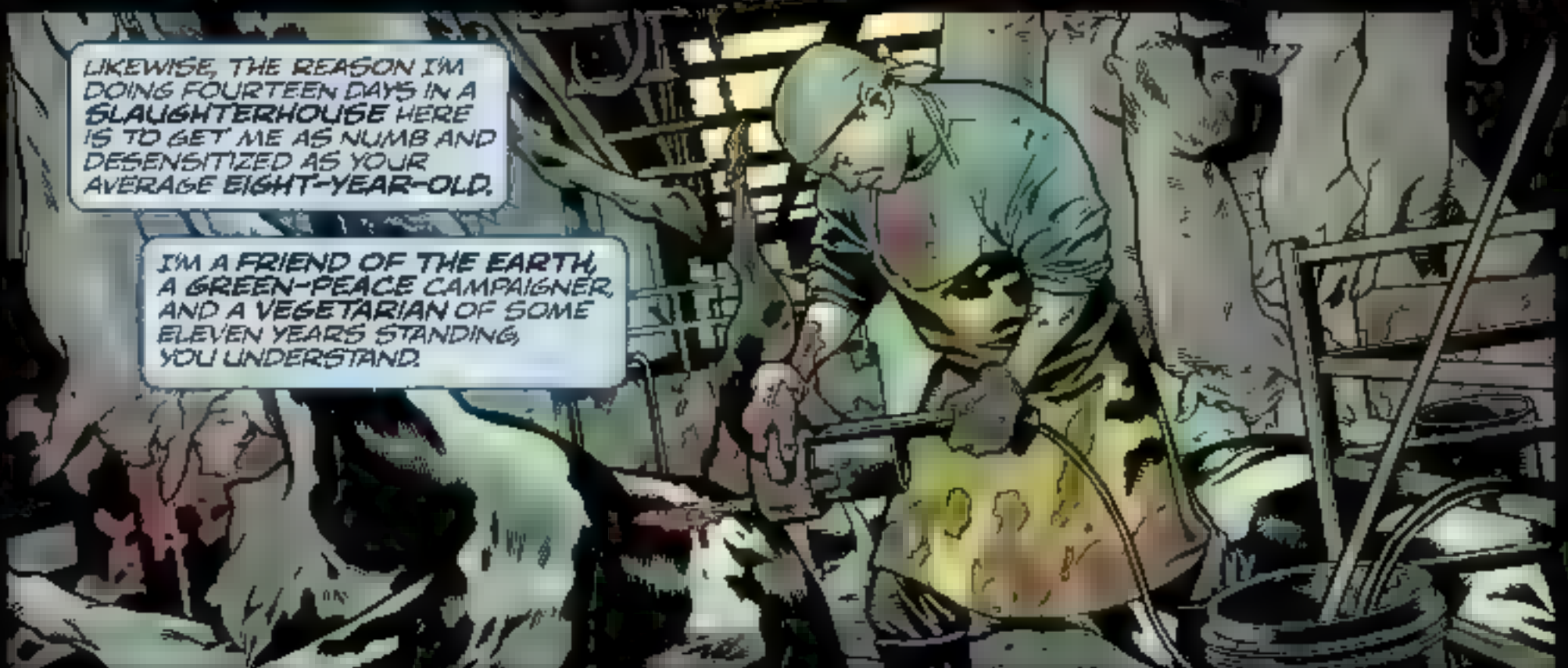
NOW BEFORE ANYONE COMPLAINS, I JUST WANT TO STRESS THAT THESE INNOCENT PEOPLE WERE DEAD AND BURIED LONG BEFORE I STARTED PUMPING HOT LEAD INTO THEIR LIFELESS CADAVERS.



THE FOX JUST THOUGHT I SHOULD GET USED TO THE SIGHT OF FLESH SPLINTERING AND BONE FLYING BEFORE SHE MOVED ME ON TO ANY LIVE HUMAN TARGETS.



THAT'S THE WAY, BABY. DON'T THINK OF THESE PEOPLE AS LOVEABLE GRANDMAS AND GRANDPAS NO MORE! JUST THINK OF THIS AS HOUSE OF MOTHER-FUCKING DEAD OR SOMETHING!



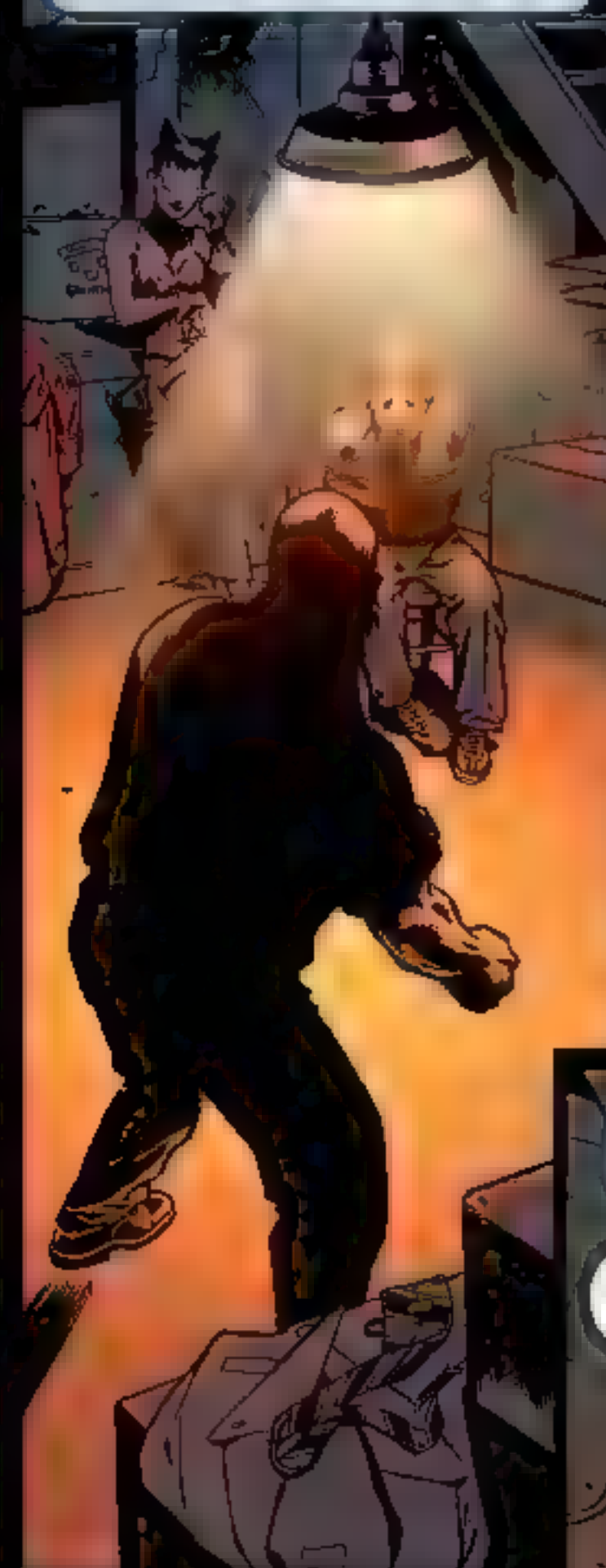
LIKEWISE, THE REASON I'M DOING FOURTEEN DAYS IN A SLAUGHTERHOUSE HERE IS TO GET ME AS NUMB AND DESENSITIZED AS YOUR AVERAGE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD.

I'M A FRIEND OF THE EARTH, A GREEN-PEACE CAMPAIGNER, AND A VEGETARIAN OF SOME ELEVEN YEARS STANDING, YOU UNDERSTAND.

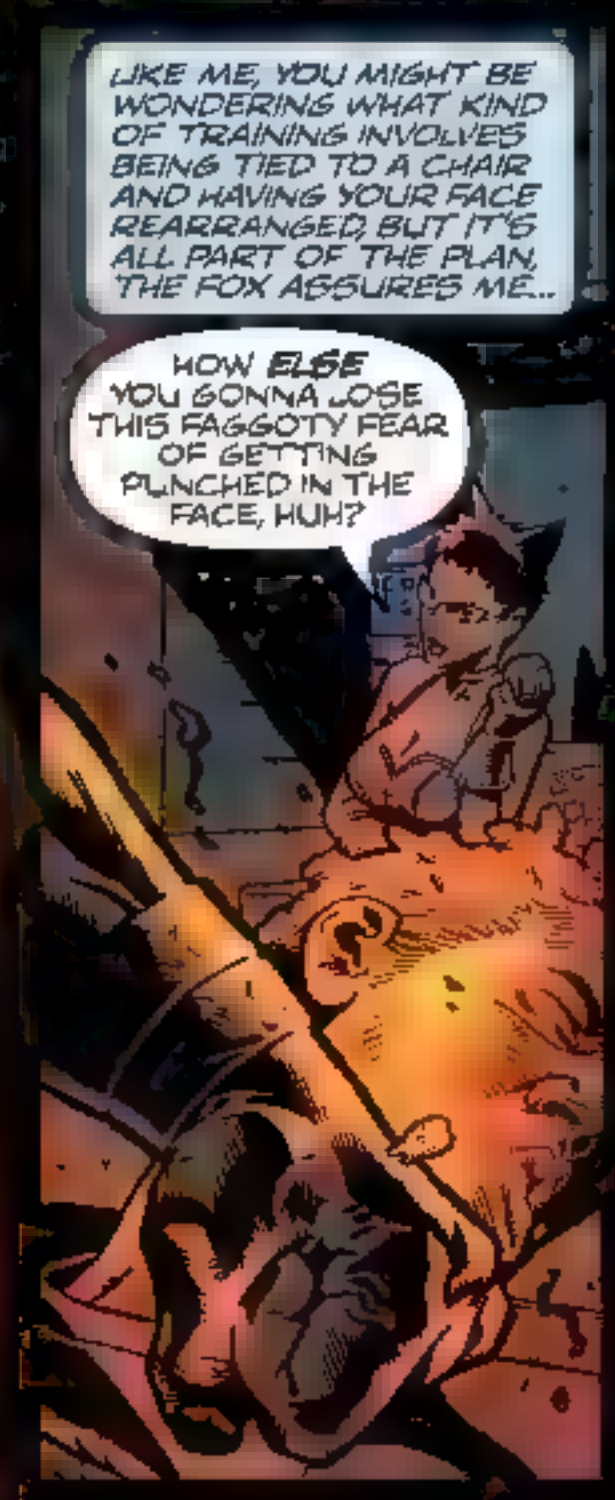


THAT'S A SHIT-LOAD OF EMPATHY
I NEED TO GET RID OF, BUT THREE
CALVES A MINUTE SEEMS A
PRETTY GOOD PLACE TO START.

FUCK 'EM,
WESLEY! IF THEY
WAS SMART, THEY
WOULDN'T BE IN THIS
SITUATION, RIGHT?
FUCK 'EM HARD WITH
YOUR BIG, STEEL
GUN!

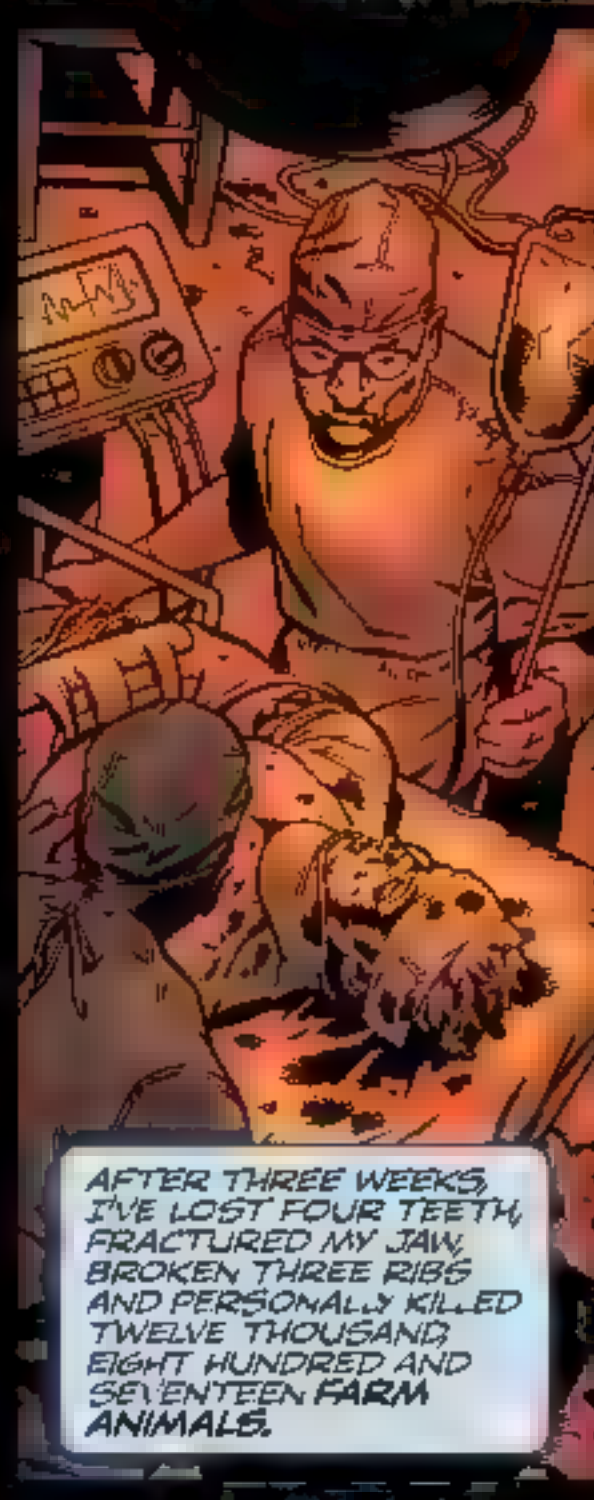


I SPEND THE MORNINGS
WORKING OUT AND THE
AFTERNOONS GETTING WORKED
OVER BY THE BIGGEST BASTARD
I'VE EVER LAID EYES ON.



LIKE ME, YOU MIGHT BE
WONDERING WHAT KIND
OF TRAINING INVOLVES
BEING TIED TO A CHAIR
AND HAVING YOUR FACE
REARRANGED, BUT IT'S
ALL PART OF THE PLAN,
THE FOX ASSURES ME...

HOW ELSE
YOU GONNA LOSE
THIS FAGGOTY FEAR
OF GETTING
PUNCHED IN THE
FACE, HUH?



AFTER THREE WEEKS,
I'VE LOST FOUR TEETH,
FRACTURED MY JAW,
BROKEN THREE RIBS
AND PERSONALLY KILLED
TWELVE THOUSAND
EIGHT HUNDRED AND
SEVENTEEN FARM
ANIMALS.



WEEK FIVE THEY
FINALLY TAKE THE
HANDCUFFS OFF..

GOOD
MORNING, WESLEY.
YOU READY FOR YOUR
DAILY SHIT-KICKING,
SHORT-ASS?



FUCK YOU,
DICK-CHEESE!



AACK!



WELL, YOU
DEFINITELY GOT
YOUR OLD MAN'S
KNACK FOR
IMPROVISATION,
WESLEY. HOW YOU
FEELING OVER
THERE?

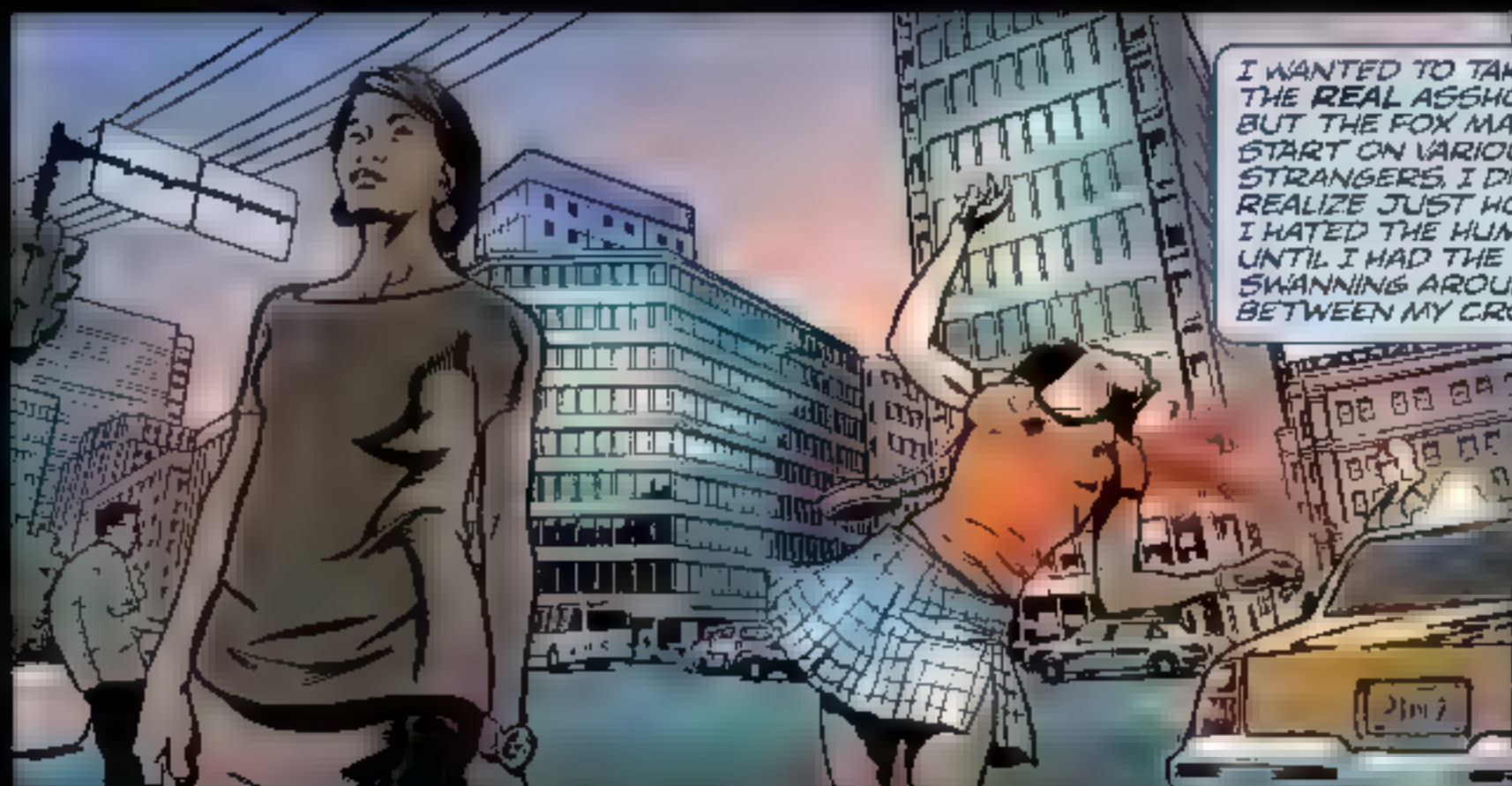
SICK?
NAUSEOUS?
WRACKED WITH
GUILT OVER YOUR
FIRST HUMAN
KILL?



IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY. AFTER
THE FIRST, IT JUST GETS EASIER
AND EASIER. IN FACT, IT'S A LOT LIKE
EATING PRINGLES IN THE SENSE
THAT YOU'RE NOT EVEN SURE YOU
CAN STOP SOMETIMES.

HOW DO
I FEEL?

LIKE I JUST
FUCKED
MARILYN MONROE
WITHOUT A
CONDOM.



I WANTED TO TAKE DOWN THE REAL ASSHOLES FIRST, BUT THE FOX MADE ME START ON VARIOUS, RANDOM STRANGERS. I DIDN'T REALIZE JUST HOW MUCH I HATED THE HUMAN RACE UNTIL I HAD THE FUCKERS SWANNING AROUND BETWEEN MY CROSSHAIRS.

NEXT JP WERE PEOPLE WHO PISSED ME OFF AS A KID; MY OLD GEOGRAPHY TEACHER, THE GIRL NEXT DOOR, THAT GUY ACROSS THE STREET WHO KICKED MY ASS FOR SCRATCHING HIS OLD MUSTANG..

THE CHICK WHO SAID NO WHEN I ASKED HER TO A MOVIE, THAT GUY WHO SET HIS DOG ON ME, THAT SHIT-HEAD IN SCIENCE CLASS WHO RUINED MY BEST SWEATER WITH HIS STUPID FOUNTAIN PEN REFILL...



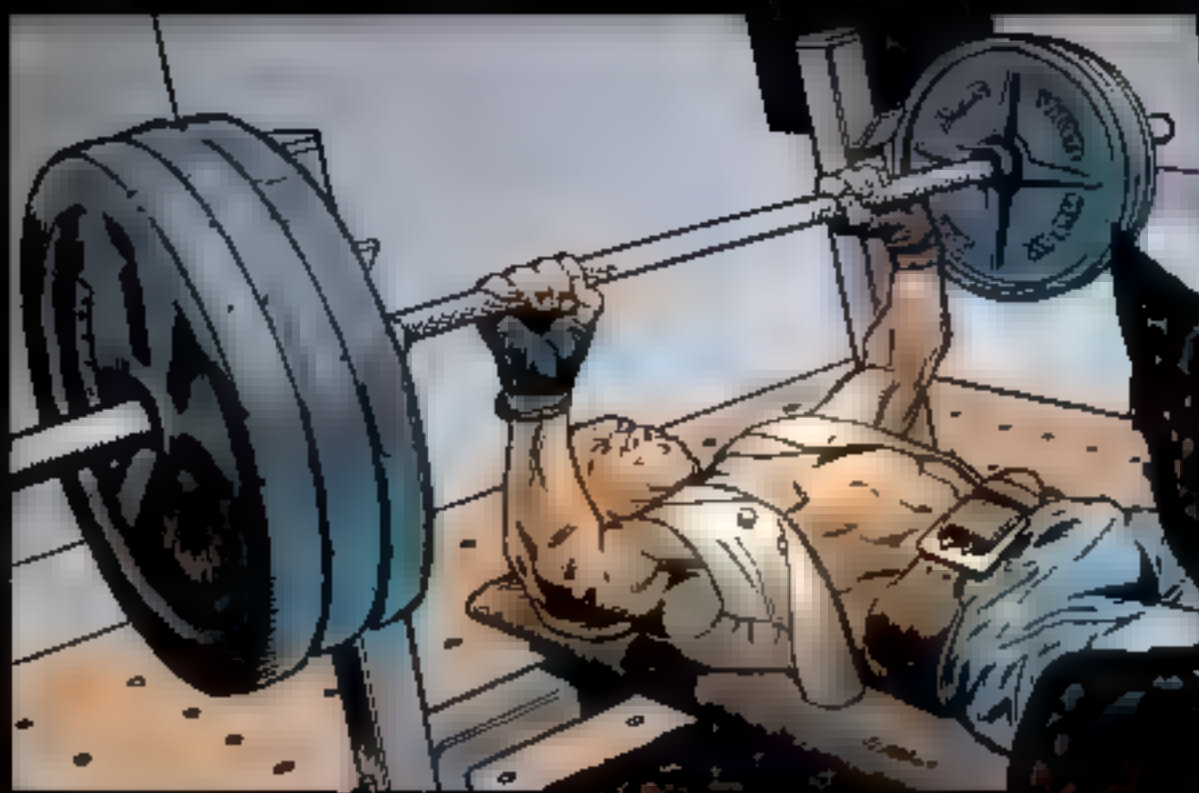
HEATHER SANTIAGO, LITTLE OLLIE HOLFORD, PETER WILKOWSKY, ALEXANDER AND LENNY ALDIES, TOMMY FUCKING MORENO...

THAT PRICK FROM BIG BROTHER, THAT COUNTRY AND WESTERN ASSHOLE, MY BANK MANAGER, MY LANDLORD, THAT HISPANIC GUY IN THE RECORD STORE WITH THE ATTITUDE...

CAN YOU BELIEVE I RAPED AN A-LIST CELEBRITY AND IT DIDN'T EVEN MAKE THE NEWS? THAT'S HOW DEEP THE FRATERNITY GOES, MY FRIEND. CONSEQUENCES ARE A THING OF THE PAST.

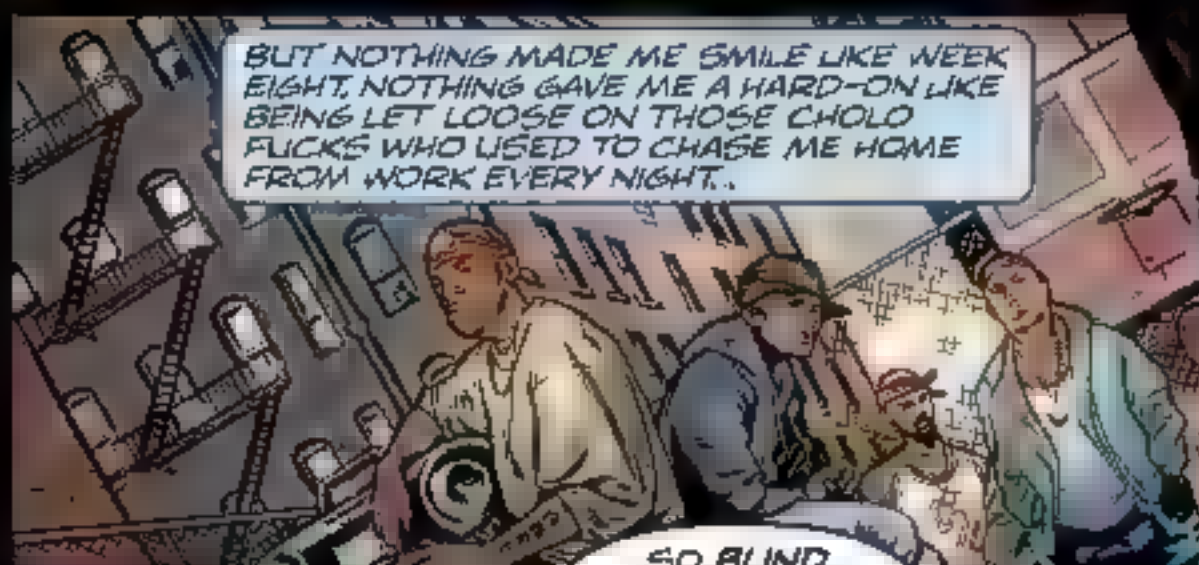
PERSONALLY, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE I WASTED ALL THOSE YEARS EATING GODDAMN FUCKING TOFU-BURGERS.



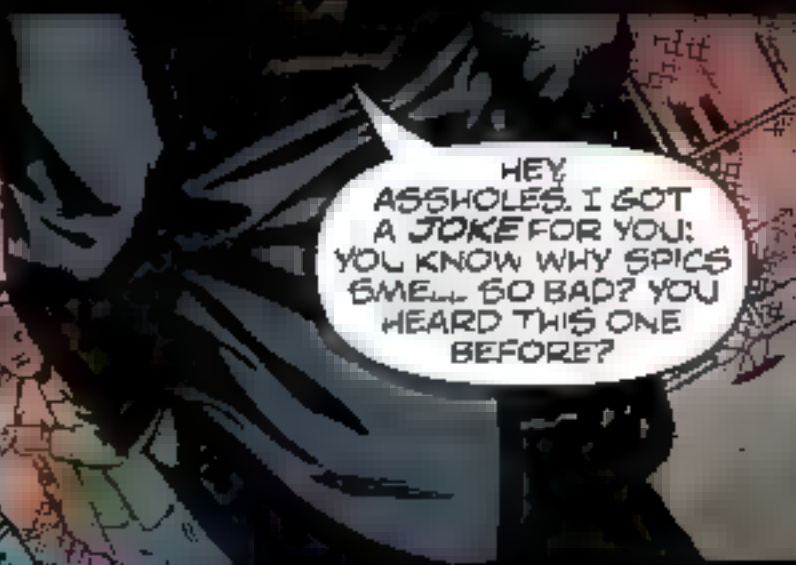


PAIN-KILLERS, NASAL SPRAYS, ANTI-INFLAMMATORIES, ULCER PILLS. I TRASHED THEM ALL WITH MY NEW AGE BELIEFS, MY QUIRKY EMAIL ADDRESS AND THOSE SHITTY DEADBEAT CLOTHES I USED TO WEAR.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I NEVER FELT BETTER.



BUT NOTHING MADE ME SMILE LIKE WEEK EIGHT, NOTHING GAVE ME A HARD-ON LIKE BEING LET LOOSE ON THOSE CHOLO FUCKS WHO USED TO CHASE ME HOME FROM WORK EVERY NIGHT..



HEY, ASSHOLES. I GOT A JOKE FOR YOU: YOU KNOW WHY SPICS SMELL SO BAD? YOU HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE?



SO BLIND PEOPLE CAN HATE 'EM TOO. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, YOU GREASY FUCKS? YOU LIKE THAT ONE?

YOU HIGH OR SOMETHING, DICK-HEAD?



FUCK YOU, FAGGOT.

WHAT YOU SAY?

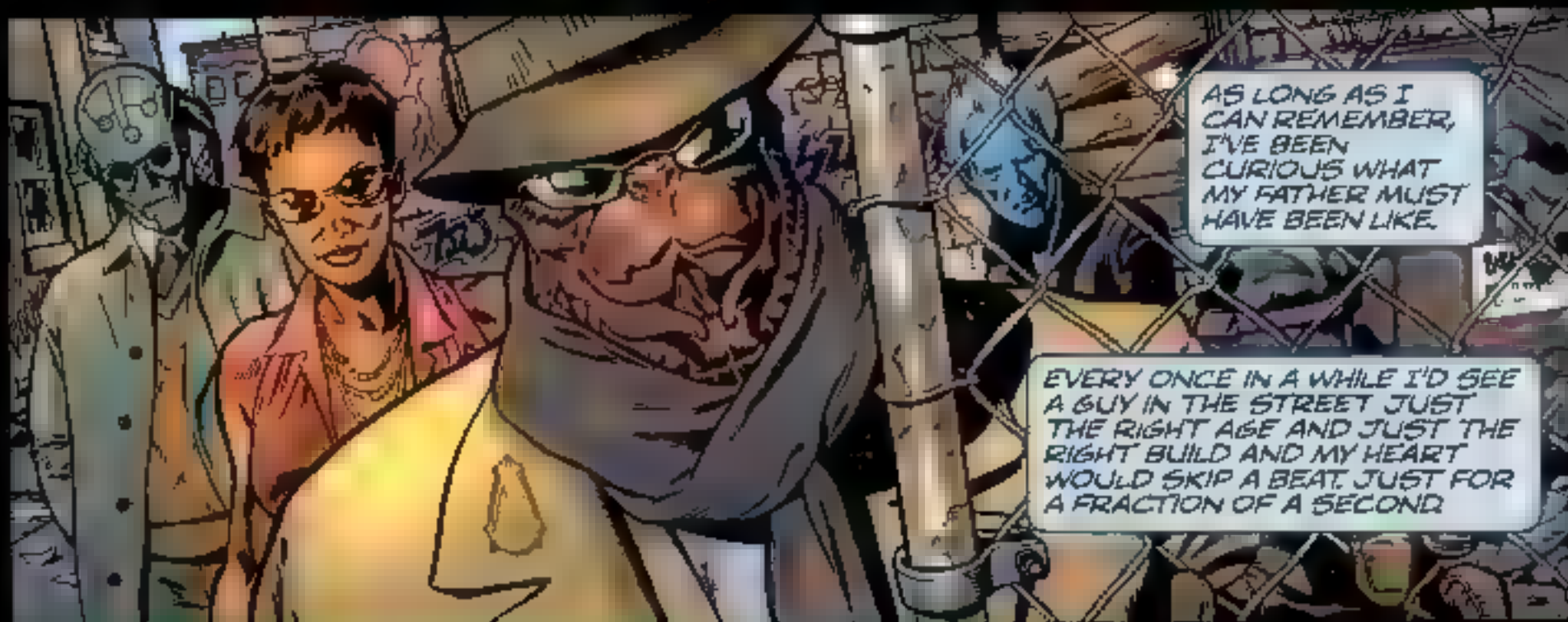


YOU DEAF OR SOMETHING, COCK-SUCKER?



FUCK.

YOU.

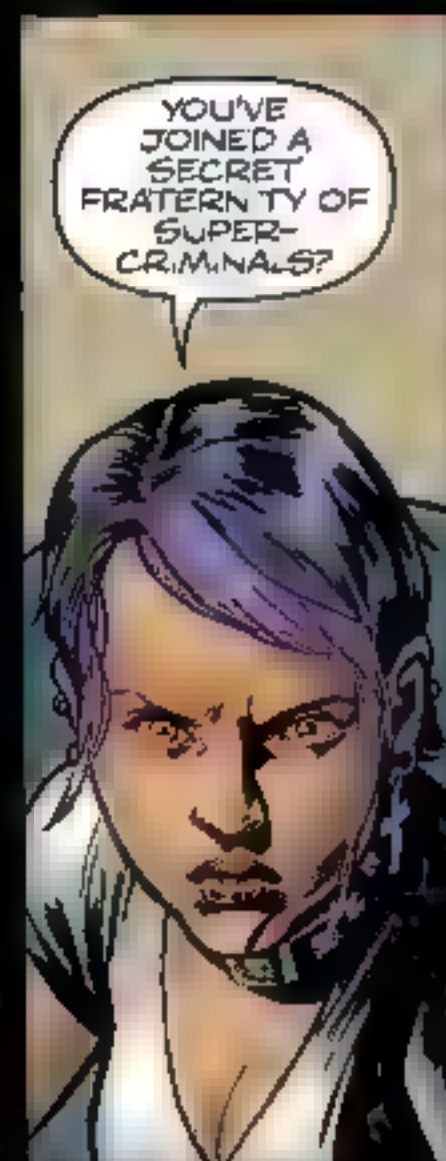


AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, I'VE BEEN CURIOUS WHAT MY FATHER MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE.

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I'D SEE A GUY IN THE STREET JUST THE RIGHT AGE AND JUST THE RIGHT BUILD AND MY HEART WOULD SKIP A BEAT. JUST FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND.

AS A CHILD I LIKED TO PRETEND HE WAS AN AIRLINE PILOT OR A SECRET AGENT, BUT I KNEW DEEP DOWN HE'D JUST BE AS BORING AND FINGER-DRUMMING ORDINARY AS EVERYBODY ELSE'S DAD WAS.

THUS, YOU CAN IMAGINE MY MONUMENTAL FUCKING SURPRISE...



YOU'VE JOINED A SECRET FRATERNITY OF SUPER-CRIMINALS?



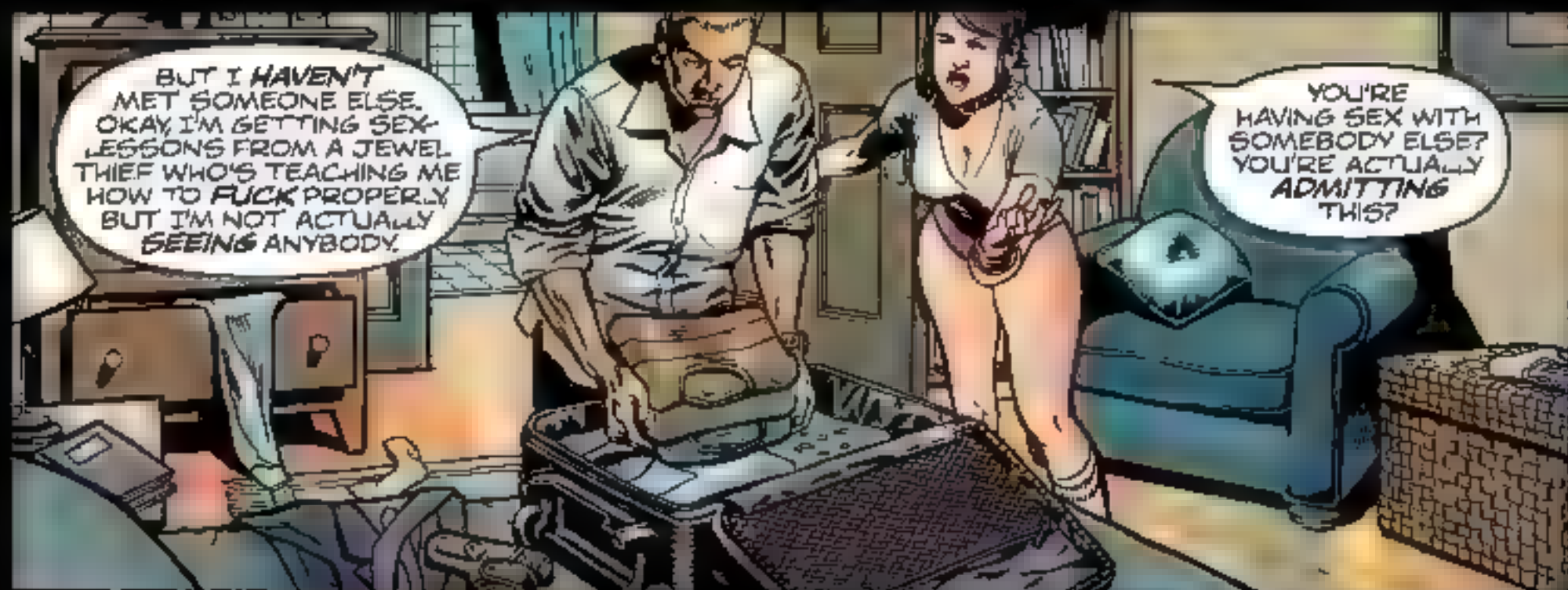
THAT'S RIGHT, LISA. MY DAD WAS A COMIC-BOOK SUPER-VILLAIN AND WHEN HE GOT BUMPED OFF, I AUTOMATICALLY GOT HIS PLACE IN THIS SECRET ORGANIZATION NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT.

OH, JESUS, WESLEY. OH, JESUS, JESUS, JESUS H. CHRIST! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW FUCKING LOW THIS IS?



WHAT?

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT MAJOR CONFRONTATION ISSUES, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH. COULD YOU PLEASE JUST ADMIT THAT YOU'VE MET SOMEONE ELSE AND ACT LIKE A MAN FOR A CHANGE?



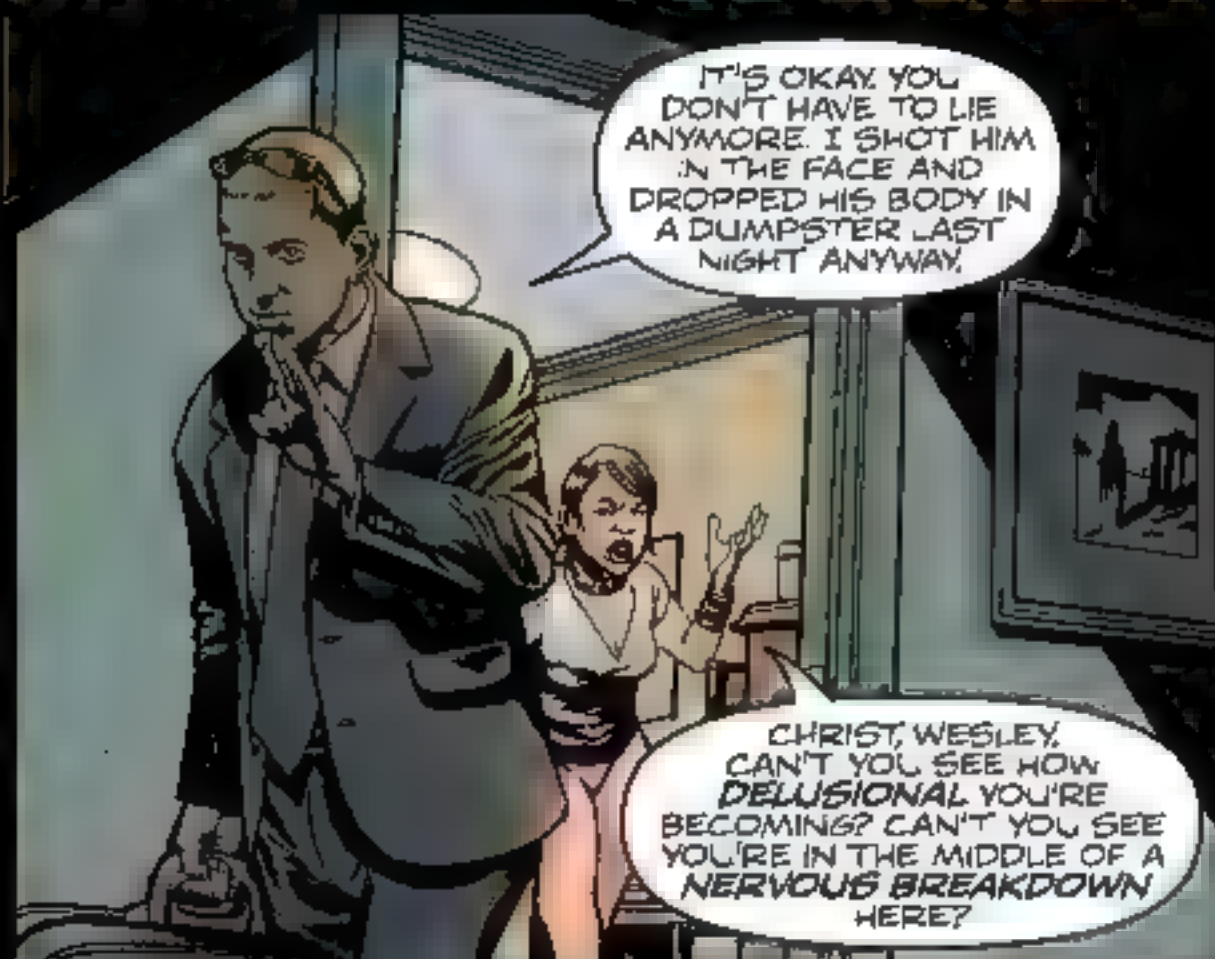
BUT I HAVEN'T MET SOMEONE ELSE. OKAY, I'M GETTING SEX LESSONS FROM A JEWEL THIEF WHO'S TEACHING ME HOW TO FUCK PROPERLY, BUT I'M NOT ACTUALLY SEEING ANYBODY.

YOU'RE HAVING SEX WITH SOMEBODY ELSE? YOU'RE ACTUALLY ADMITTING THIS?



OH, PLEASE. SPARE ME THE INDIGNATION, LISA. LIKE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FUCKING MY BEST FRIEND FOR THE LAST YEAR AND A HALF?

WHAT?



IT'S OKAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE ANYMORE. I SHOT HIM IN THE FACE AND DROPPED HIS BODY IN A DUMPSTER LAST NIGHT ANYWAY.

CHRIST, WESLEY. CAN'T YOU SEE HOW DELUSIONAL YOU'RE BECOMING? CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN HERE?



NO, I'M NOT. I'M HAVING THE OPPOSITE OF A BREAKDOWN. I'M HAVING A GODDAMN KICK-START, LISA, AND I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE.



YOU'RE REALLY GONNA THROW IT ALL AWAY? JUST LIKE THAT?

THROW WHAT AWAY? WE NEVER REALLY HAD ANYTHING. WE JUST SAT HOME WATCHING TELEVISION EVERY NIGHT AND FUCKED LIKE OLD PEOPLE ONCE A MONTH.



WESLEY, YOU WALK OUT THAT DOOR AND I SWEAR TO GOD, I... I... I'M GOING TO SLIT MY WRISTS, YOU SELFISH BASTARD. I'M NOT KIDDING AROUND HERE. I ABSOLUTELY MEAN IT.

FUCK YOU, LISA



WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME, FUCK YOU.

I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE.



CHEER UP, WESLEY. IT MIGHT NEVER HAPPEN, KIDDO.



FUCK YOU TOO, OLD MAN.



FUCK THE JOB! FUCK THE APARTMENT! FUCK MY MOM FOR RAISING ME TO BE SUCH A FUCKING PUSSY!

FUCK EVERYBODY!



THE INDUCTION TAKES PLACE IN
THE NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS.
IT'S SPOOKIER THAN YOU'D EXPECT,
THE PROFESSOR LEADING THE
CEREMONY OVER THE BURNING
EMBERS OF AN OLD MARVEL COMIC.

I'M TOLD THAT THIS IS THE ONLY
PLACE THEY'RE ALLOWED TO WEAR
THEIR COSTUMES ANYMORE, WHICH
IS A SHAME. I LOOK SO DAMN GOOD
IN MY DAD'S OLD SPANDEX. SO
FUCKING HANDSOME...

IF I WAS CHOCOLATE,
I SWEAR I'D EAT
MYSELF RIGHT NOW.



OKAY, NOW
WHAT AM ME
SUPPOSED TO DO
AGAIN, SUCKER?
BREAK WESLEY'S
HANDS AND PULL
OFF HIS
FINGERS?

NO, NO, THAT'S
THE REVERSE OF
WHAT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO DO.
FLICKWIT. JUST SHAKE
HIS HAND AND
CONGRATULATE
HIM, BIG GUY.



CONGRATULATIONS
AND SALUTATIONS,
DEAREST WESLEY, ON BEHALF
OF BOTH MYSELF AND MY
LITTLE CLOCKWORK
COMPANIONS HERE...

UH, THANKS,
DOLL-MASTER. I
REALLY APPRECIATE
THE SENTIMENT,
MAN.

WELL, YER OLD
MAN'S THREADS
FIT YOU LIKE A *GLOVE*,
BUDDY. DIDN'T I SAY
MISTER GAMBICINI WAS
THE BEST DAMN
TAILOR IN THE
BUSINESS?



YOU KNOW HE WAS
SO GOOD AT PATCHING
UP COSTUMES AFTER A
TUSSELE THAT SOME A' THE
SUPERHEROES EVEN USED
TO GO SEE HIM BACK IN
THE DAY?

ACTUALLY, THAT'S
SOMETHING I WAS
HOPING YOU GUYS WOULD BE
ABLE TO TELL ME NOW THAT
I'M FULLY SIGNED-UP. WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
SUPERHEROES? WHERE
DID THEY GO?



TO THEIR
GRAVES, LITTLE
PRINCE. IN PIECES, OF
COURSE, WITH MY
URINE TRICKLING
DOWN THEIR
HEADSTONES.

OH
SHIT...



LANGUAGE, BRAIN-BOX. LANGUAGE, OLD FRIEND. HARDLY THE WAY TO GREET AN ALLY IN OUR FIGHT AGAINST THE FORCES OF JUSTICE, EH?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MISTER RICTUS?

WELL, AS FAR AS I REMEMBER, EVERY BROTHER IN THE FRATERNITY IS WELCOME AT ANY OF THE FIVE MAJOR HEADQUARTERS, PROFESSOR.

THAT SAID, WHAT I REALLY CAME HERE FOR IS A CLOSE LOOK AT THE GIBSON BOY, OF COURSE.



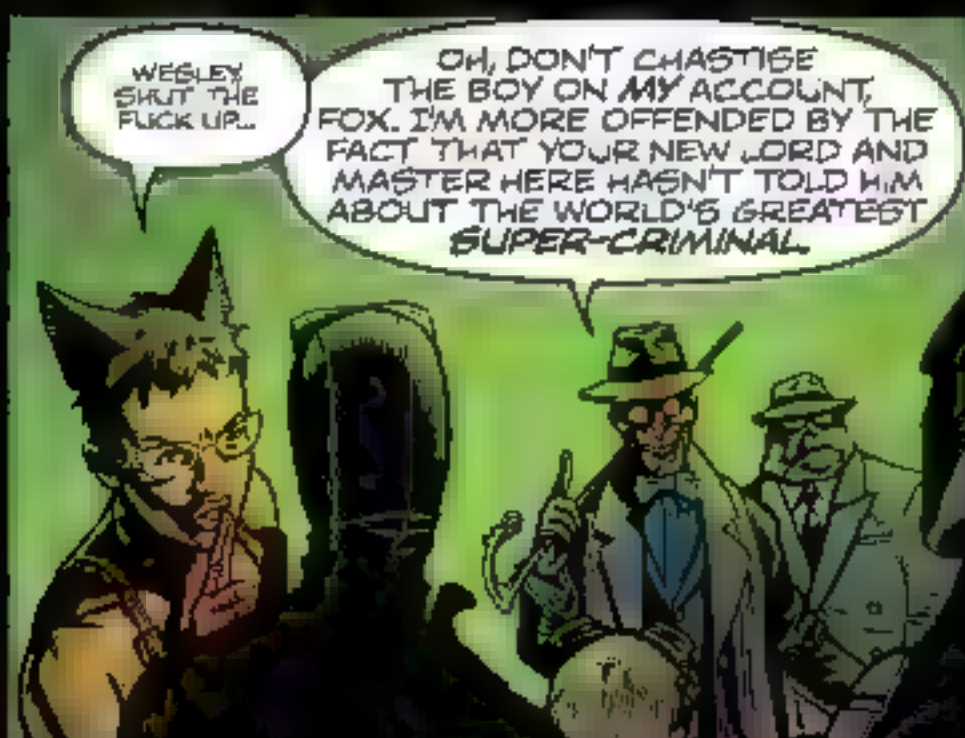
HIS FATHER AND I WERE TREMENDOUS FRIENDS, AS YOU MAY RECALL. I FEEL IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT I SHOULD PAY RESPECTS ON THIS VERY SPECIAL EVENING FOR THE LITTLE TYKE.

WHO'S THIS PRICK WHEN HE'S AT HOME?



WESLEY SHUT THE FLICK UP...

OH, DON'T CHASTISE THE BOY ON MY ACCOUNT, FOX. I'M MORE OFFENDED BY THE FACT THAT YOUR NEW LORD AND MASTER HERE HASN'T TOLD HIM ABOUT THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER-CRIMINAL.



YOUR FATHER USED TO WORK FOR ME UNTIL HE AND HIS LITTLE MASPIE HERE DECIDED THAT THEY DIDN'T LIKE MY METHODS, AND ASKED FOR A COMPASSIONATE TRANSFER, WESLEY.

I KNOW IT SOUNDS ODD FOR A HIRED KILLER TO HAVE SUCH A WEAK STOMACH, BUT THAT'S THE KIND OF ASSHOLES I WAS DEALING WITH BACK IN THE OLDEN DAYS.





YOU WAS SNEAKING INTO CRIBS, YOU MOTHER-FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT.

OH, REALLY?



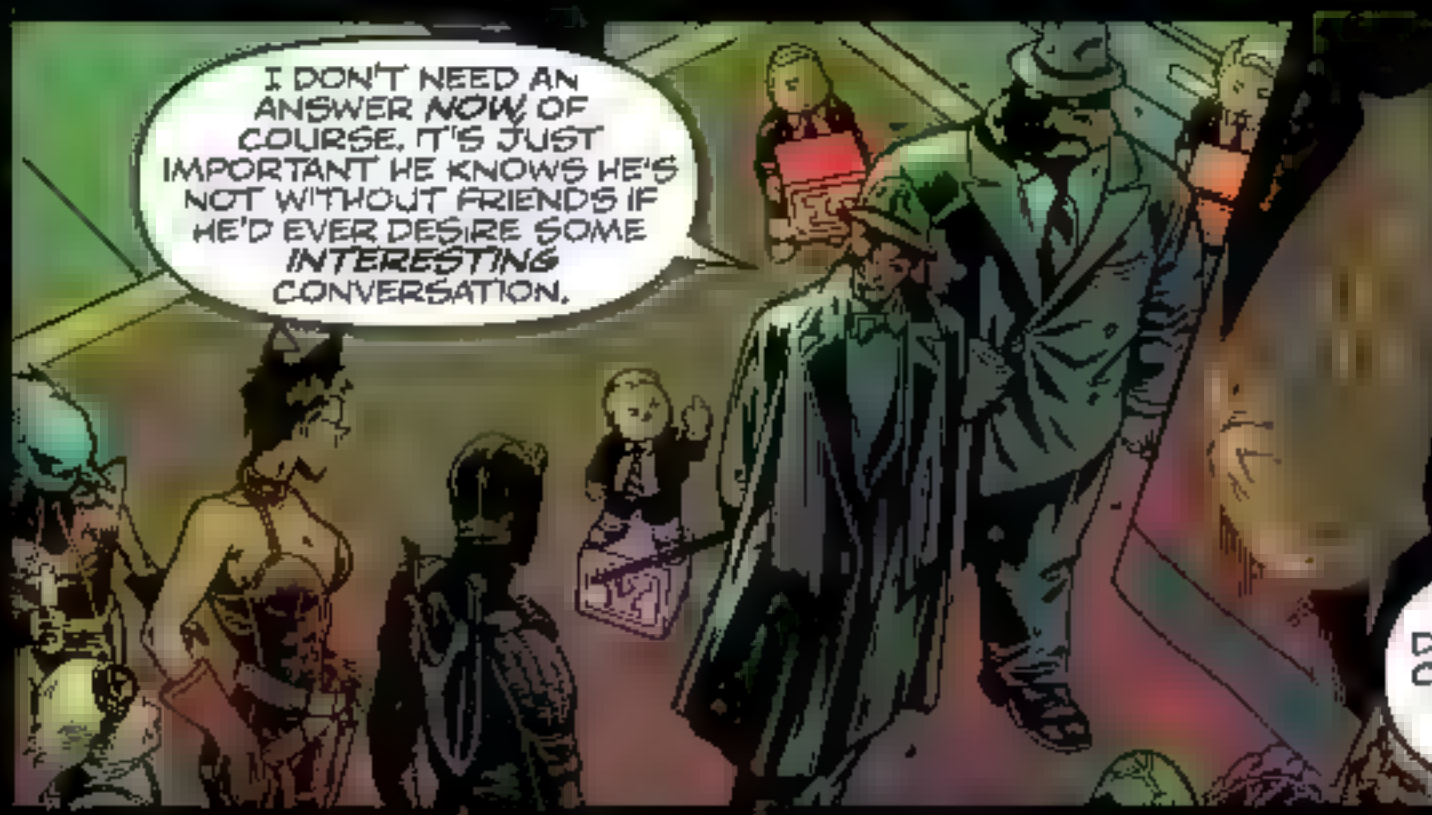
WELL, I MUST SAY YOU'RE LOOKING VERY SAFE AND WELL HERE, LITTLE FOX. VERY WELL *INDEED*. BE A GOOD GIRL AND MAYBE YOU'LL *STAY* THAT WAY, EH?

I THINK IT'S TIME YOU WERE GOING, MISTER RICTUS.

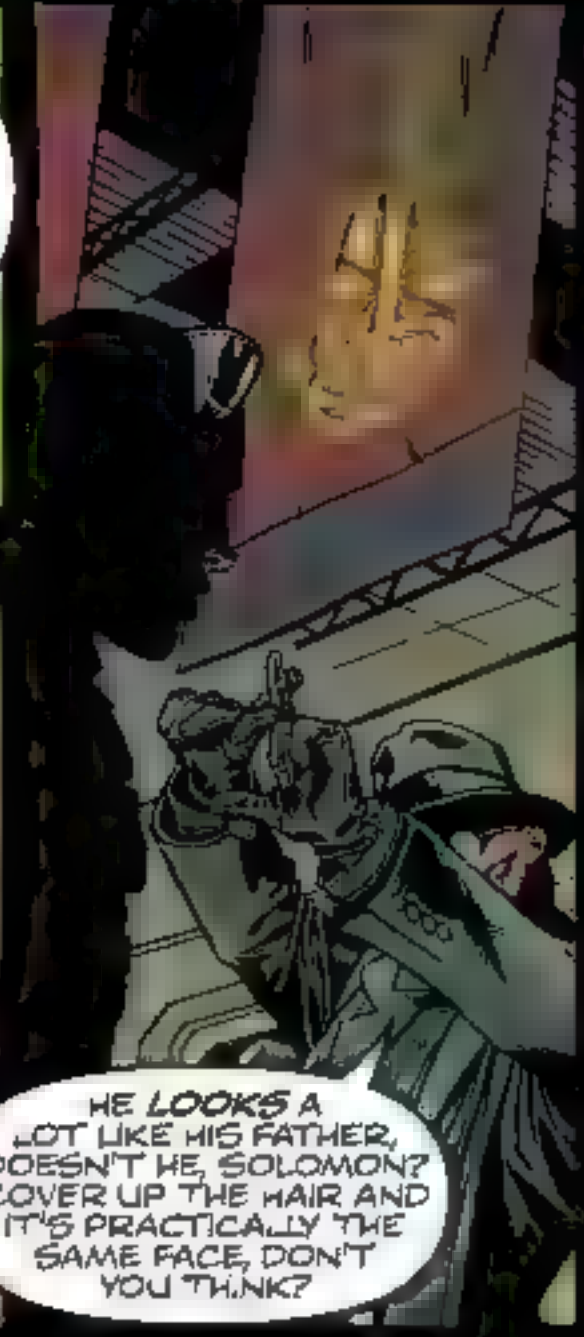


RRRRR...

OH, DON'T GET UPSET, SHIT-HEAD. WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE ANYWAY. I ONLY CAME TO TELL YOUNG WESLEY THAT HE'LL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE IN HIS DAD'S OLD GANG SHOULD HE EVER REQUIRE IT.



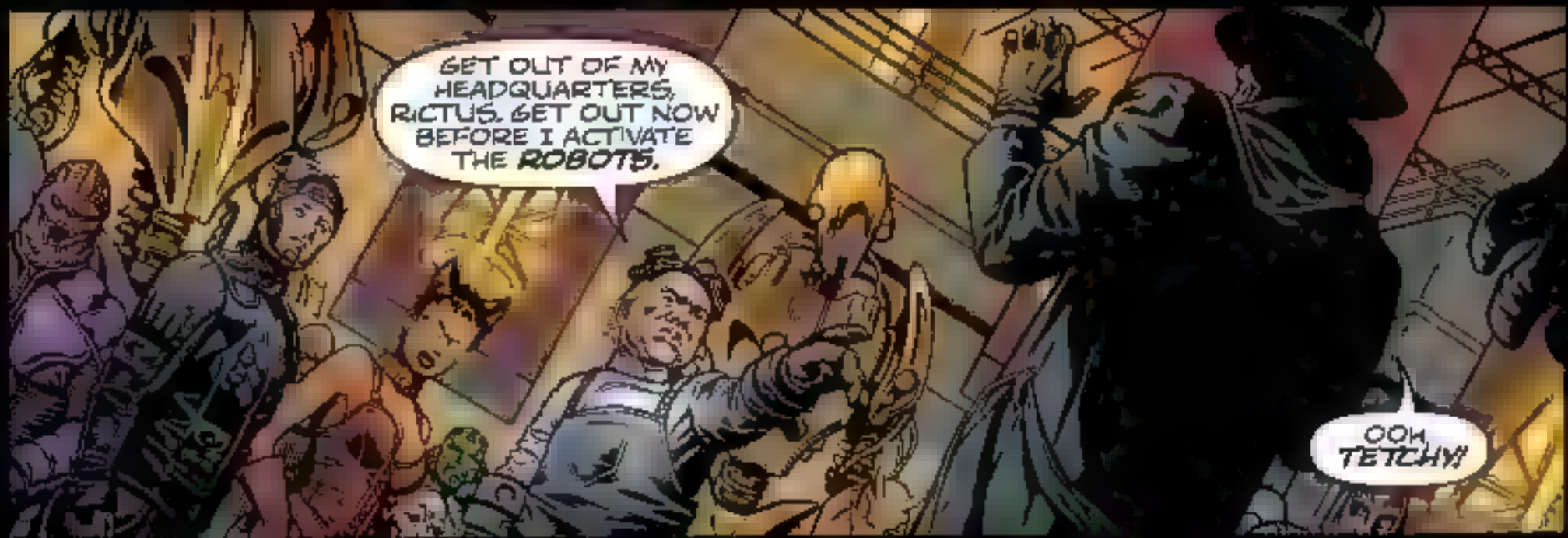
I DON'T NEED AN ANSWER NOW, OF COURSE. IT'S JUST IMPORTANT HE KNOWS HE'S NOT WITHOUT FRIENDS IF HE'D EVER DESIRE SOME *INTERESTING* CONVERSATION.



HE LOOKS A LOT LIKE HIS FATHER, DOESN'T HE, SOLOMON? COVER UP THE HAIR AND IT'S PRACTICALLY THE SAME FACE, DON'T YOU THINK?



LET'S JUST HOPE HE'S A LITTLE *SMARTER*, EH?



GET OUT OF MY HEADQUARTERS, RICTUS. GET OUT NOW BEFORE I ACTIVATE THE **ROBOTS**.

OOH TETCHY!



I'LL SEE YOU AT THE NEXT MEETING ANYWAY, PROFESSOR. I BELIEVE IT'S **THE EMPEROR'S** TURN TO HOST OUR ANNUAL GET-TOGETHER SO AT LEAST THE **FOOD** SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A CHANGE.

CIAO FOR NOW, DARLINGS.



WHO THE HELL WAS THAT?

MISTER RICTUS: ANOTHER HEAD OF THE FIVE.

WHEN WE TOOK OVER THE WORLD BACK IN 1986, WE CARVED UP THE CONTINENTS AND HE GOT STUCK WITH **AUSTRALIA**. APPARENTLY HE'S **STILL** SEETHING ABOUT IT.



AND THIS IS YOUR FAULT HOW?

WELL, HE WANTED AMERICA JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE DID, BUT THINGS DIDN'T GET **DEEPLY** PERSONAL UNTIL YOUR FATHER AND THE FOX LEFT **HIS** OPERATIONS FOR **OURS**.

HE'S BEEN PLANNING A MOVE AGAINST ME FOR **YEARS**, PICKING OFF KEY PLAYERS ON MY TEAM, DENYING EVERYTHING TO THE **OTHERS**.



DO YOU THINK HE MIGHT BE THE ONE WHO **KILLED** MY DAD?



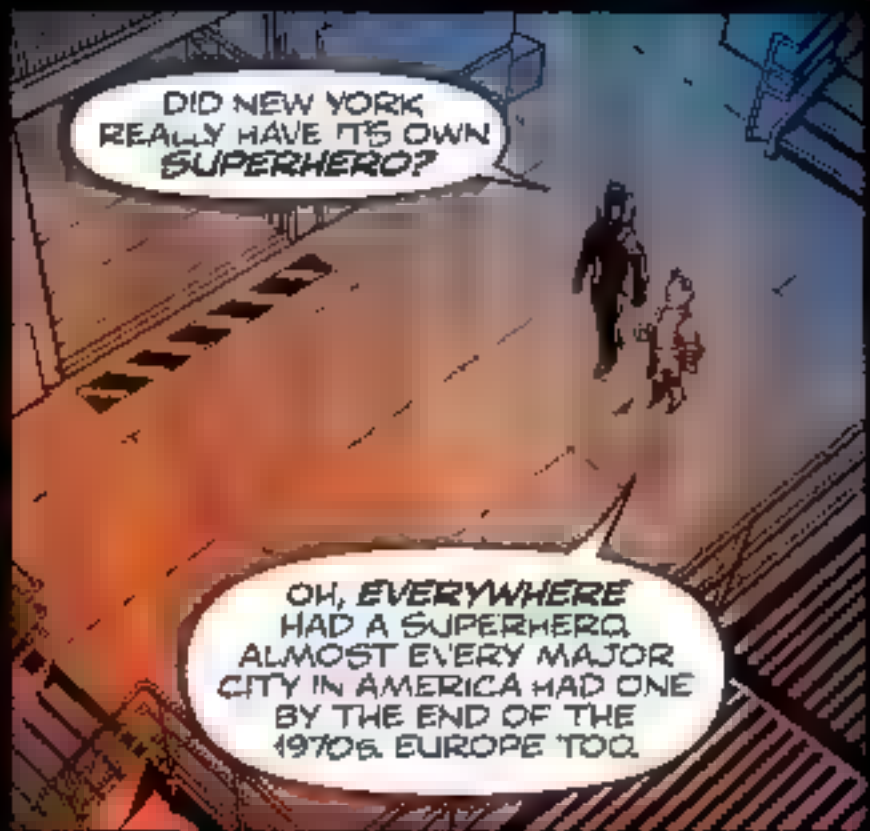
OH, ALMOST
CERTAINLY
WESLEY.

NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT.



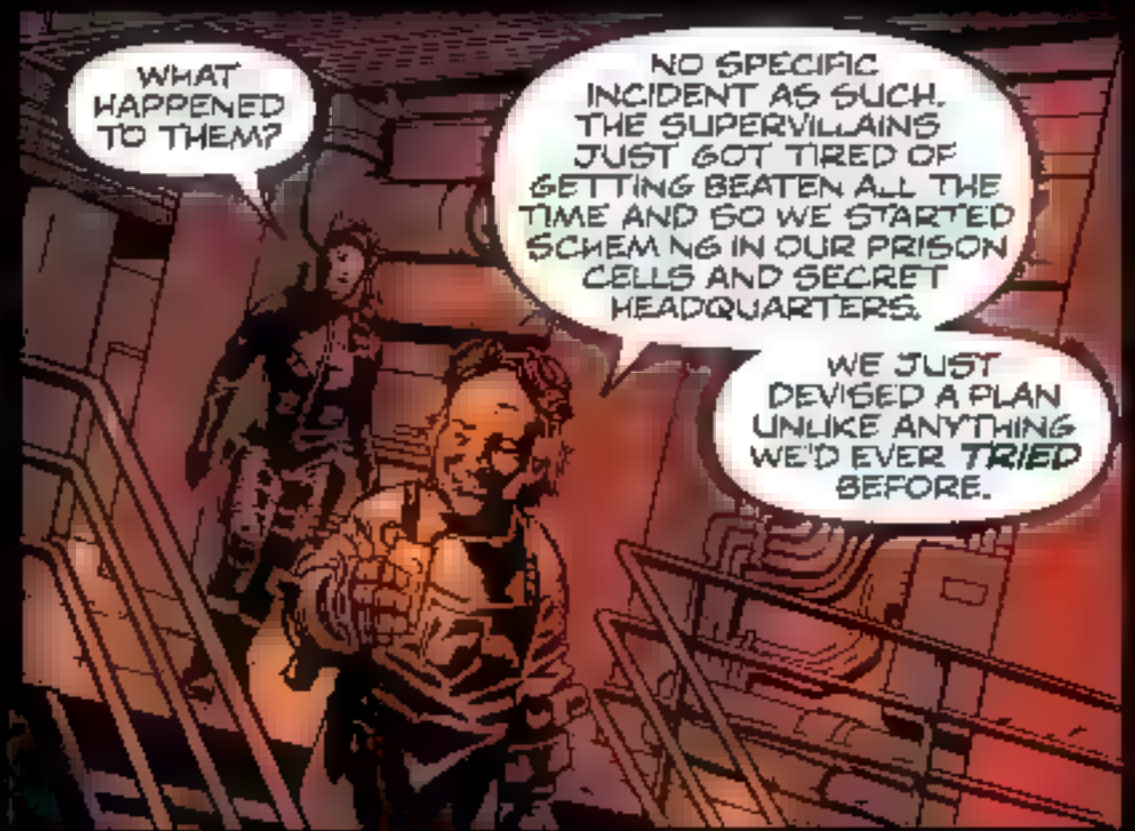
THEY FOUGHT
AGAINST THE SAME
SUPERHERO MANY
YEARS AGO, TEAMING UP
TO BEAT HIM IN THE CRISIS
OVER NEW YORK, BUT
LOYALTY IS SUCH A
FRAGILE THING IN THIS
PROFESSION.

MISTER RICTUS
WAS SLIGHTED BY
YOUR FATHER'S BETRAYAL
AND HE DOESN'T STRIKE
ME AS A MAN WHO
MIGHT EASILY
FORGIVE.



DID NEW YORK
REALLY HAVE ITS OWN
SUPERHERO?

OH, EVERYWHERE
HAD A SUPERHERO.
ALMOST EVERY MAJOR
CITY IN AMERICA HAD ONE
BY THE END OF THE
1970s. EUROPE TOO.



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THEM?

NO SPECIFIC
INCIDENT AS SUCH.
THE SUPERVILLAINS
JUST GOT TIRED OF
GETTING BEATEN ALL THE
TIME AND SO WE STARTED
SCHEMING IN OUR PRISON
CELLS AND SECRET
HEADQUARTERS.

WE JUST
DEvised A PLAN
UNLIKE ANYTHING
WE'D EVER TRIED
BEFORE.



WHICH
WAS?

WE DECIDED
TO WORK AS
A TEAM.



"NOT JUST THE TEN OR TWELVE SUPERVILLAINS THAT MADE UP EACH OF THESE ROGUE GALLERIES AND SUCH, BUT THE HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF SUPER-CRIMINALS ALL ACROSS THE PLANET.

"INDIVIDUALLY, WE'D ALWAYS FAILED TO MAKE MUCH IMPACT, BUT AS AN ARMY I HYPOTHESIZED WE'D BE PRETTY MUCH UNBEATABLE.



"THE FINAL BATTLE TOOK PLACE IN 1986. IT LASTED ALMOST THREE MONTHS AND WE LOST A GREAT MANY FRIENDS DURING THAT ENCOUNTER, BUT WE **BEAT** THEM IN THE END.

"BY THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST, THERE WASN'T A SUPERHERO LEFT STANDING FROM ONE END OF THIS GLOBE TO THE OTHER."



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW COME THIS ISN'T IN THE HISTORY BOOKS? EVEN IF THERE'D BEEN **ONE** SUPERHERO, WOULDN'T THAT HAVE BEEN ALL OVER THE **NEWS** AND **STUFF**?

AH, BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH JUST TO **BEAT** THEM, WESLEY. WE HAD TO STRIP THEM OF THEIR MEMORIES AND MAKE SURE THAT EVEN THEIR **GREATEST** **FANS** DIDN'T REMEMBER THEM.



SUCH SCIENCE MIGHT SEEM COMICAL IN THIS NEW WORLD THAT WE **MOLDED** FOR YOU, BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT **REALITY ITSELF** CAN BE REWRITTEN IF WE DESIRE IT, BOY.

SEVEN-DIMENSIONAL IMPS AND ALIEN SUPER-COMPUTERS ARE AMONG OUR RANKS, YOU KNOW. THERE'S REALLY **NOTHING** WE CAN'T DO IF WE ALWAYS STAND UNITED.



NOW YOUR
FATHER'S OLD
NEMESIS IS JUST A CAMP,
PODGY JOKE WHO SIGNS
AUTOGRAPHS FOR MONEY.
THE WARRIOR PRINCESS IS A
MENOPAUSAL DRUNK WHO
THINKS SHE WAS A TV
PERSONALITY.

AND AS
FOR MY OWN
ARCH-FOE...



"WELL, ACCORDING TO THE
NEWSPAPERS, HE NEEDS SOMEONE
TO HELP HIM **DEFECATE** NOW AND
SPENDS HIS LONG, DULL DAYS STARING
INTO SPACE, TRYING TO REMEMBER
WHERE IT ALL WENT **WRONG**."



AND NOBODY
KNOWS THE
TRUTH?

JUST AS HALF-
REMEMBERED DREAMS,
AND COMIC BOOKS, OF
COURSE. APPROXIMATIONS
OF THEIR EXPLOITS ARE STILL
REMEMBERED IN THE
FUNNIES, BUT WHO EVEN
READS **THEM**
ANYMORE?



MY GOD
I THINK
I **KNEW**
THIS.

OBVIOUSLY
NOT THE LITTLE
DETAILS, BUT WHEN
YOU WERE TALKING, IT
WAS LIKE YOU WERE
JUST REMINDING ME
ABOUT SOMETHING
I ALREADY
KNEW



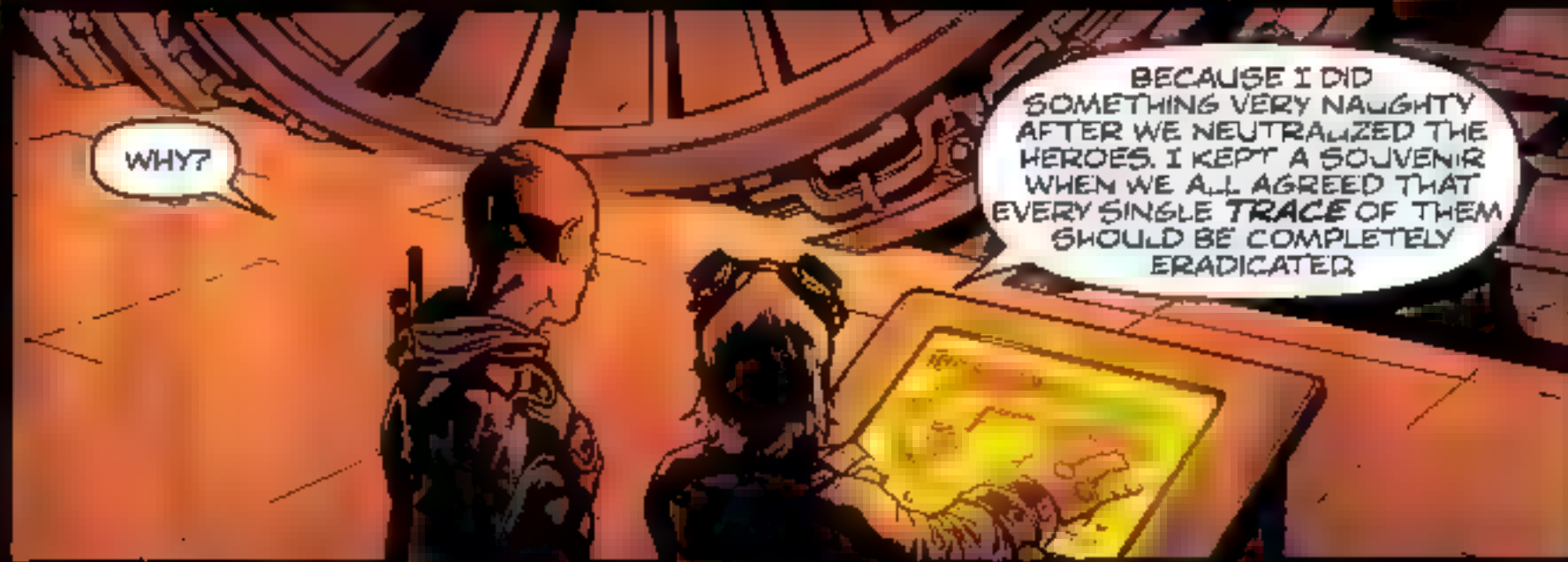
CAN YOU
KEEP A
SECRET,
WESLEY?

A **BIG**
SECRET?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I THOUGHT YOU'D ALREADY TOLD ME THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SECRET.

WELL, THERE'S ONE LITTLE FACT I'VE NEVER TOLD A SOUL, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'LL APPRECIATE IT. YOU JUST HAVE TO PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER TELL THE OTHERS.



WHY?

BECAUSE I DID SOMETHING VERY NAUGHTY AFTER WE NEUTRALIZED THE HEROES. I KEPT A SOUVENIR WHEN WE ALL AGREED THAT EVERY SINGLE TRACE OF THEM SHOULD BE COMPLETELY ERADICATED.



JESUS CHRIST

THEY DIDN'T WANT CLUES LEFT BEHIND, YOU SEE, BUT I COULDN'T RESIST IT WHEN I SAW THIS LITTLE PRIZE. NOT WHEN I SAW IT HANGING THERE LIKE A TORN FLAG FLUTTERING IN THE WIND..



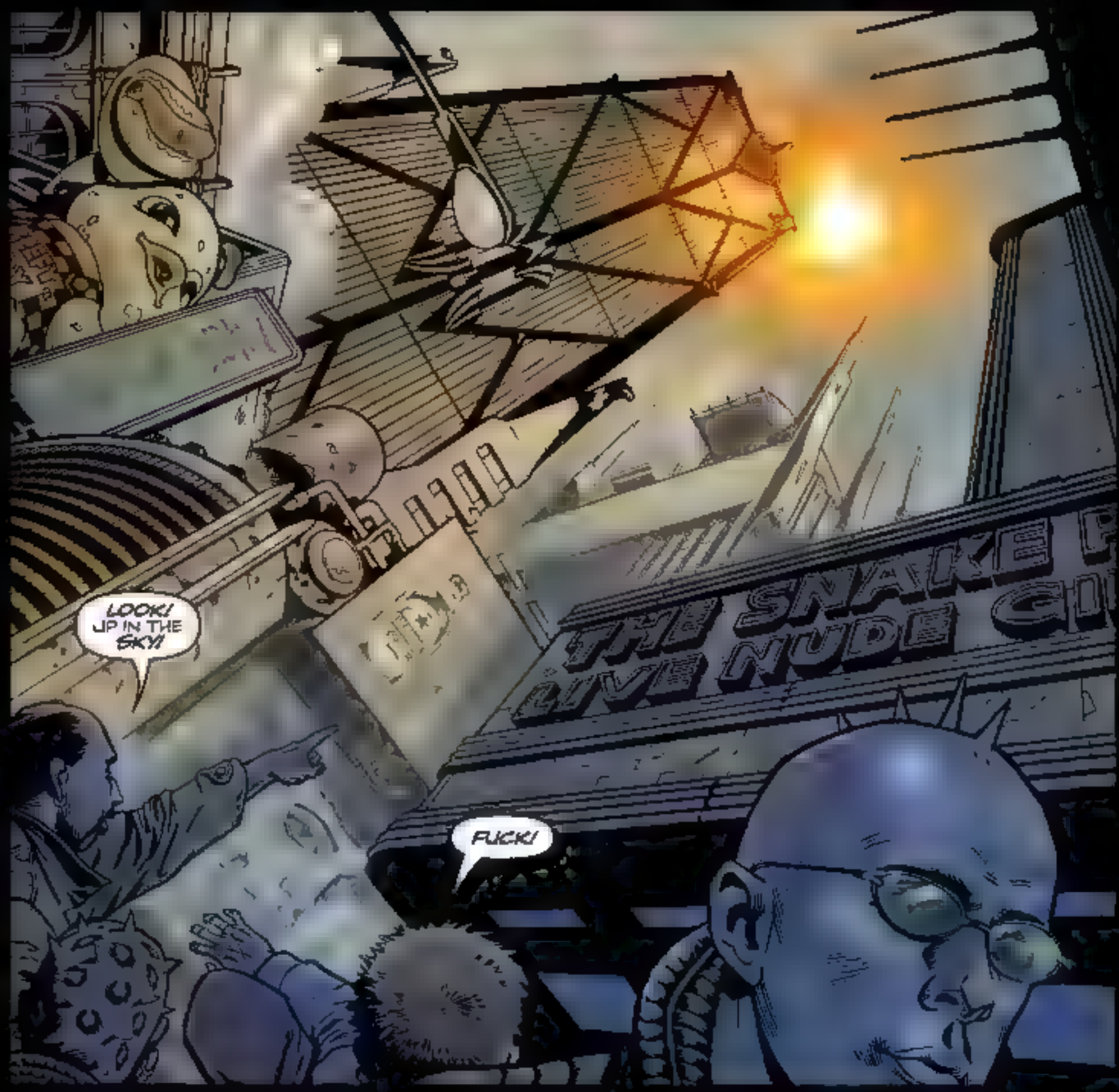
OH, JESUS CHRIST IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?

YES, WESLEY. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS.

MY OWN LITTLE "FUCK YOU" TO THE WORLD..



NOW LET'S
PUT YOU TO
WORK, SHALL
WE?



SUPERGANGBANG

Written by: Mark Miller

Penciled and Inked by: J.B. Jones

Colored by: Paul Mounts

Lettered by: Droomer Design's

Robin Spoker

Bonnie Holzer

Mark Rodden



JAPANESE MEN SEEK
AMERICAN BRIDES.



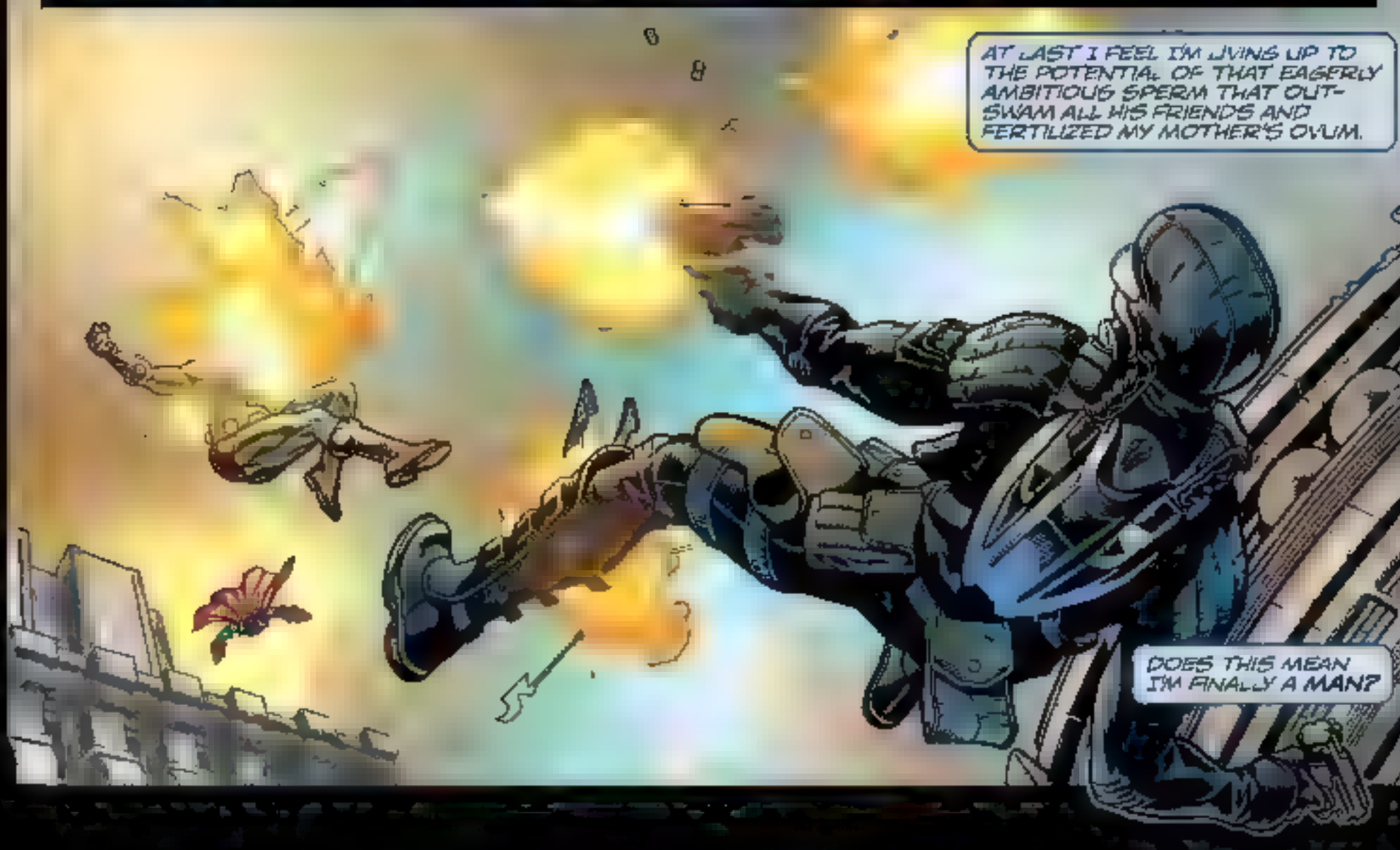
SELL YOUR WETTEST
DREAMS. SHOOT UP AT
DISCOUNT PRICES. MAKE
CASH SELLING ADS ON YOUR
BORING FRONT TEETH.

WELCOME TO PARALLEL-2. AN
AMERICA IDENTICAL TO OURS IN
EVERY RESPECT EXCEPT TWO
DECADES OLDER AND STILL
CRAWLING WITH THESE GAUDY-
LOOKING SUPER-FUCKS.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE
THAT JUST THREE
MONTHS AGO I WAS
AS ORDINARY AND
PATHETIC AS YOU.

BUT LOOK AT ME NOW, PEOPLE.
BLOWING HOLES IN MEN OF
STEEL AND SLITTING THE
THROATS OF DARK-NIGHT
DETECTIVES, FOR GOD'S SAKE.



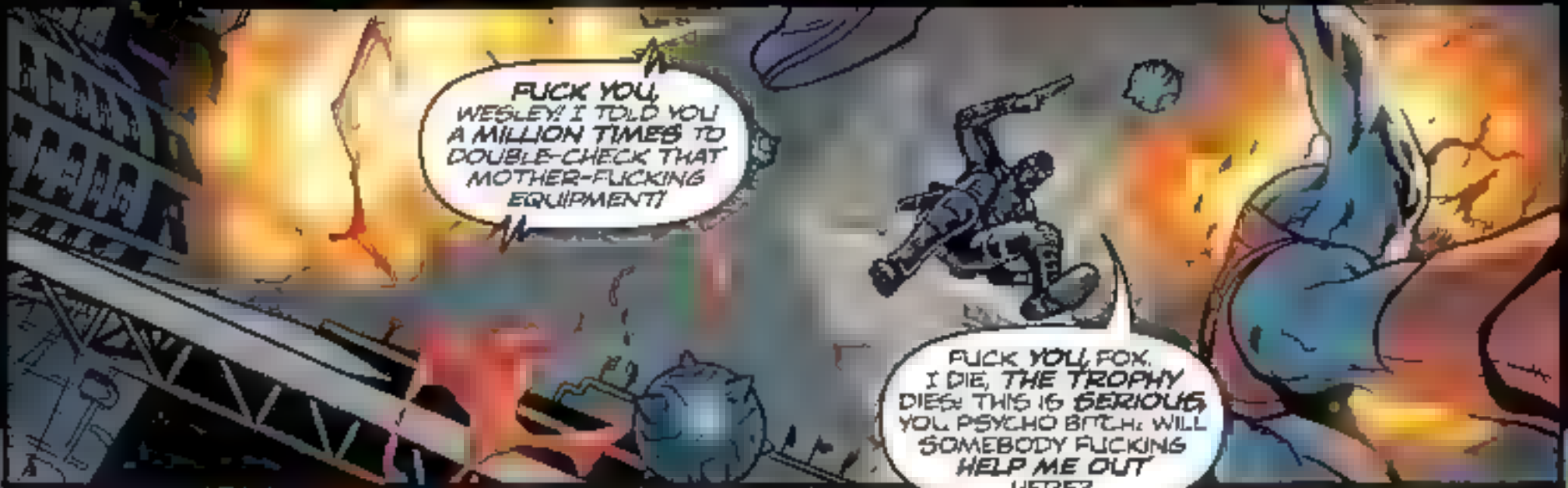
AT LAST I FEEL I'M LIVING UP TO
THE POTENTIAL OF THAT EAGERLY
AMBITIOUS SPERM THAT OUT-
SWAM ALL HIS FRIENDS AND
FERTILIZED MY MOTHER'S OVUM.

DOES THIS MEAN
I'M FINALLY A MAN?



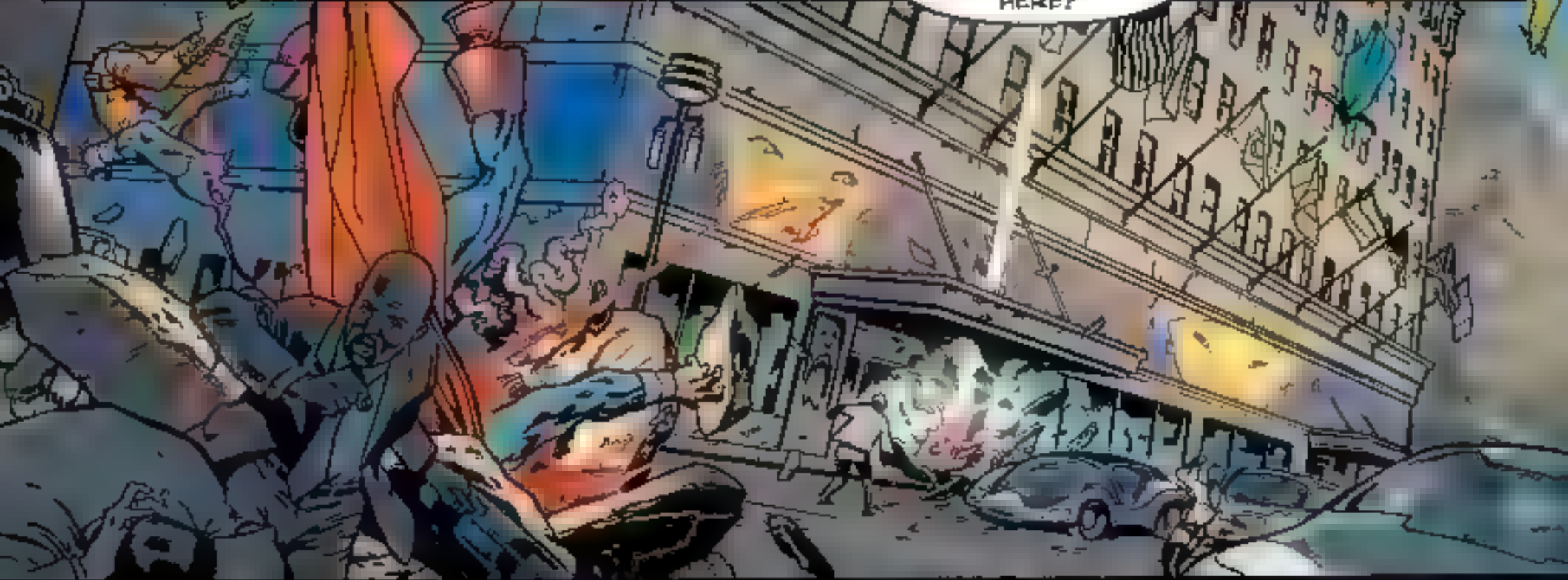
IS THIS THE PSYCHOLOGICAL
EQUIVALENT OF MY BALLS
DROPPING?

GUYS, IT'S
WESLEY! MY
FUCKING MOON-
BOOTS JUST
SPUTTERED AND DIED
ON ME HERE. I NEED
A QUICK SAVE!
ANY TAKERS?



FUCK YOU,
WESLEY! I TOLD YOU
A MILLION TIMES TO
DOUBLE-CHECK THAT
MOTHER-FUCKING
EQUIPMENT!

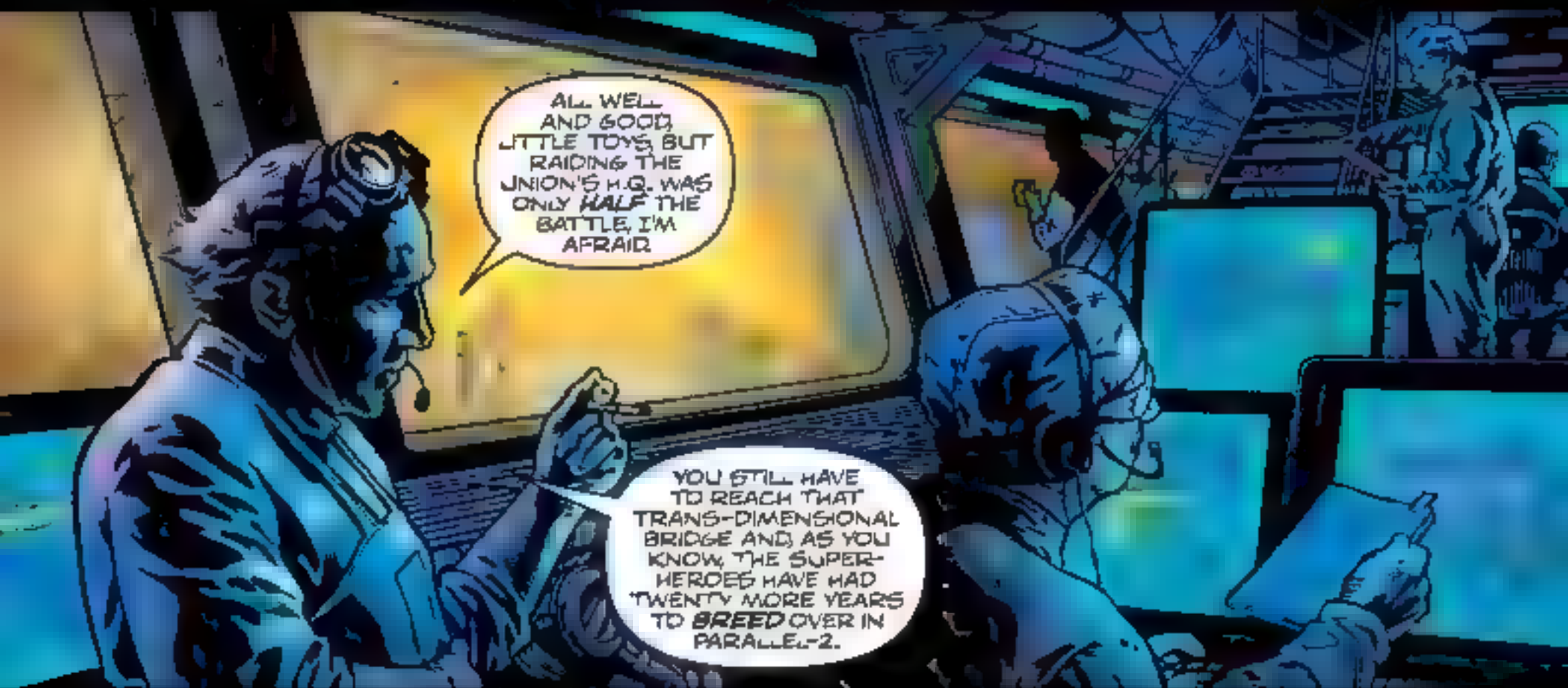
FUCK YOU, FOX.
I DIE, THE TROPHY
DIES. THIS IS SERIOUS.
YOU PSYCHO BITCH. WILL
SOMEBODY FUCKING
HELP ME OUT
HERE?



TAKE IT EASY,
YOU LITTLE FAGGOT.
YOU REALLY THINK I'M
GONNA LOSE THE LIFE-
SUPPORT FOR THAT
PENIS I BEEN USING
LATELY?



TEE-HEE! YOU
SHOULD HAVE SEEN
YOUR FACE BACK THERE,
WESLEY. YOU LOOKED LIKE
YOU WERE HAVING SOME
KIND OF ANEURYSM
FOR A SECOND.



ALL WELL
AND GOOD,
LITTLE TOYS, BUT
RAIDING THE
UNION'S H.Q. WAS
ONLY HALF THE
BATTLE, I'M
AFRAID.

YOU STILL HAVE
TO REACH THAT
TRANS-DIMENSIONAL
BRIDGE AND AS YOU
KNOW, THE SUPER-
HEROES HAVE HAD
TWENTY MORE YEARS
TO BREED OVER IN
PARALLEL-2.



FUCK! THEY'VE
GOT EVERY LEAGUE
AND LEGION YOU CAN
IMAGINE DOWN THERE,
PROFESSOR! THE
WHOLE MISSION'S
COMPLETELY
SCREWED!

BULLSHIT!
WHAT FLOOR
ARE WE ON,
MAN?

ARE YOU
OUT OF YOUR
MIND?



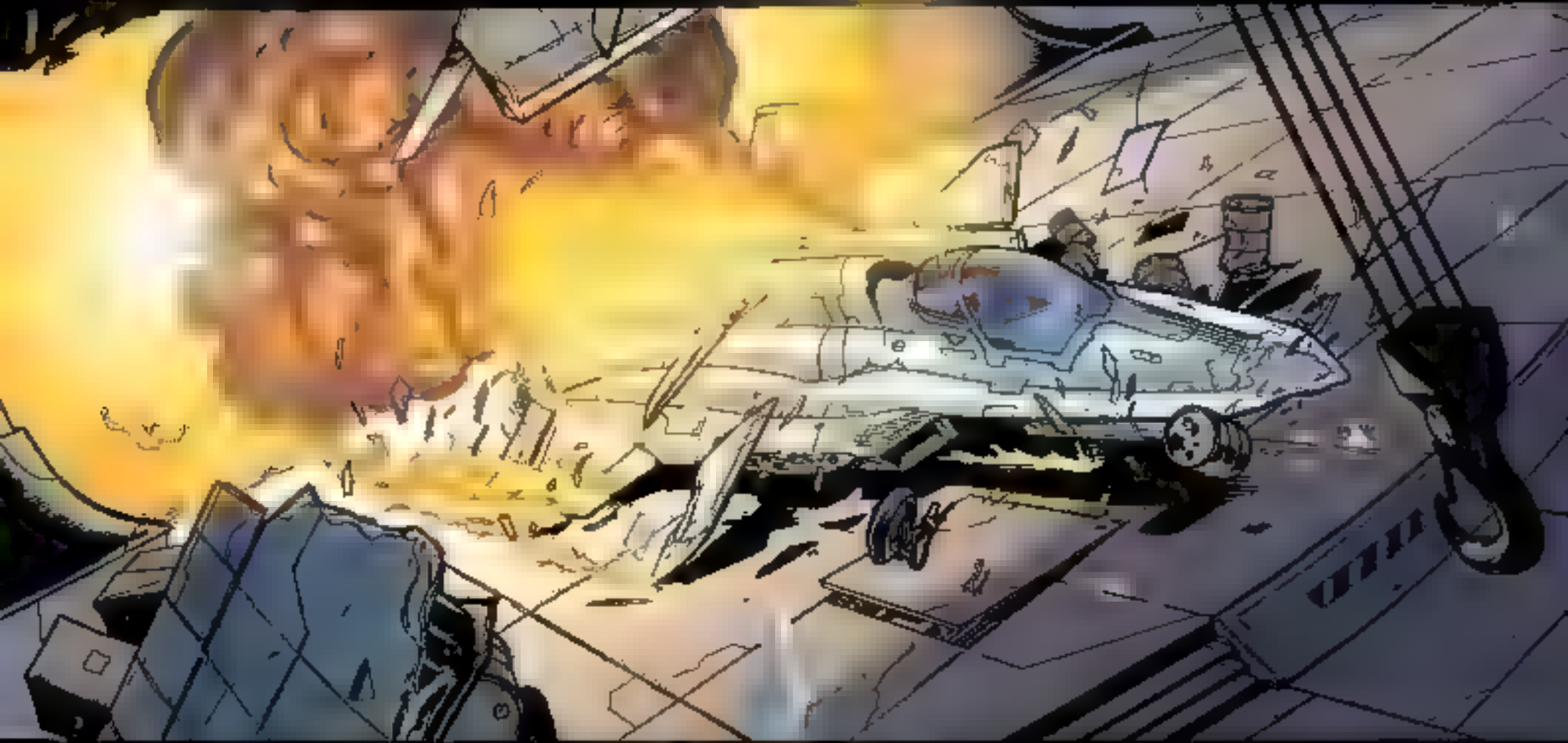
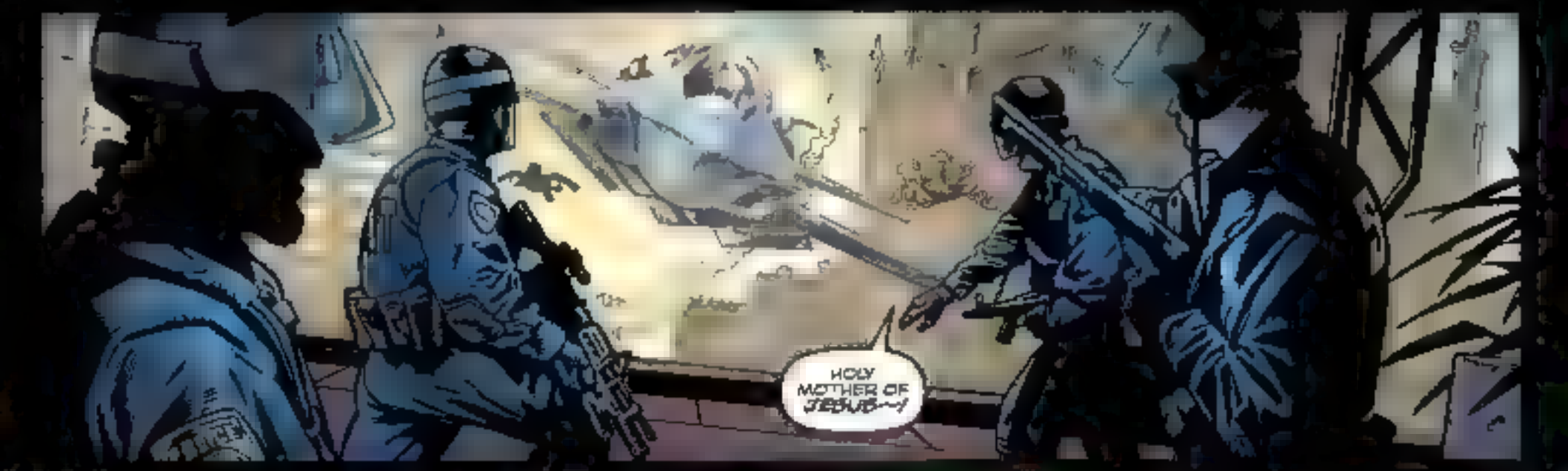
GIMME THE
FUCKING FLOOR,
PROFESSOR!

THIRTY-
THREE, OF
COURSE...

OKAY, CLEAR
SOME SPACE IN
THE MONITOR
ROOM, MOTHER-
FUCKERS.



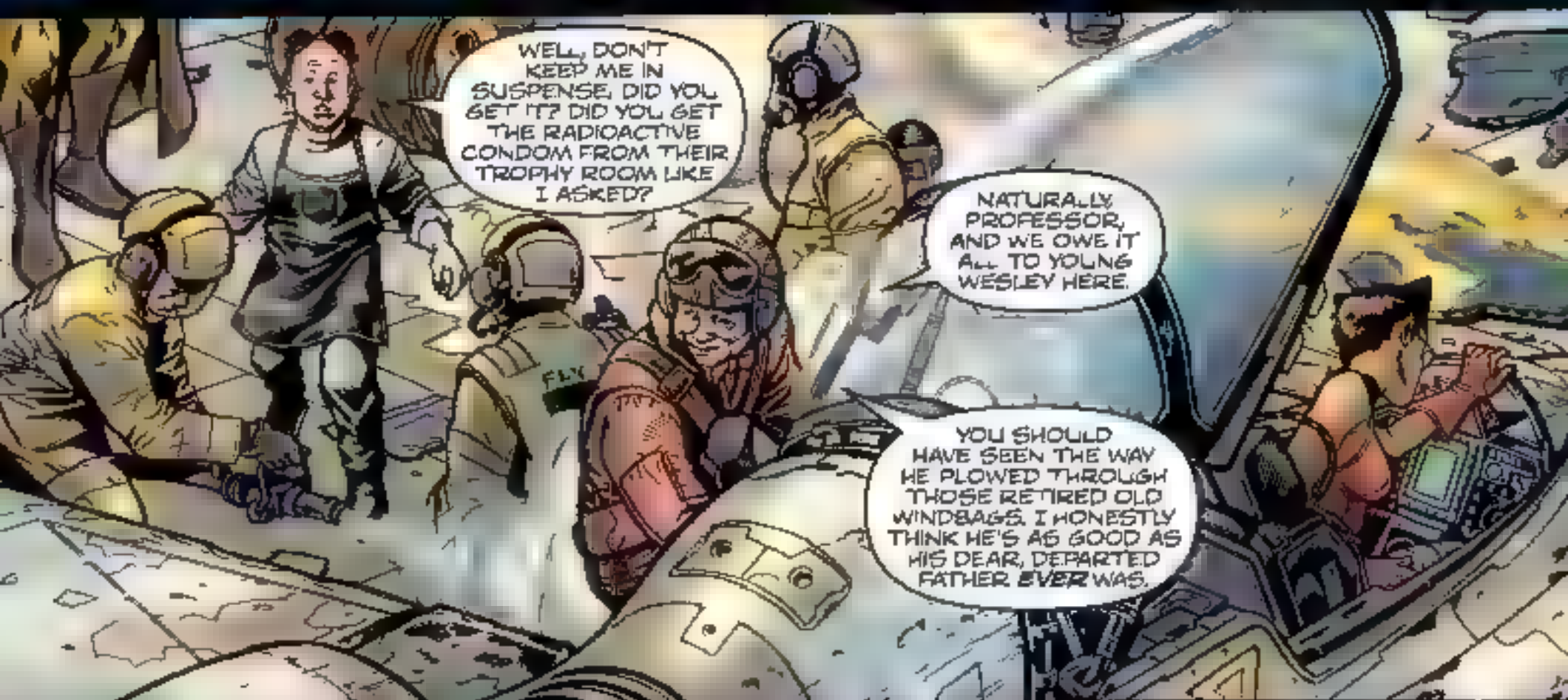
THINGS ARE
ABOUT TO GET
SERIOUSLY
MESSY.





CLOSE THE BRIDGE! CLOSE THE BRIDGE! THERE'S A MILLION FUCKING SUPERHEROES BEHIND US AND THEY'RE GONNA KICK OUR ASS!

BRIDGE CLOSED. TRANS-DIMENSIONAL LINK SWITCHED OFF. ALL SIGNATURES HAVE BEEN SCRAMBLED. CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS AND GIRLS. NICE WORK.



WELL, DON'T KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE. DID YOU GET IT? DID YOU GET THE RADIOACTIVE CONDOM FROM THEIR TROPHY ROOM LIKE I ASKED?

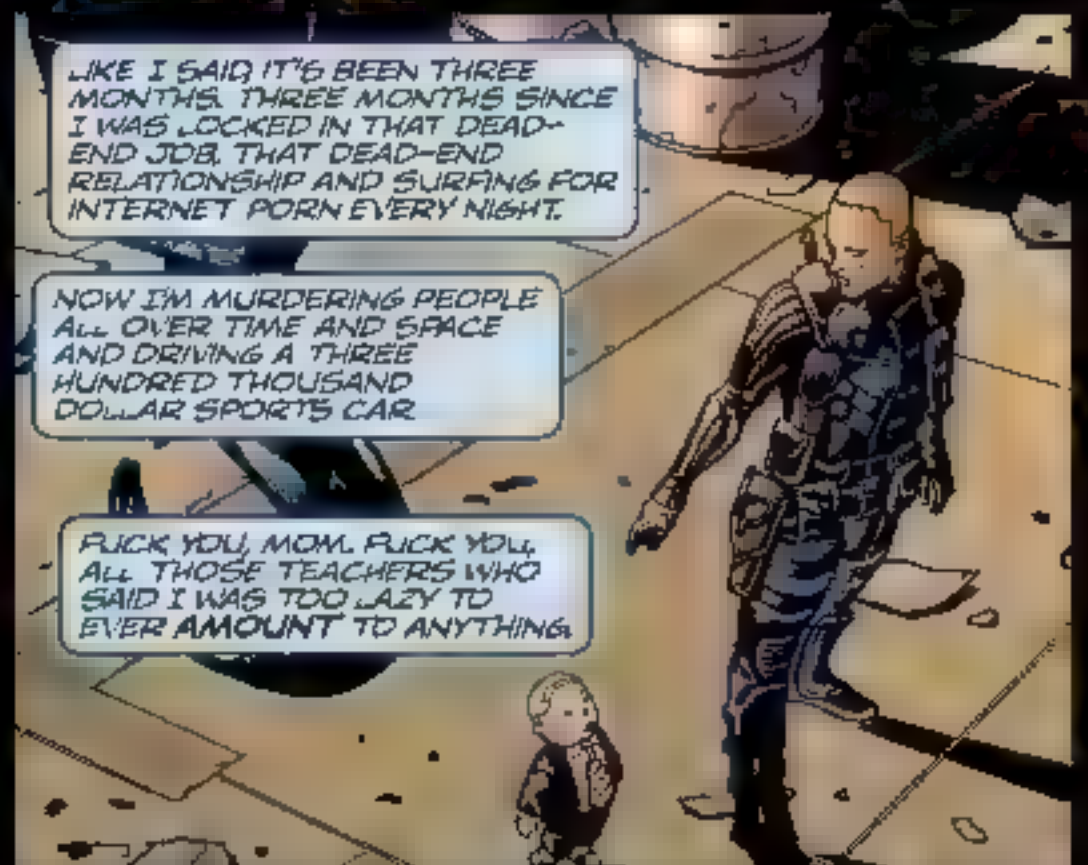
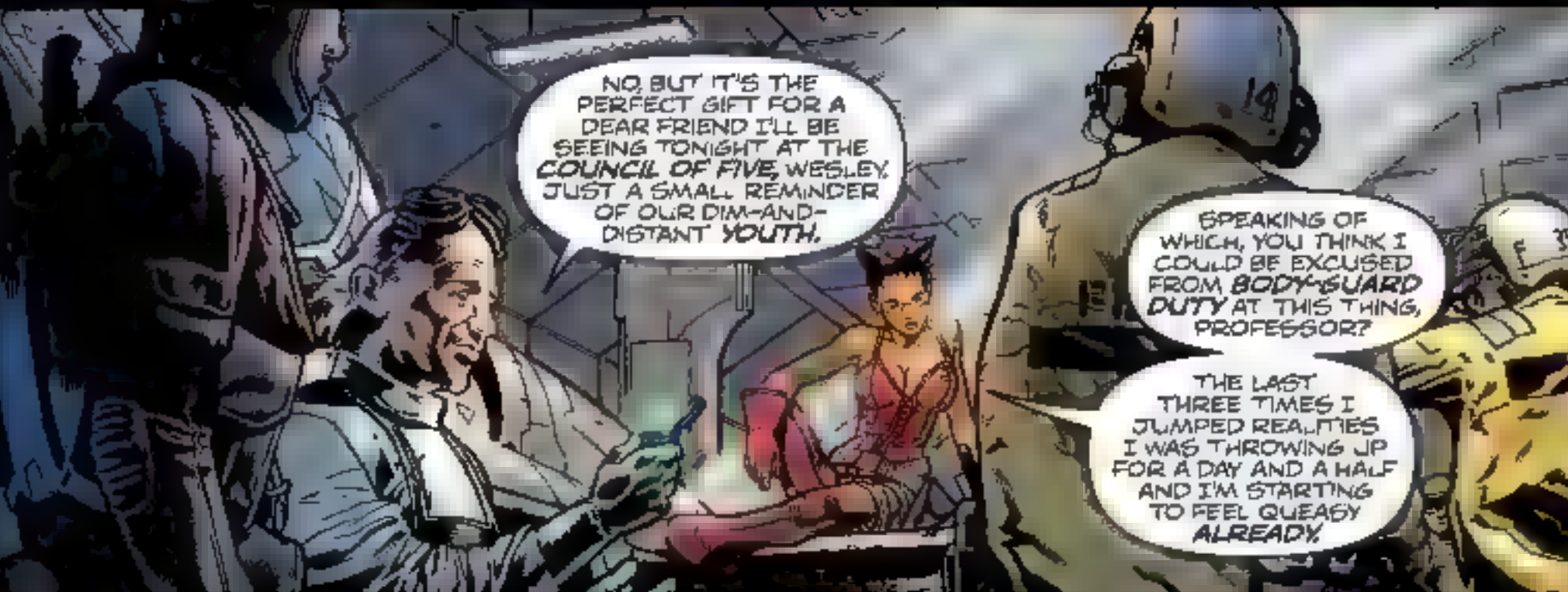
NATURALLY, PROFESSOR, AND WE OWE IT ALL TO YOUNG WESLEY HERE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE WAY HE PLOWED THROUGH THOSE RETIRED OLD WINDBAGS. I HONESTLY THINK HE'S AS GOOD AS HIS DEAR, DEPARTED FATHER EVER WAS.



OH, THERE'LL BE A LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING FOR YOU THIS MONTH, WESLEY. THERE'LL BE A LITTLE EXTRA SOMETHING FOR ALL OF YOU.

DO YOU KNOW THE LAST TIME I LAID EYES ON THIS CREATION? NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE AND THE FIRST TRANS-DIMENSIONAL TEAM-UP BETWEEN THE SUPER-CRIMINALS OF TWO PARALLEL WORLDS.





WESLEY, PLEASE, ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS COME IN FOR FIVE MINUTES AND CONVINCE MY WIFE THAT WE WERE ON SOME KIND OF BUSINESS TRIP TOGETHER

TWELVE WEEKS HANGING OUT WITH DAD'S OLD FRIENDS AND I'M FINALLY LIVING THE AMERICAN DREAM.



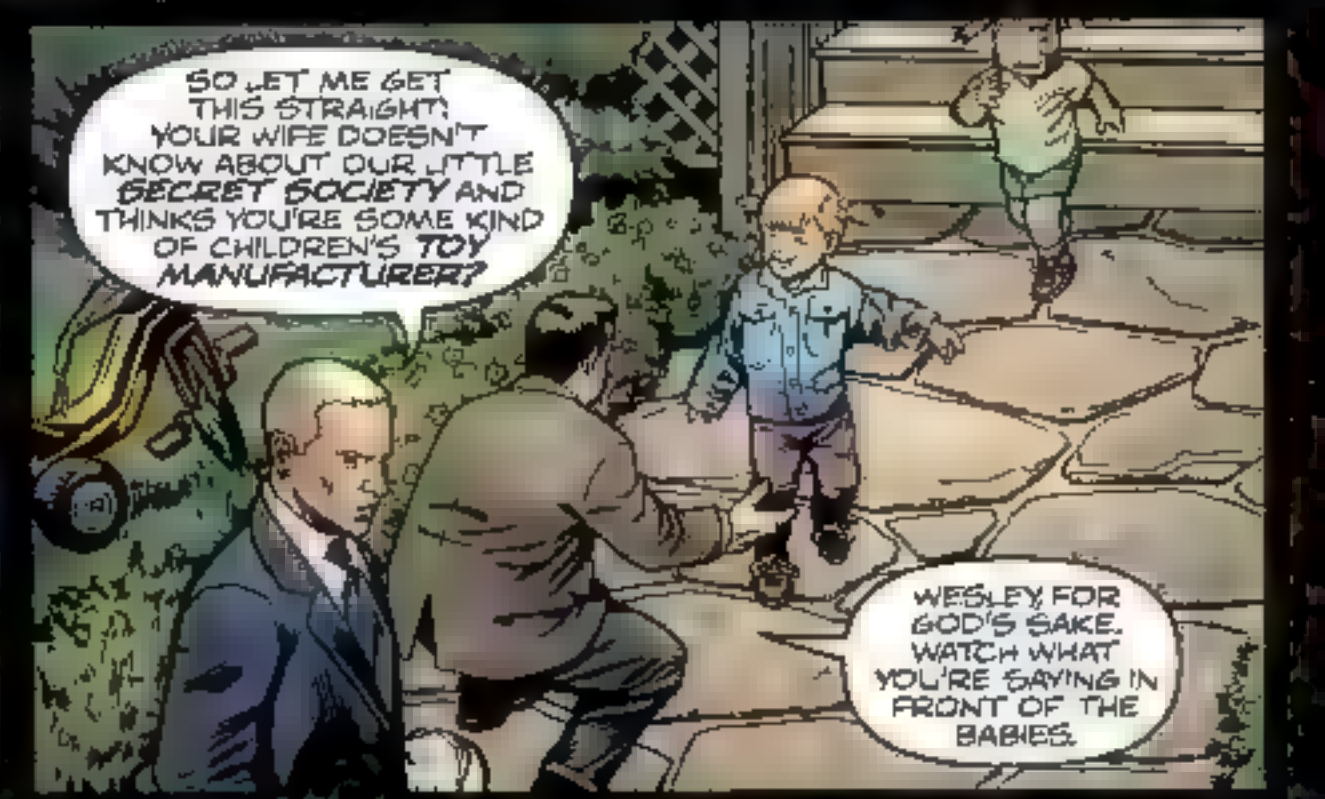
ONE DAY IN PARALLEL-2 FEELS LIKE THREE WEEKS IN OUR DIMENSION AND MY POOR, LITTLE SWEETHEART IN HERE IS ALREADY HALF-CONVINCED I'M HAVING AN AFFAIR.

PARDON ME, GUYS, BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO PARK SOMEPLACE ELSE, THERE'S A GAS MAIN BEING FIXED A LITTLE UP THE STREET AND THIS ROAD'S OFF-LIMITS UNTIL 6:00 AM, TONIGHT.



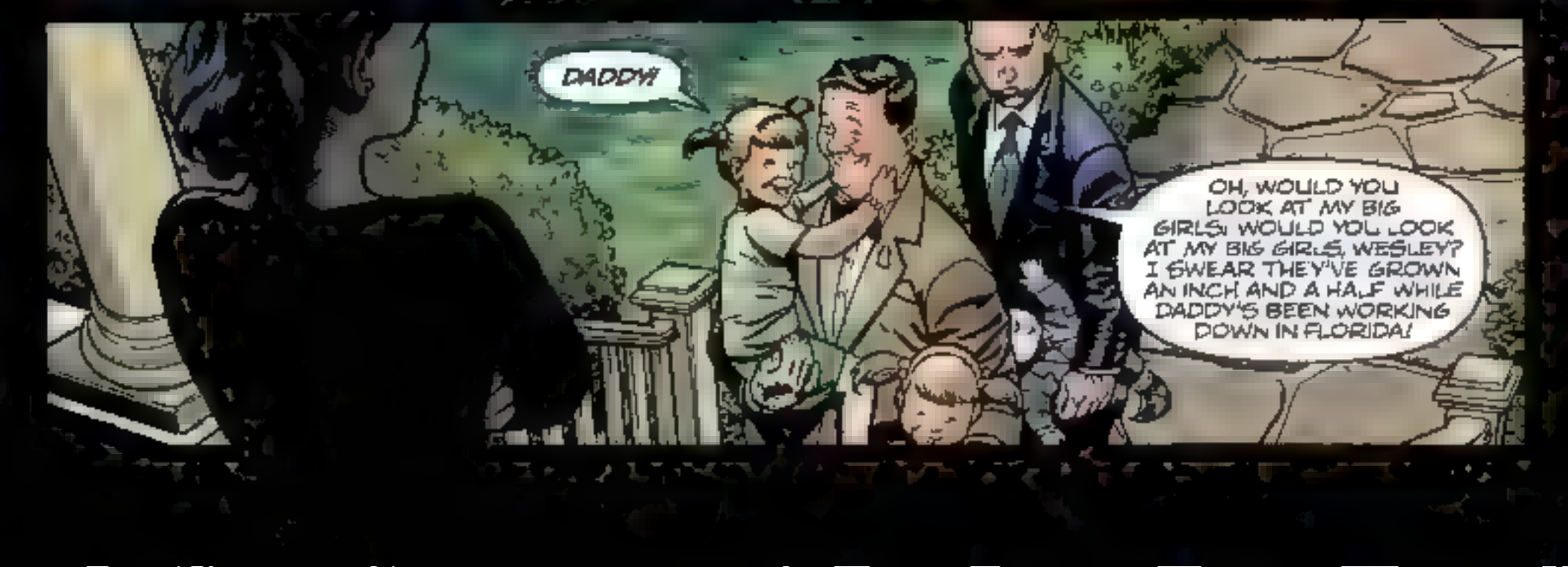
FRATERNITY
FUCKO.

HELL, I'M SORRY SIR. ABSOLUTELY MY MISTAKE.



SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT: YOUR WIFE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT OUR LITTLE SECRET SOCIETY AND THINKS YOU'RE SOME KIND OF CHILDREN'S TOY MANUFACTURER?

WESLEY, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WATCH WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IN FRONT OF THE BABIES.



DADDY!

OH, WOULD YOU LOOK AT MY BIG GIRLS! WOULD YOU LOOK AT MY BIG GIRLS, WESLEY? I SWEAR THEY'VE GROWN AN INCH AND A HALF WHILE DADDY'S BEEN WORKING DOWN IN FLORIDA!



DARLING, THIS IS MY OLD FRIEND WESLEY GIBSON FROM THE ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT. WESLEY, THIS IS MARY-ELIZABETH DESTEFANO, MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN AND LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

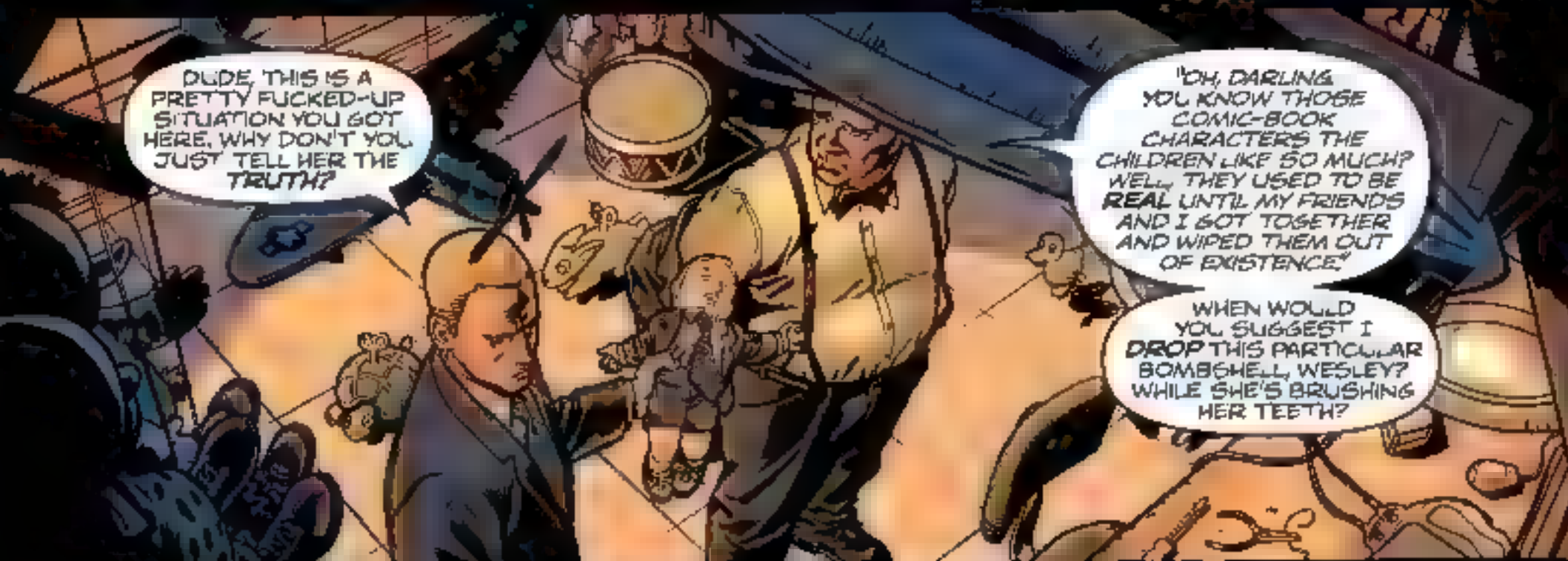
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "OLD FRIEND"? YOU NEVER MENTIONED ANY WESLEY GIBSON TO ME BEFORE.



HAS HE BROUGHT YOU BACK HERE TO COVER FOR THAT BITCH HE'S FUCKING? IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, YOU LITTLE SHIT?

HAHAHA! OH, DON'T MIND MARY-ELIZABETH, YOUNG WESLEY. THAT SENSE OF HUMOR OF HERS IS AS DRY AS A MARTINI.

NOW COME UPSTAIRS AND LET ME GIVE YOU A COPY OF THAT ACTION-FIGURE CATALOG I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT ON THE PLANE TRIP HOME, EH?



DUDE, THIS IS A PRETTY FUCKED-UP SITUATION YOU GOT HERE, WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL HER THE TRUTH?

"OH, DARLING, YOU KNOW THOSE COMIC-BOOK CHARACTERS THE CHILDREN LIKE SO MUCH? WELL, THEY USED TO BE REAL UNTIL MY FRIENDS AND I GOT TOGETHER AND WIPE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE."

WHEN WOULD YOU SUGGEST I DROP THIS PARTICULAR BOMBHELL, WESLEY? WHILE SHE'S BRUSHING HER TEETH?



ANYWAY, THE REAL REASON I WANTED YOU BACK HERE WAS SO I COULD HAVE A QUIET WORD WITH ABSOLUTELY NO RISK OF OUR CONVERSATION BEING RECORDED.

BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE FOX. SOMETHING A FEW OF US HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT AND YOU ABSOLUTELY NEED TO KNOW.

WHAT'S THAT?

WE THINK SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO MURDERED YOUR FATHER, WESLEY.



GET THE
FUCK OUTTA
HERE. SHE DATED MY
DAD FOR NEARLY FIVE
YEARS, MAN. THE TWO
OF THEM WERE
PRACTICALLY
MARRIED.

WHICH IS WHY
SHE PROBABLY
THOUGHT SHE STOOD
TO INHERIT THE
KILLER'S NOT-
INCONSIDERABLE
FORTUNE.

BULLSHIT.
MISTER RICTUS
KILLED MY DAD. THE
PROFESSOR TOLD ME SO
HIMSELF AND SAID HE HAD
THE FOX TRAIN ME UP
BECAUSE SHE'S THE ONE
HE TRUSTED MOST
OUTTA YOU GUYS.

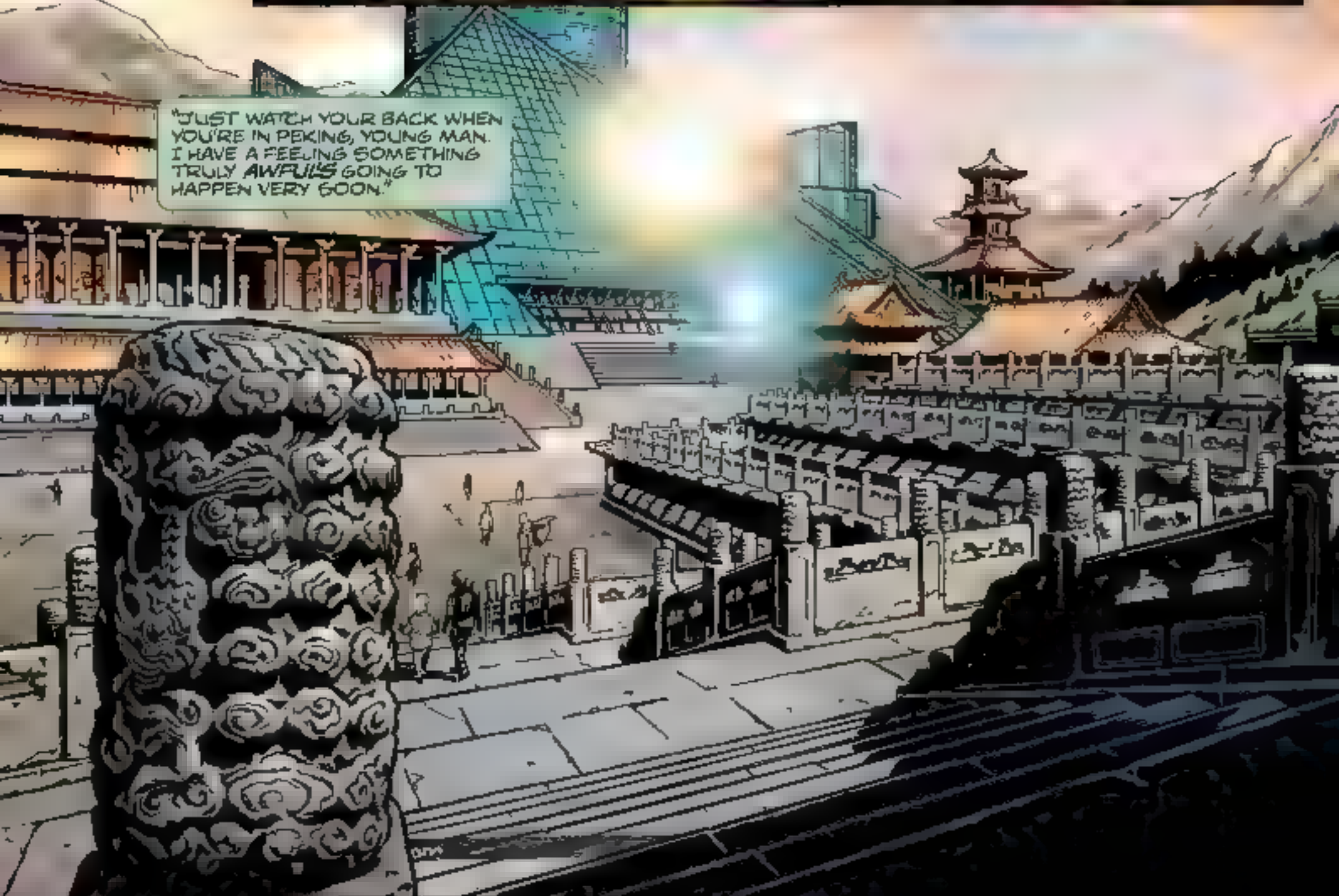
AND THE
PROFESSOR IS A
BRILLIANT MAN WHOSE
GENIUS ENDS AT THE
LABORATORY DOOR. I'M
AFRAID ALL I'M TELLING
YOU IS WHAT THE
OTHERS ARE SAYING.
WESLEY.

WHY DOES SHE
KEEP MAKING CALLS
TO AN UNLISTED
NUMBER? WHY HAS SHE
NEVER ONCE PAID A VISIT
TO YOUR LATE
FATHER'S GRAVE?

GOD, I THINK YOU
MUST HAVE BEEN THE
ONLY PERSON AT THE
BASE WHO DIDN'T SEE THE
WAY SHE MANEUVERED YOU
INTO TAKING HER PLACE AT
THE MEETING OF THE FIVE
FAMILIES TONIGHT.



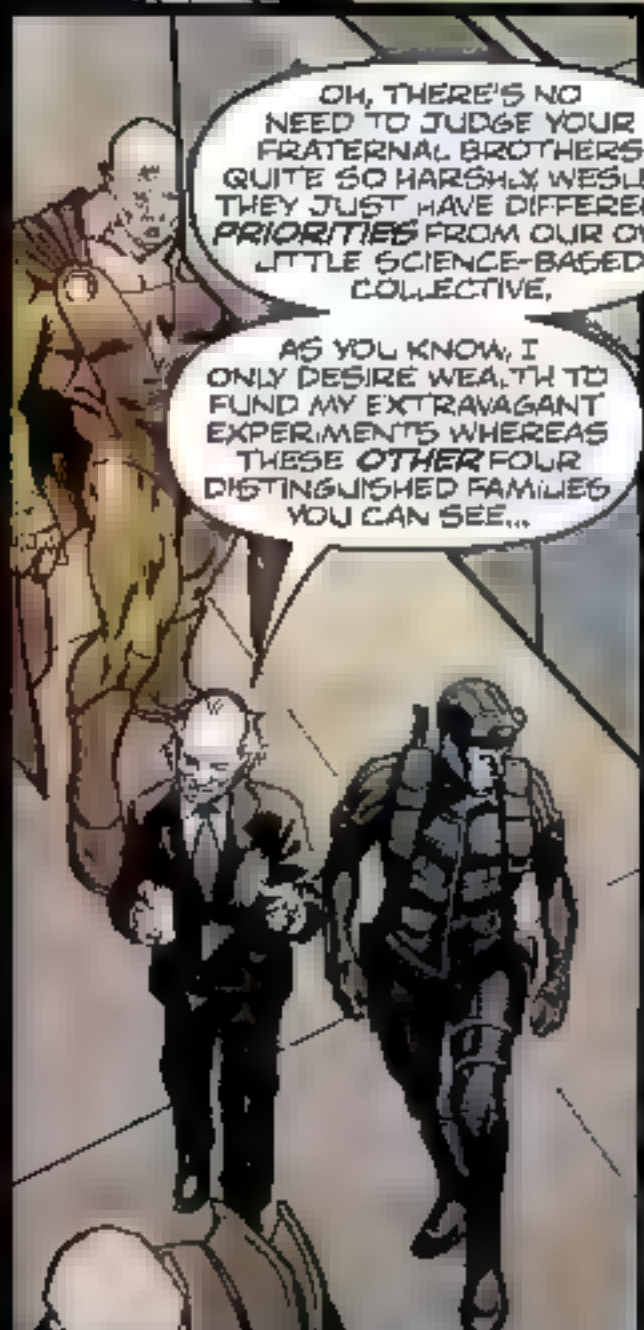
"JUST WATCH YOUR BACK WHEN
YOU'RE IN PEKING, YOUNG MAN.
I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING
TRULY AWFUL'S GOING TO
HAPPEN VERY SOON."





WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAPING AT THE COSTUMES, BOY. THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO DO A LITTLE NETWORKING WITH THE CREAM OF THE SUPER-CRIMINAL ESTABLISHMENT.

TO BE HONEST, IT LOOKS MORE LIKE MY BIG CHANCE TO GET FUCKED UP THE ASS AND FOUND IN A TRASH CAN WITH MY THROAT SLIT, PROFESSOR.



OH, THERE'S NO NEED TO JUDGE YOUR FRATERNAL BROTHERS QUITE SO HARSHLY, WESLEY. THEY JUST HAVE DIFFERENT PRIORITIES FROM OUR OWN LITTLE SCIENCE-BASED COLLECTIVE.

AS YOU KNOW, I ONLY DESIRE WEALTH TO FUND MY EXTRAVAGANT EXPERIMENTS WHEREAS THESE OTHER FOUR DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES YOU CAN SEE...



PREFER THROAT-SLITTING AND SODOMY?

TOUCHE.



I SEE MISTER RICTUS KNOCKING BACK THE CHAMPAGNE OVER THERE. WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THAT BIG GUY HE'S ALWAYS TOWING AROUND? IS HE REALLY COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN SHIT?

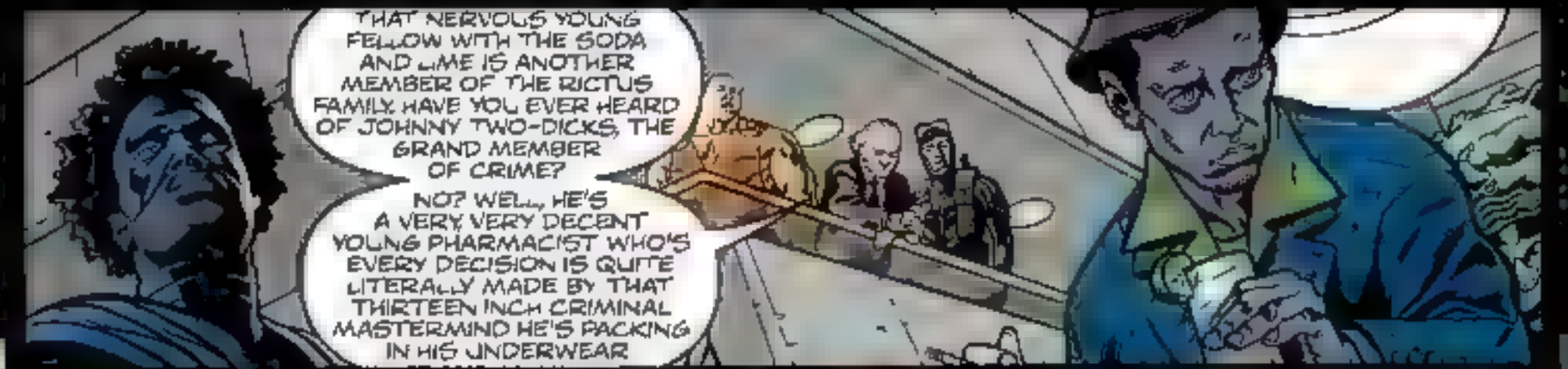
ACTUALLY, SHIT-HEAD IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT EXCREMENT, WESLEY. HE'S THE COLLECTED FECES OF THE SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX MOST EVIL HUMAN BEINGS THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH.



THERE'S A LITTLE HITLER IN THERE, A TOUCH OF ED GEIN, A HALF A POUND OF JEFFREY DAHMER.

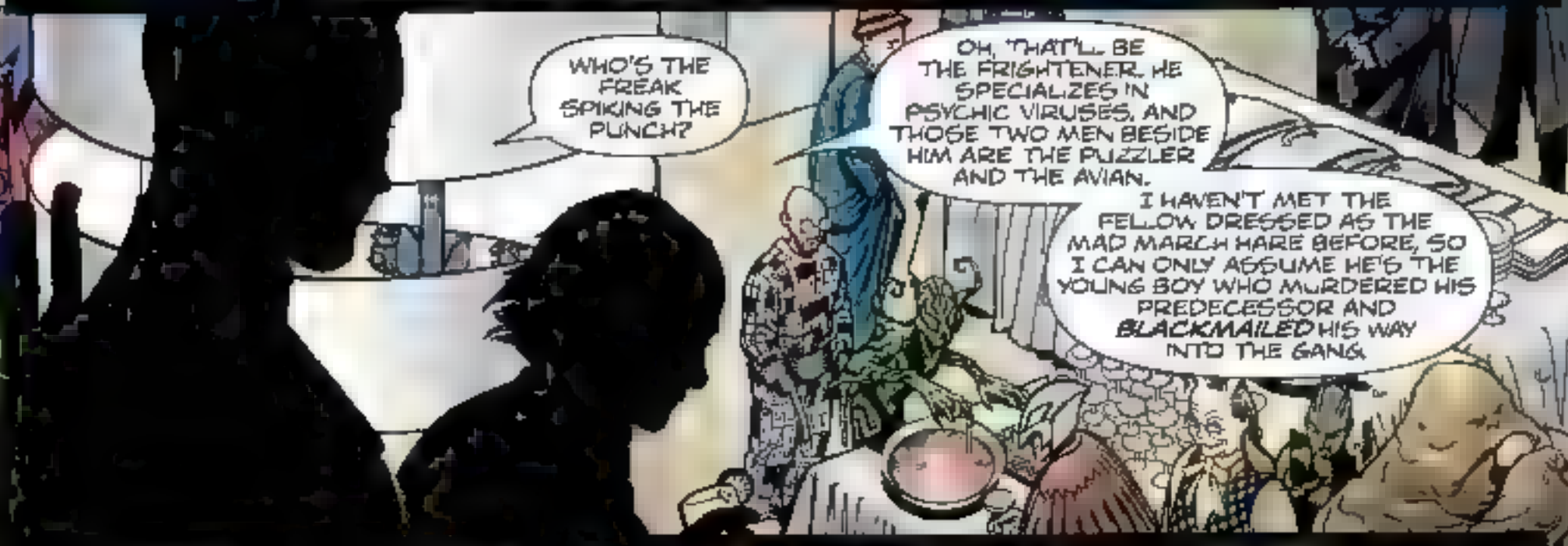
HE CAN MAKE HIS BODY AS HARD AS CONSTIPATION OR AS SOFT AS DIARRHEA, SOMETIMES EVEN SHAPING IT TO LOOK LIKE ANOTHER PERSON ENTIRELY IF THE SITUATION DEMANDS IT.

WOW.



THAT NERVOUS YOUNG FELLOW WITH THE SODA AND LIME IS ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE RICTUS FAMILY. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF JOHNNY TWO-DICKS, THE GRAND MEMBER OF CRIME?

NOT WELL, HE'S A VERY VERY DECENT YOUNG PHARMACIST WHO'S EVERY DECISION IS QUITE LITERALLY MADE BY THAT THIRTEEN INCH CRIMINAL MASTERMIND HE'S PACKING IN HIS UNDERWEAR



WHO'S THE FREAK SPIKING THE PUNCH?

OH, THAT'LL BE THE FRIGHTENER. HE SPECIALIZES IN PSYCHIC VIRUSES, AND THOSE TWO MEN BESIDE HIM ARE THE PUZZLER AND THE AVIAN.

I HAVEN'T MET THE FELLOW DRESSED AS THE MAD MARCH HARE BEFORE, SO I CAN ONLY ASSUME HE'S THE YOUNG BOY WHO MURDERED HIS PREDECESSOR AND **BLACKMAILED** HIS WAY INTO THE GANG.



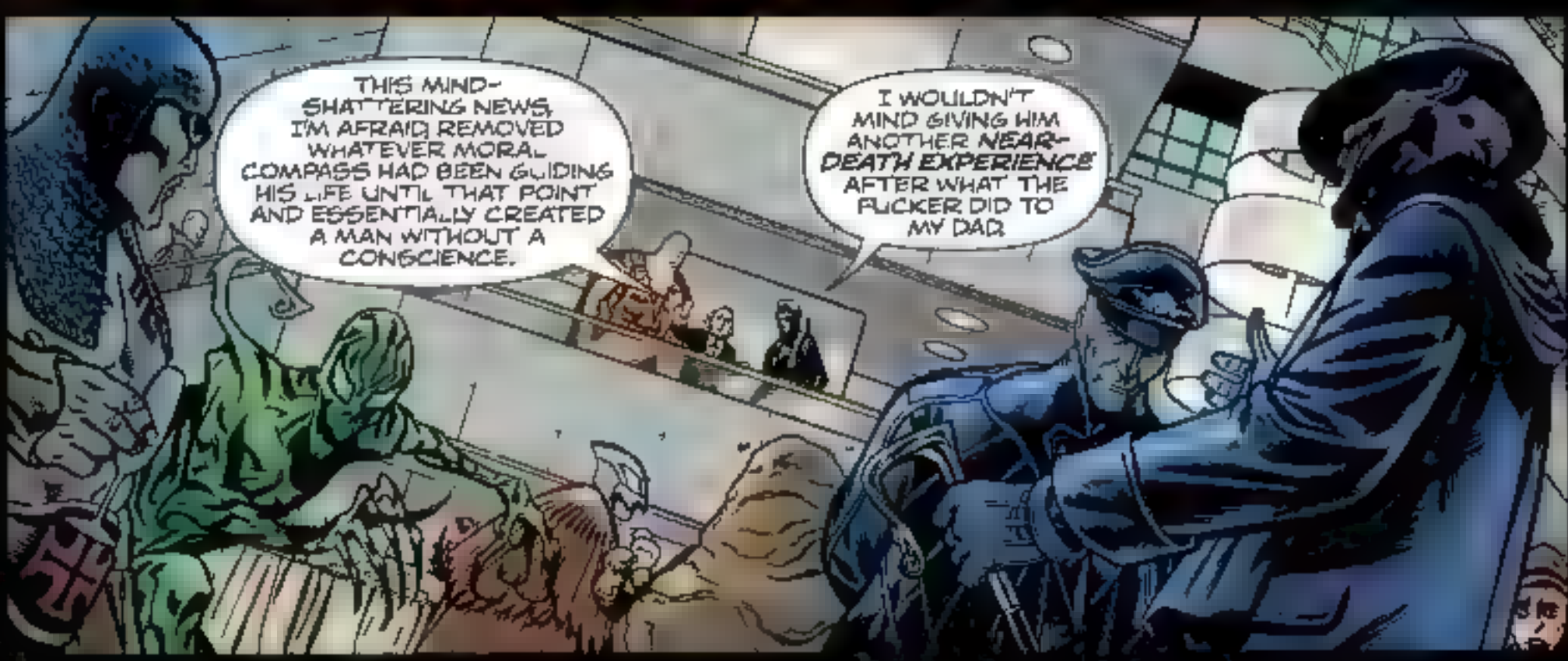
SOUNDS LIKE A NICE, DECENT CHURCHGOING CROWD

ACTUALLY, MISTER RICTUS WAS A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN MANY YEARS AGO. ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, HE WAS QUITE THE PILLAR OF SOCIETY UNTIL HIS NASTY INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT.



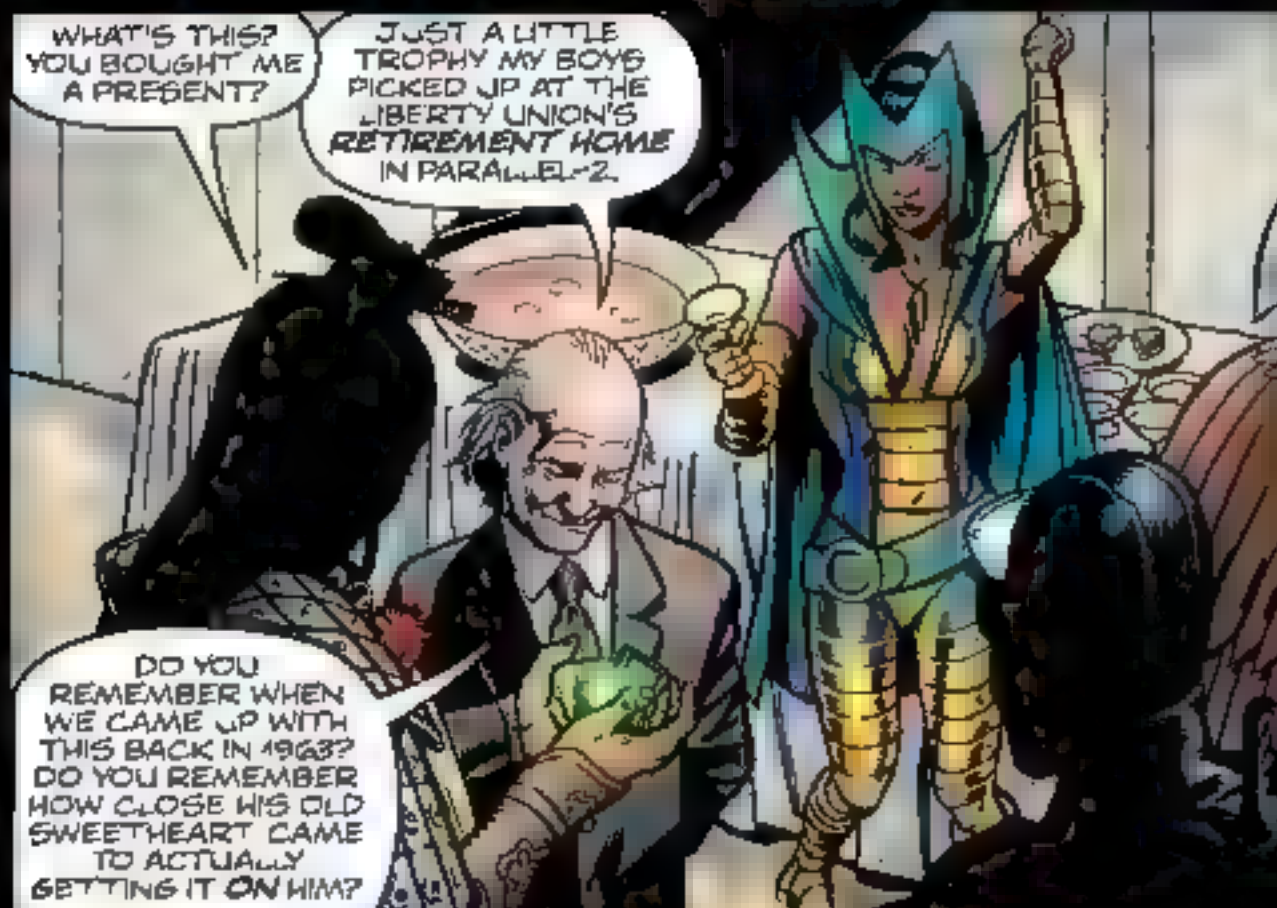
"IT'S NOT THAT HE BECAME EMBITTERED AFTER BEING SO HORRIBLY DISFIGURED. HE JUST DIED FOR A MOMENT ON THE OPERATING TABLE AND RECOGNIZED THE POINTLESSNESS OF EXISTENCE."

"HE DISCOVERED THAT THERE WAS NO GOD OR HEAVEN. IN FACT, NO ANYTHING THAT HE'D BEEN PROMISED FOR HIS LIFETIME OF GROVELING SERVITUDE."



THIS MIND-SHATTERING NEWS, I'M AFRAID, REMOVED WHATEVER MORAL COMPASS HAD BEEN GUIDING HIS LIFE UNTIL THAT POINT AND ESSENTIALLY CREATED A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE.

I WOULDN'T MIND GIVING HIM ANOTHER **NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE** AFTER WHAT THE FLICKER DID TO MY DAD.





...AND SO IN SUMMARY, WE BROKE NEW RECORDS FOR REVENUE IN THE UNITED STATES THIS YEAR AND THESE PROFITS WILL OF COURSE BE SHARED EQUALLY AMONG THE FIVE MAIN FAMILIES.

HOPEFULLY THIS WILL OFFSET THIS YEAR'S DROP-OFF IN BOTH EUROPE AND AUSTRALIA AND ENCOURAGE THE HEADS OF BOTH FAMILIES TO RETHINK THE WAY THEY OPERATE.



AFTER ALL, WE DIDN'T SEIZE CONTROL OF ORGANIZED CRIME TO **ELIMINATE** THE COMMON THIEF. THE IDEA WAS TO **EDUCATE** THEM AND WORK SENSIBLY WITH THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER.

HE'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. THE MORE **INCLUSIVE** WE'VE BEEN IN AFRICA THIS YEAR, THE LESS DISSENT WE'VE HAD ON THE GROUND.

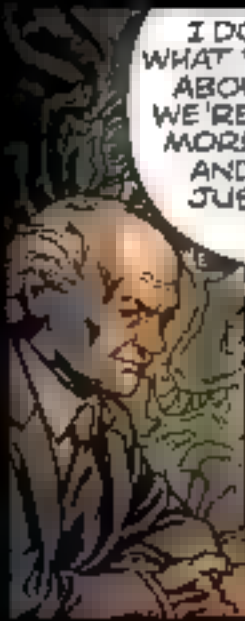


REALLY? OH, I'M VERY IMPRESSED, ADAM ONE. WHY, IF WE KEEP THIS UP, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ELIMINATE THE MORE VIOLENT ASPECTS OF OUR BUSINESS ALTOGETHER, EH?



SHOULDN'T THAT BE **EVERYONE'S** ASPIRATION, MISTER RICTUS? THE **LOOT** WITHOUT THE **LEG-BREAKING**?

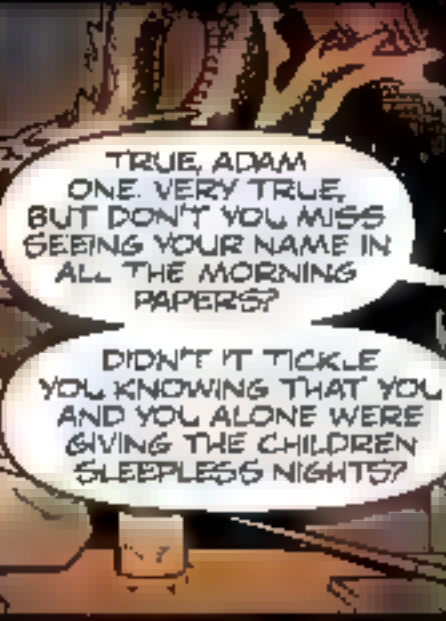
PERSONALLY, I ALWAYS SAW THE **LOOT** AS JUST AN **ADDED BONUS**, PROFESSOR SELTZER.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE COMPLAINING ABOUT ANYWAY, RICTUS. WE'RE SITTING HERE WITH MORE MONEY THAN GOD, AND ANYONE YOU KILL JUST GETS BRUSHED UNDER THE CARPET.



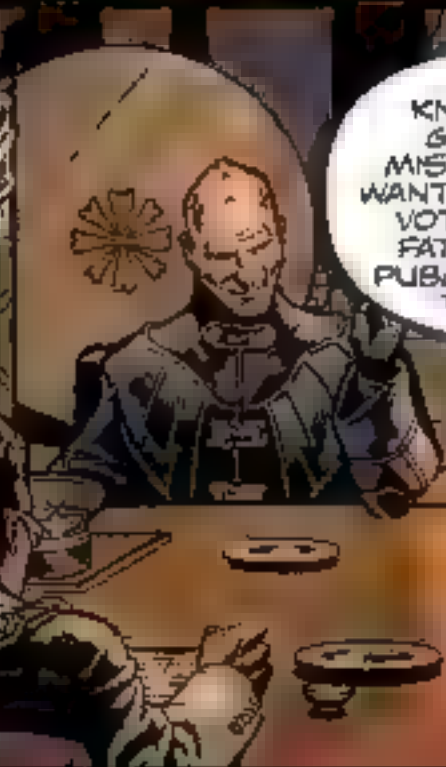
TRUE, ADAM ONE. VERY TRUE, BUT DON'T YOU MISS SEEING YOUR NAME IN ALL THE MORNING PAPERS?



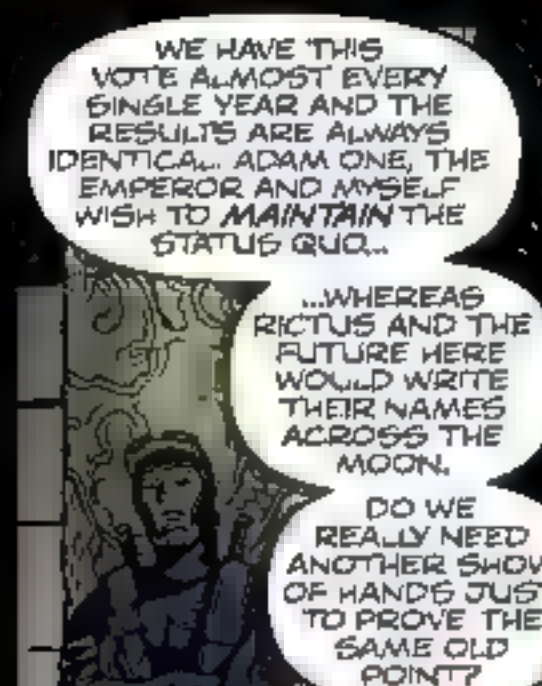
DIDN'T IT TICKLE YOU KNOWING THAT YOU AND YOU ALONE WERE GIVING THE CHILDREN SLEEPLESS NIGHTS?



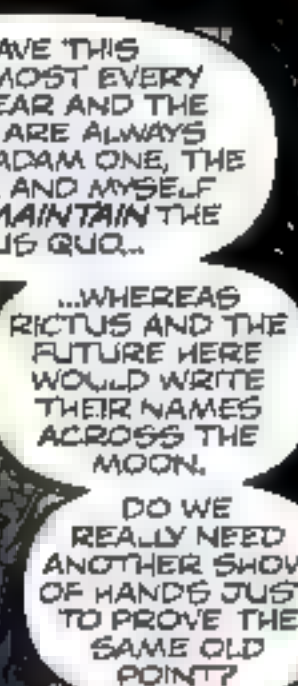
MY GREAT FEAR IS THAT WE'VE BECOME TOO *RESPECTABLE*. MY FELLOW FELONS, THE MAN ON THE STREET SHOULD *PISS HIS PANTS* WHEN HE HEARS THE LETTERS IN OUR NAMES.



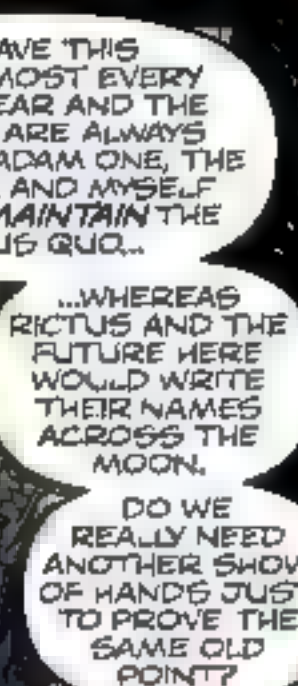
I THINK WE ALL KNOW WHERE THIS IS GOING, GENTLEMEN. MISTER RICTUS CLEARLY WANTS TO FORCE ANOTHER VOTE ON WHETHER THE FRATERNITY SHOULD GO PUBLIC OR NOT, BUT I FAIL TO SEE THE POINT.



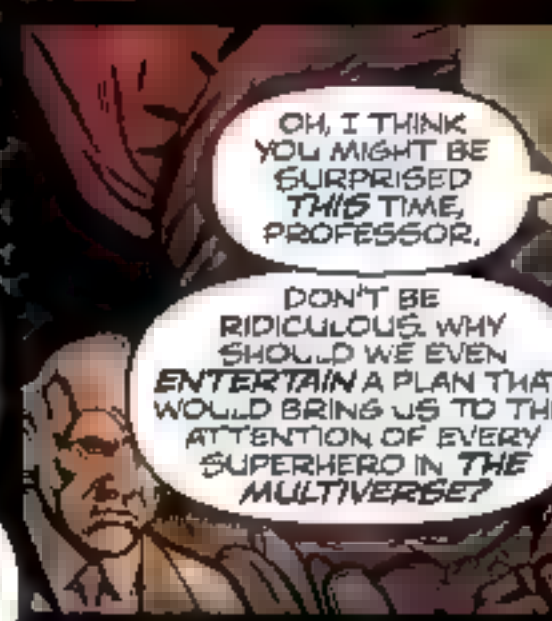
WE HAVE THIS VOTE ALMOST EVERY SINGLE YEAR AND THE RESULTS ARE ALWAYS IDENTICAL... ADAM ONE, THE EMPEROR AND MYSELF WISH TO MAINTAIN THE STATUS QUO...



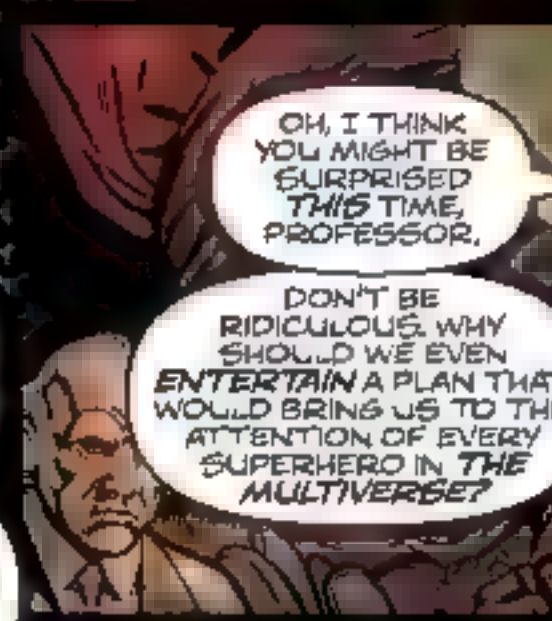
...WHEREAS RICTUS AND THE FUTURE HERE WOULD WRITE THEIR NAMES ACROSS THE MOON.



DO WE REALLY NEED ANOTHER SHOW OF HANDS JUST TO PROVE THE SAME OLD POINT?



OH, I THINK YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED *THIS TIME*, PROFESSOR.



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. WHY SHOULD WE EVEN ENTERTAIN A PLAN THAT WOULD BRING US TO THE ATTENTION OF EVERY SUPERHERO IN THE MULTIVERSE?



AND WHAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH *THAT*, YOU FAT PORCH-MONKEY? WORRIED YOU MIGHT END UP A HOUSEBOY ON ONE OF THEIR SATELLITE HEADQUARTERS?



FUCK YOU, YOU FASCIST BASTARD!



YOU SAY FASCIST LIKE IT'S SOME KIND OF INSULT, BUT PEOPLE LOVE FASCISTS, MAN. YOU EVER MEET A WOMAN WHO FANTASIZED ABOUT BEING TIED UP AND RAPED BY A LIBERAL?



CHRIST, I HATE THE WAY THESE THINGS ALWAYS END UP THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE IT AND IT'S THE SAME WAY AS ALWAYS.

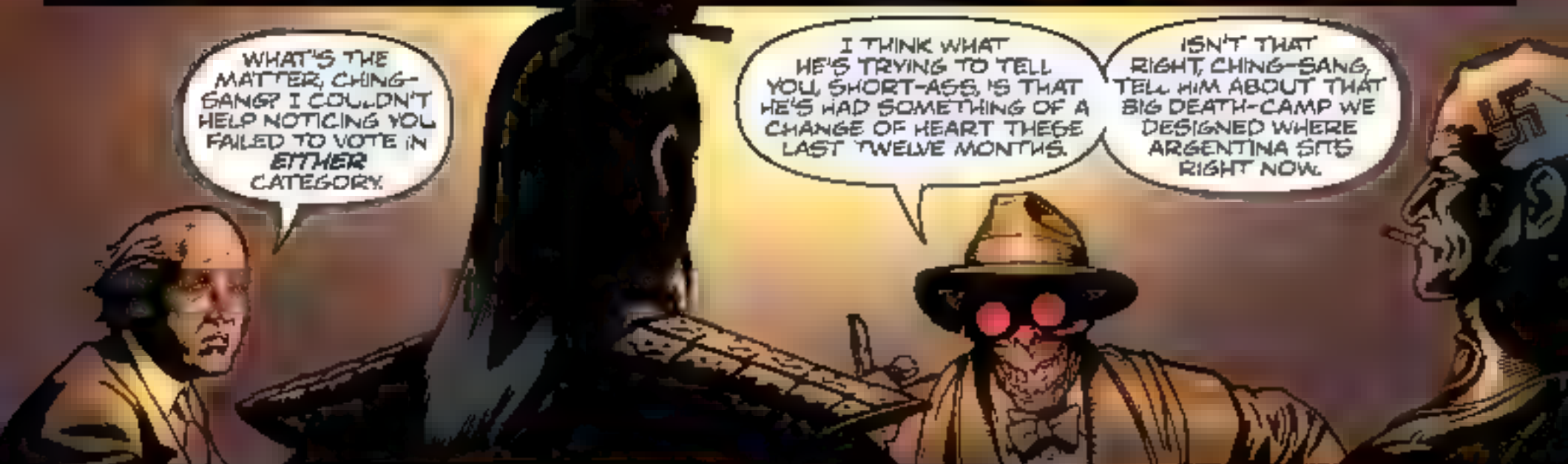
ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF STAYING IN THE SHADOWS AND KEEPING THINGS AS THEY ARE, SAY AYE.

AYE.



AND THOSE IN FAVOR OF GOING PUBLIC...

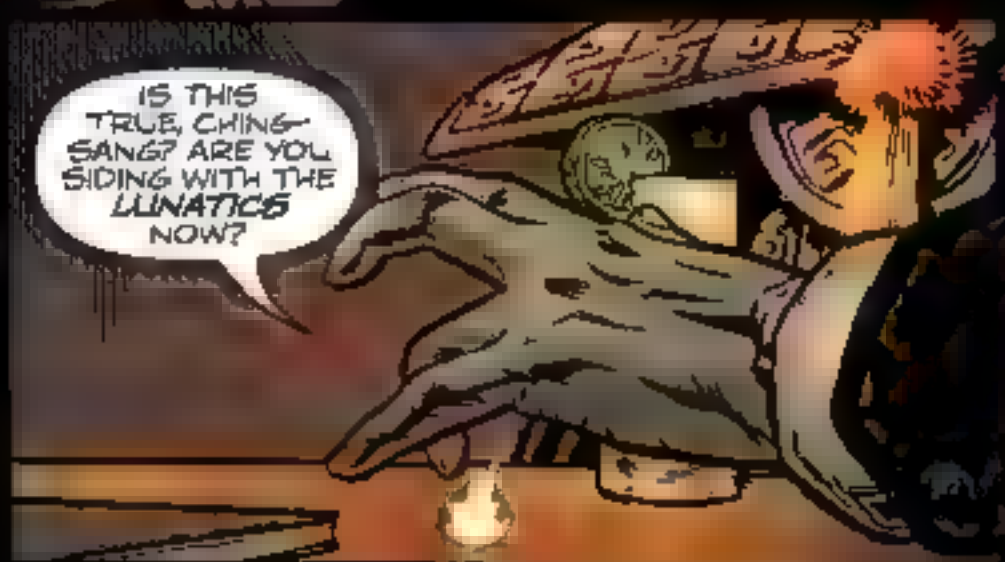
OH, WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHING-SANG? I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOU FAILED TO VOTE IN EITHER CATEGORY.

I THINK WHAT HE'S TRYING TO TELL YOU, SHORT-ASS, IS THAT HE'S HAD SOMETHING OF A CHANGE OF HEART THESE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CHING-SANG, TELL HIM ABOUT THAT BIG DEATH-CAMP WE DESIGNED WHERE ARGENTINA SITS RIGHT NOW.



IS THIS TRUE, CHING-SANG? ARE YOU SIDING WITH THE LUNATICS NOW?

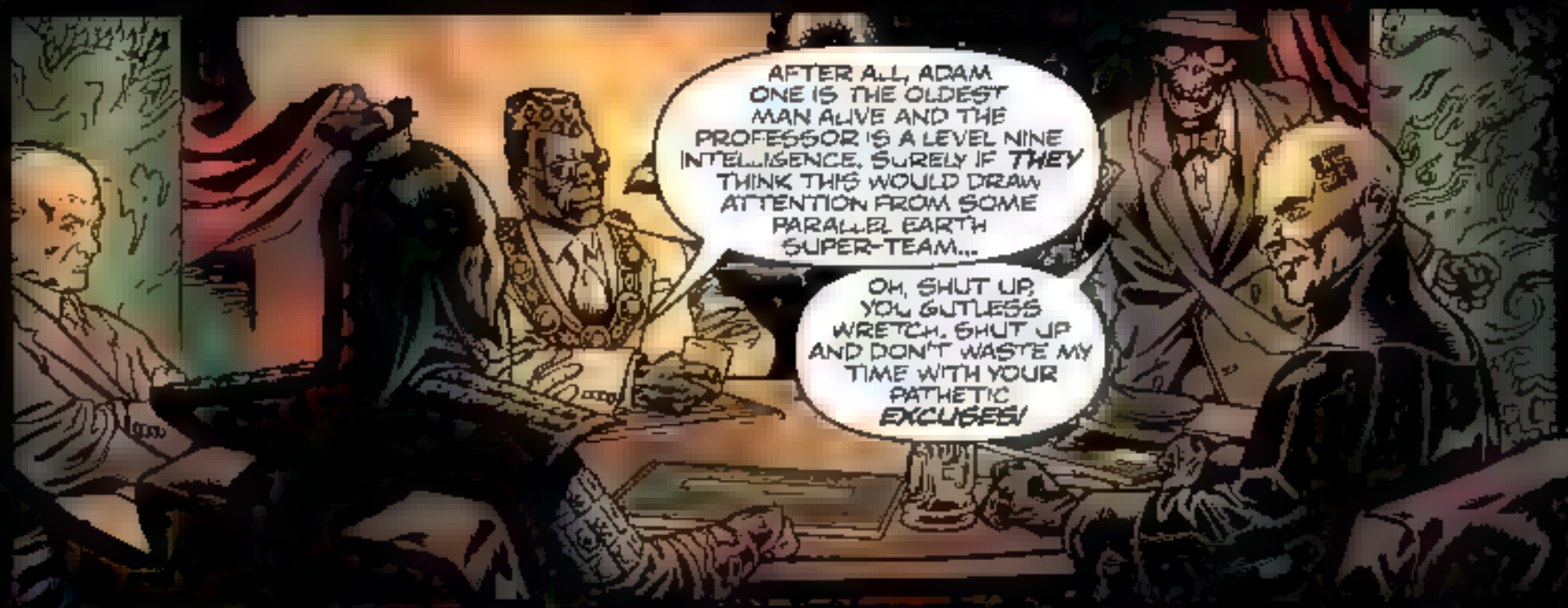


I DON'T KNOW.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T WAIT TO START BUILDING THE GULAGS. YOU SAID YOU WERE BORED BY ALL THIS BEHIND-THE-SCENES CRAP AS ME AND THE FUTURE HERE.

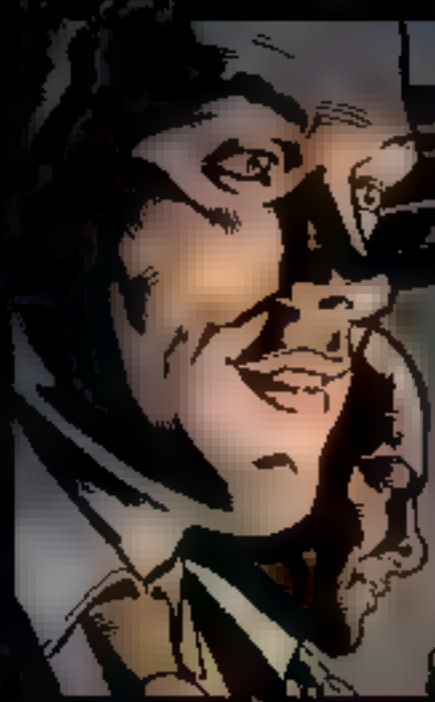
I KNOW AND I REALLY MEANT IT AT THE TIME, BUT THE MORE I CONSIDER THE CONSEQUENCES OF TAKING A STEP LIKE THIS, THE MORE I THINK IT MIGHT BE WISE TO WAIT A WHILE, RICTUS.





IT WAS THE TROPHY I BROUGHT BACK FROM THE PARALLEL WORLD, RIGHT?

EXCUSE ME?



THAT'S WHAT YOU USED TO GET THE EMPEROR BACK ON SIDE. YOU TAPPED INTO A LITTLE SHARED HISTORY AND GOT HIM ALL MISTY-EYED ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS. THAT WAS BRILLIANT.

OH, THE TROPHY WOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT BY ITSELF, WESLEY, BUT IT WAS A POTENT COMBINATION WITH THE ANGLE I WAS SITTING AT AND THE SUBLIMINAL CODE I WAS TAPPING WITH MY FINGERS.

NOT TO MENTION, OF COURSE, THE COLOGNE I WAS WEARING WHICH I BELIEVE WAS A FAVORITE OF HIS LATE, BELOVED FATHER.

UNBELIEVABLE.

ACTUALLY, IT'S ALL QUITE SIMPLE WHEN YOU BREAK IT DOWN AND EXAMINE THE BASIC COMPONENTS, BUT EVEN I MUST ADMIT I'M FEELING PLEASED WITH MYSELF AFTER A SOLID NIGHT'S WORK.

I THINK I MIGHT HEAD BACK TO THE LAB AND TREAT MYSELF TO A FEW HOURS EXTRA TIME ON THIS MAP OF THE HUMAN SOUL I'VE BEEN PIECING TOGETHER IN MY RECREATION TIME.

FUCK IT, WOULD YOU MIND PULLING OVER AND LETTING MISTER GIBSON OUT HERE, PLEASE?

OR RATHER, WOULD YOU MIND NOT PULLING OVER AND NOT LETTING MISTER GIBSON OUT OF THE CAR?



SODDAMN
BACKWARD'S
TALK IS DRIVING
ME OUT OF MY
MIND.

YOU
SURE YOU
DON'T WANT
ME TO COME
BACK TO THE
LAB AND KEEP
AN EYE ON
YOU, SIR?

NO, NO. JUST
TAKE THE NIGHT
OFF AND DO
WHATEVER IT IS
YOUNG PEOPLE DO
WHEN THEY AREN'T
BLOWING HOLES IN
PEOPLE'S HEADS.



YOU
SURE?

OH, JUST GO
AND HAVE SOME
FUN, WESLEY.
HONESTLY, I'LL
BE FINE.



PROFESSOR WANT
FUCKWIT TO DRIVE
BACK TO HIDEOUT SO
PROFESSOR CAN MAP NEXT
STAGE OF HIS SPIRITUAL
TOPOGRAPHY?

ACTUALLY, LET'S
TAKE A LITTLE DETOUR,
FUCKWIT. I WANT YOU TO
DRIVE DOWN TO THE MEAT-
PACKING DISTRICT AND SEE IF
MICHELLE OR CARRIE-ANNE
OR ONE OF THE REALLY
YOUNG GIRLS ARE
AROUND.



I'M REALLY
FEELING GOOD
TONIGHT. I'M REALLY IN
THE MOOD FOR JUST
GETTING OUT OF MY MIND
AND DOING SOMETHING
CRAZY YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN?



FUCKWIT?



OH,
FUCKWIT. I'M
SORRY. I WASN'T
THINKING FOR A
SECOND.

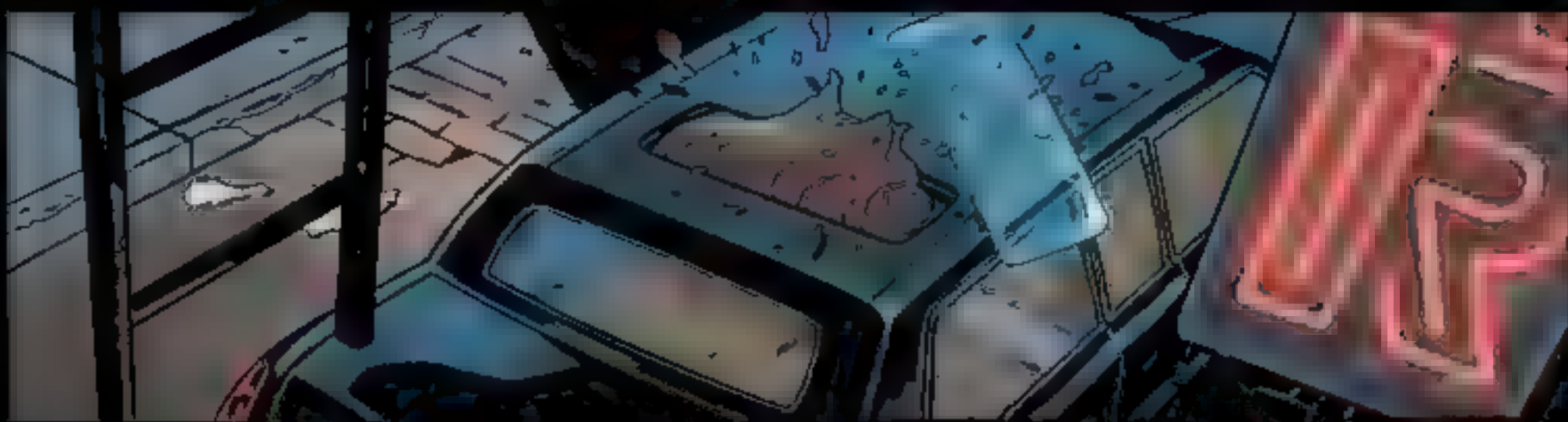
WHAT I MEANT
TO SAY WAS I
DON'T WANT YOU TO
DRIVE DOWN TO THE
MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT
AND I DON'T WANT TO
SEE IF ANY OF THE
GIRLS ARE OUT
TONIGHT.

THE OLD BIRD
IS IN POSITION.
BOYS, READY
WHENEVER YOU
ARE.



WHAT?

EAT SHIT
AND DIE, YOU
OLD FART!



GOOD

NOW LET'S GO
GET THE REST OF
THESE IDIOTS.



"YOU KNOW THE FIRST
SUPERVILLAINS WERE
COMPLETELY NAKED?"



CRIME PAYS

Written by: Mark Millar

Penciled and Inked by: J.G. Jones

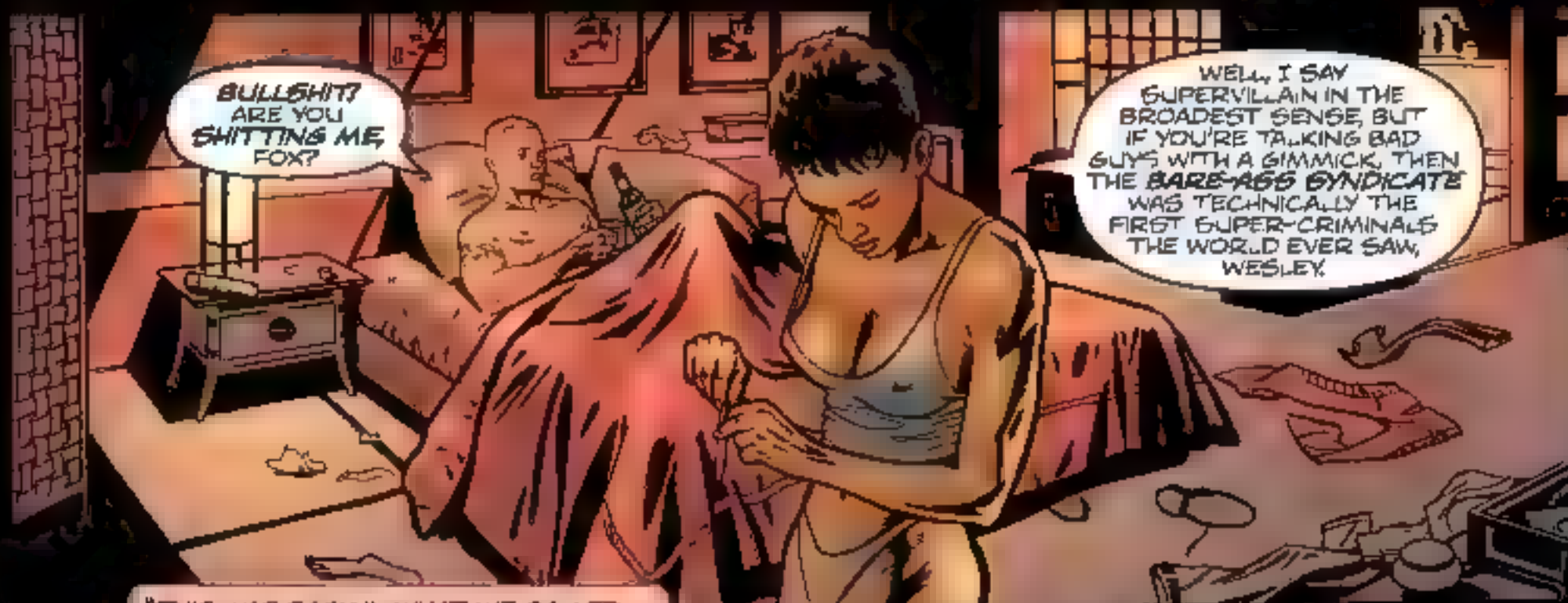
Colored by: Paul Mounts

Lettered by: Dreamer Design's

Robin Spahr

Dennis Heider

Mark Seaton



BULLSHIT?
ARE YOU
SHITTING ME,
FOX?

WELL, I SAY
SUPERVILLAIN IN THE
BROADEST SENSE, BUT
IF YOU'RE TALKING BAD
GUYS WITH A GIMMICK, THEN
THE **BARE-ASS SYNDICATE**
WAS TECHNICALLY THE
FIRST SUPER-CRIMINALS
THE WORLD EVER SAW,
WESLEY.

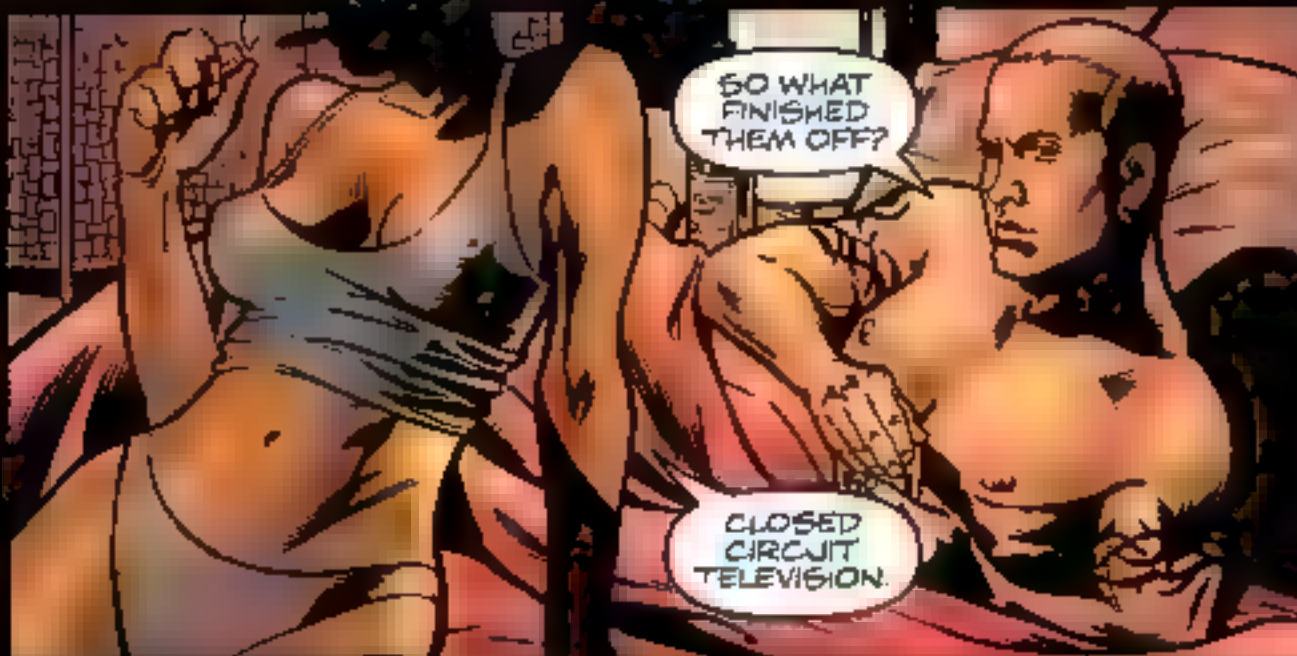
"THIS WAS BACK IN WHAT WE CALLED
THE **GOLDEN AGE** OF THE 1930S, THE
SYNDICATE BEING A GANG OF JEWEL
THIEVES WHO STROLLED AROUND WITH
THEIR PECKERS EXPOSED AS A MEANS
OF DISGUIISING THEIR TRUE IDENTITIES.



"STORY GOES ALL THE JEWELERS
AND BANK TELLERS GOT SO
DISTRACTED BY THEIR EQUIPMENT
THAT NOBODY IN THEIR THIRTY-
YEAR CAREER, EVER GAVE AN
ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF
THOSE LUCKY MOTHERFUCKERS.



"AND AS FOR THE
SUPERHEROES, MAN,
WOULD YOU WANNA GET
INTO A PUBLIC BRAWL WITH
A GANG OF LARGE, NAKED
MEN WITH THEIR DICKS
BOWING AROUND?"

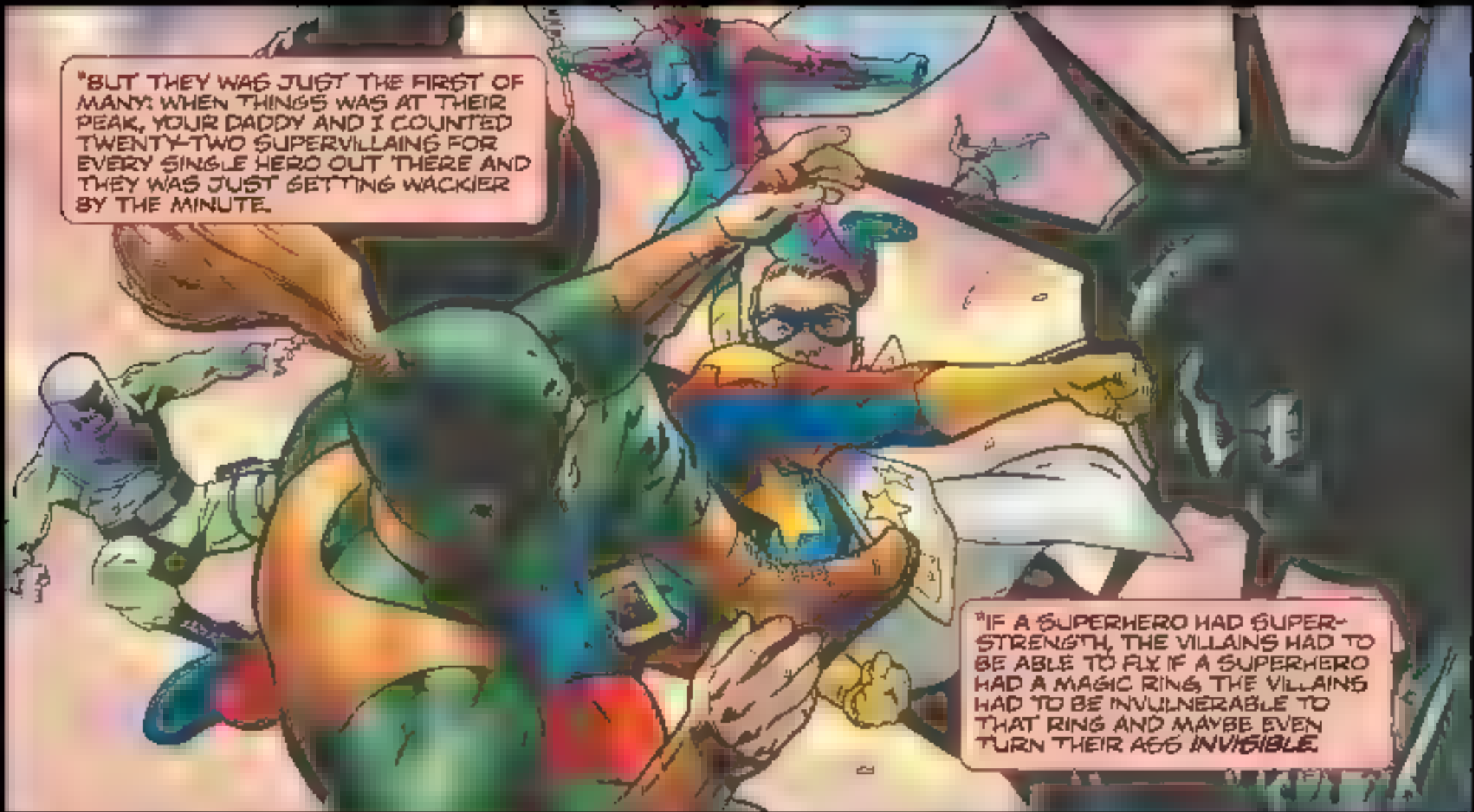


SO WHAT
FINISHED
THEM OFF?

CLOSED
CIRCUIT
TELEVISION.



ACTUALLY
THAT MAKES
A LOT OF
SENSE.



"BUT THEY WAS JUST THE FIRST OF MANY: WHEN THINGS WAS AT THEIR PEAK, YOUR DADDY AND I COUNTED TWENTY-TWO SUPERVILLAINS FOR EVERY SINGLE HERO OUT THERE AND THEY WAS JUST GETTING WACKIER BY THE MINUTE.

"IF A SUPERHERO HAD SUPER-STRENGTH, THE VILLAINS HAD TO BE ABLE TO FLY. IF A SUPERHERO HAD A MAGIC RING, THE VILLAINS HAD TO BE INVULNERABLE TO THAT RING AND MAYBE EVEN TURN THEIR ASS INVISIBLE.



"THE NEWSPAPERS WERE JUST FULLA FREAKY SHIT BACK IN THOSE DAYS, MAN; VILLAINS THAT COULD WALK THROUGH WALLS, VILLAINS DRESSED LIKE CROSSWORD PUZZLES, VILLAINS WHO COULD TRAVEL THROUGH CLOCKS AND PAINTINGS.

"THE PAPERS JUST LOOK SO GODDAMN BORING NOW WITH THEIR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS AND DOW JONES INDEXES."



SO HOW DID YOU GET INTO ALL THAT SHIT?

WHAT? THE GAME?

GROWING UP IN THE PROJECTS YOUR ONLY CHANCE OF MAKING A BUCK WAS EITHER SPORT OR SUPER-CRIME, AND I WASN'T TALL ENOUGH TO DUNK A BASKETBALL.



I BEEN DOING THIS JOB SINCE I WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD, HONEY, AND I DON'T REGRET A SINGLE THING. HOW MANY PEOPLE GET TO THIRTY-FIVE AND STILL BE ABLE TO SAY THAT, HUH?



YOU OKAY, WESLEY? YOU AWFUL QUIET TONIGHT, BABY.

I'M FINE.



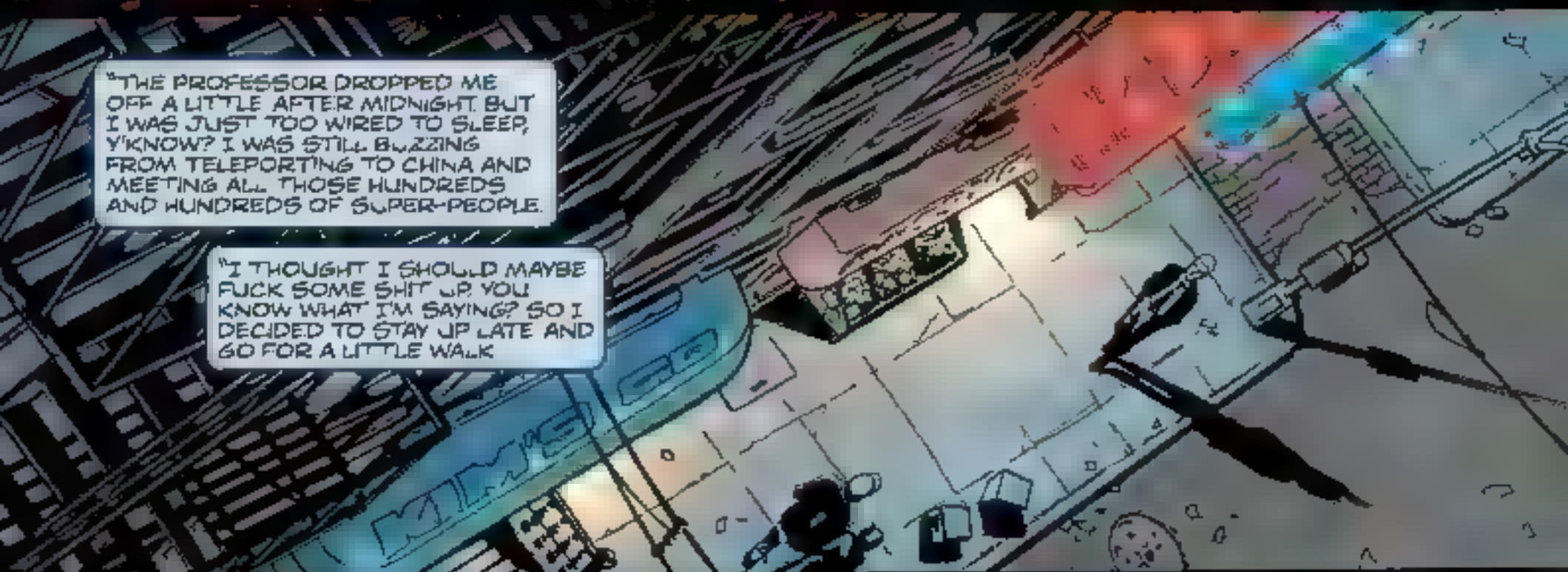
WHAT YOU DO BEFORE YOU SHOWED UP HERE, MUH? YOU HAD A FARAWAY LOOK IN YOUR EYE THE WHOLE TIME WE WAS FUCKING AND YOU AIN'T NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LESS THAN GRATEFUL IN THE PAST.

I VISITED A POLICE STATION.



YOU KIDDING ME?

NOPE.



"THE PROFESSOR DROPPED ME OFF A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT. BUT I WAS JUST TOO WIRED TO SLEEP, Y'KNOW? I WAS STILL BUZZING FROM TELEPORTING TO CHINA AND MEETING ALL THOSE HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF SUPER-PEOPLE.

"I THOUGHT I SHOULD MAYBE FUCK SOME SHIT UP. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING? SO I DECIDED TO STAY UP LATE AND GO FOR A LITTLE WALK.



"BUT WHAT WAS I GONNA DO? GO PICK A FIGHT WITH ANOTHER BUNCH OF ASSHOLES? RAPE AND KILL ANOTHER BITCH JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT?

"I WALKED AROUND AND AROUND 'TIL THE SKIN ON THE SOLES OF MY FEET STARTED BURNING AND THAT'S WHEN I NOTICED THE PRECINCT HOUSE."



"THE WEIRD THING WAS I DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT THEIR FACES, BUT EACH AND EVERY SHOT WAS RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES. BANG AFTER BANG AFTER BANG AFTER BANG; EVERY SINGLE ONE HIT PAYDIRT, FOX.

"EVEN WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING..."

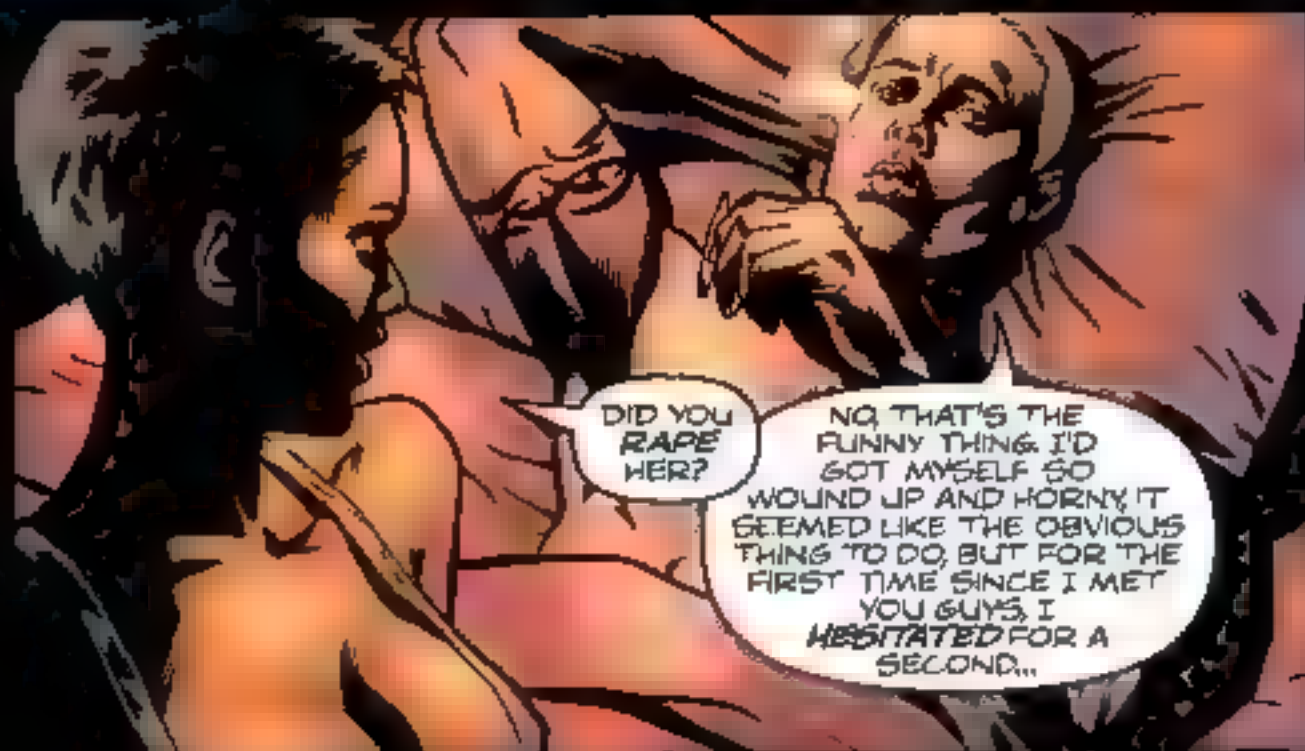


"JUST LIKE THAT I'D KILLED EVERYTHING IN THAT PLACE THAT WORE A BADGE, EXCEPT SOME LADY COP IN HER FORTIES WHO WAS DOWNSTAIRS WATCHING THE CELLS.



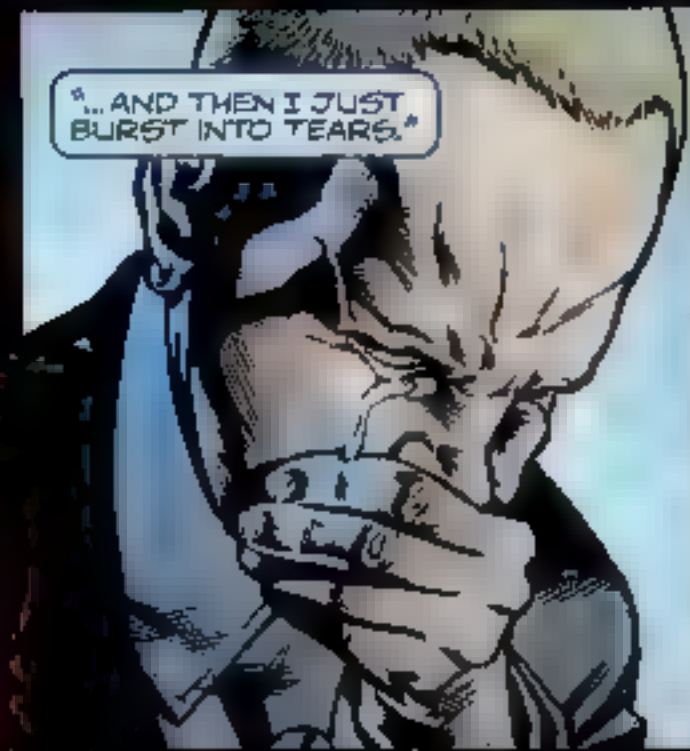
"SHE WASN'T EVEN ATTRACTIVE. SHE WAS JUST SOME SCRAWNY MOM WITH BAGGY EYES AND CORN ROWS, BUT THE BLOOD WAS PUMPING IN MY HEAD LIKE A DRUM AND ALL THESE FUCKS WERE CHEERING ME ON."

PLEASE! THERE'S CAMERAS IN HERE! YOU'LL GET CAUGHT! YOU'LL GET CAUGHT!



DID YOU RAPE HER?

NO, THAT'S THE FUNNY THING. I'D GOT MYSELF SO WOUND UP AND HORNY, IT SEEMED LIKE THE OBVIOUS THING TO DO, BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I MET YOU GUYS, I HESITATED FOR A SECOND...

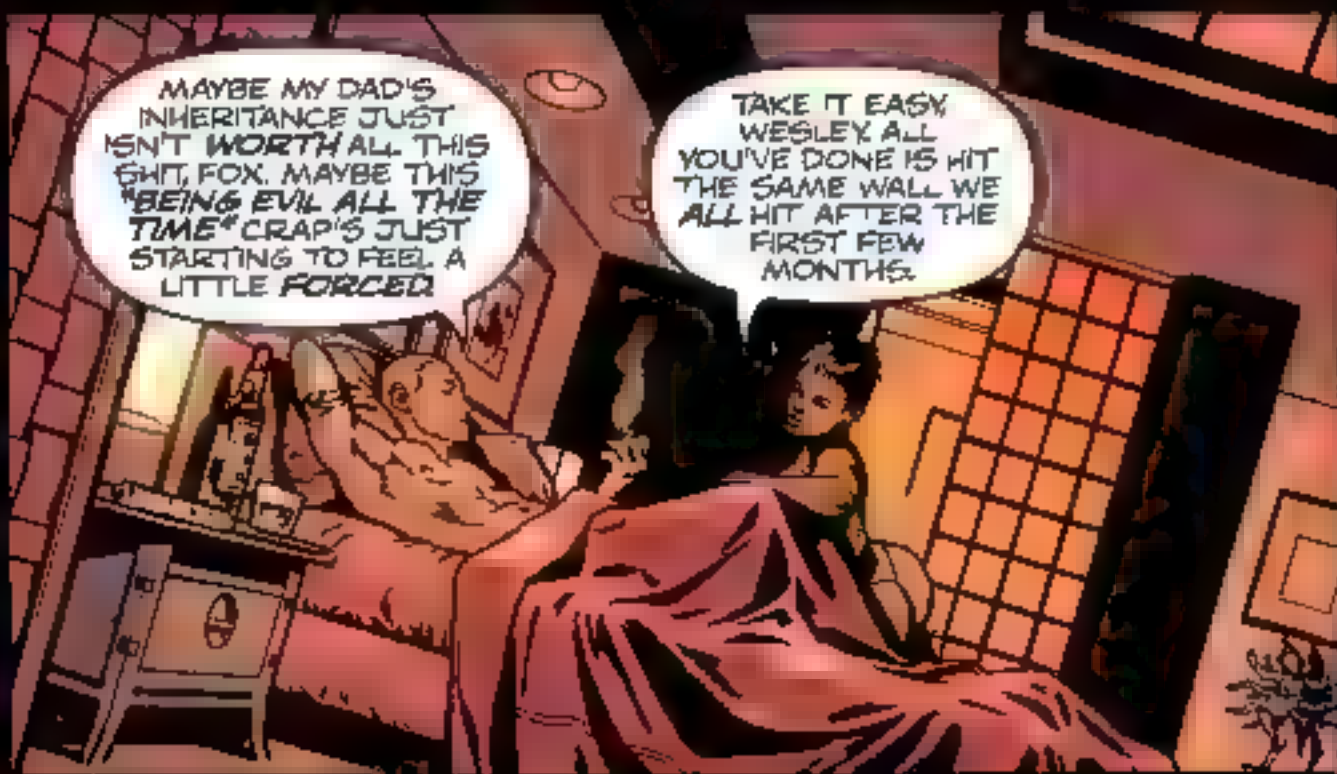


"... AND THEN I JUST BURST INTO TEARS."



I KNOW THE FRATERNITY COVERS UP ANY SHIT WE PULL, BUT BEING A PRICK FEELS JUST AS BAD AS BEING AN ASSHOLE DID SOMETIMES.

I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE COPS FROM ADAM, BUT I STILL WALKED IN AND USED MY POWERS TO RUIN THEIR FAMILIES' LIVES, RIGHT?



MAYBE MY DAD'S INHERITANCE JUST ISN'T WORTH ALL THIS SHIT, FOX. MAYBE THIS "BEING EVIL ALL THE TIME" CRAP'S JUST STARTING TO FEEL A LITTLE FORCED.

TAKE IT EASY WESLEY. ALL YOU'VE DONE IS HIT THE SAME WALL WE ALL HIT AFTER THE FIRST FEW MONTHS.



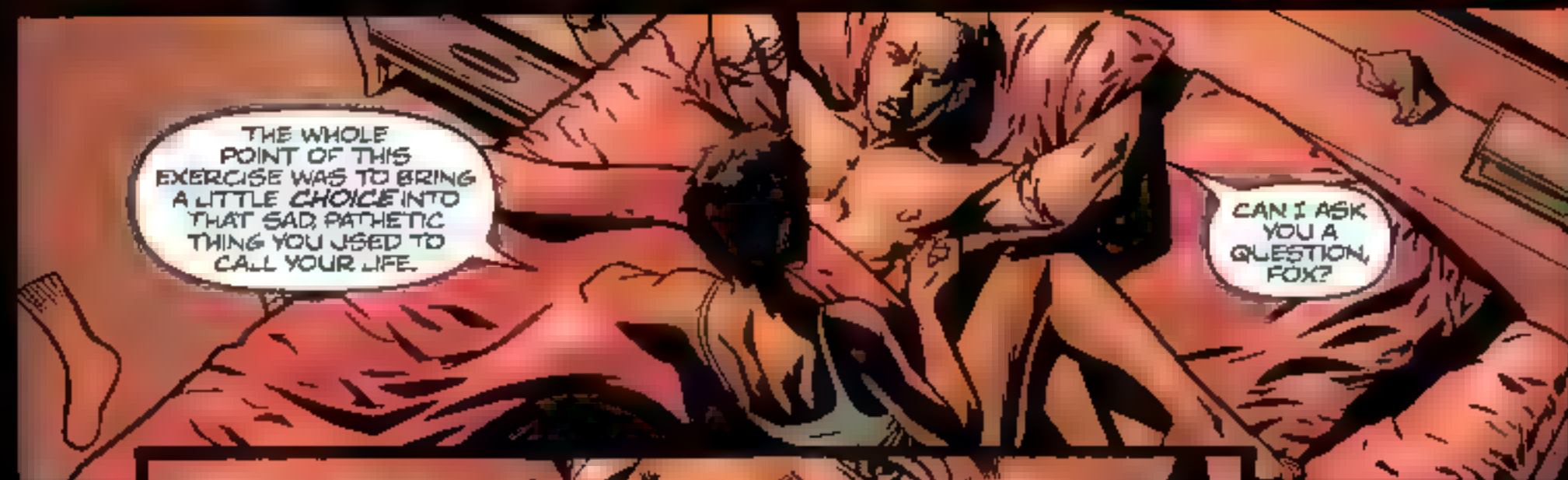
WHAT?

YOU REALLY THINK WE JUST GO AROUND FUCKING SHIT UP ALL THE TIME? THIS IS A GLOBAL BUSINESS, MAN. WE GOT OUR FINGERS IN A LITTLE PIECE OF EVERYTHING AND THAT MEANS YOU GOTTA BE DISCIPLINED.



YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO RAPE, KILL, AND MUTILATE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME, BABY. YOUR DAD WASN'T TRYING TO TURN YOU INTO THE BIGGEST SOCIOPATH THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH.

HE JUST WANTED YOU TO DO WHAT YOU REALLY WANTED WITH YOUR LIFE AND SOMETIMES THAT MEANS WATCHING TV IN BED ALL DAY LONG AND OTHER TIMES IT'S MURDERING SOME FUCKER.



THE WHOLE POINT OF THIS EXERCISE WAS TO BRING A LITTLE CHOICE INTO THAT SAD, PATHETIC THING YOU USED TO CALL YOUR LIFE.

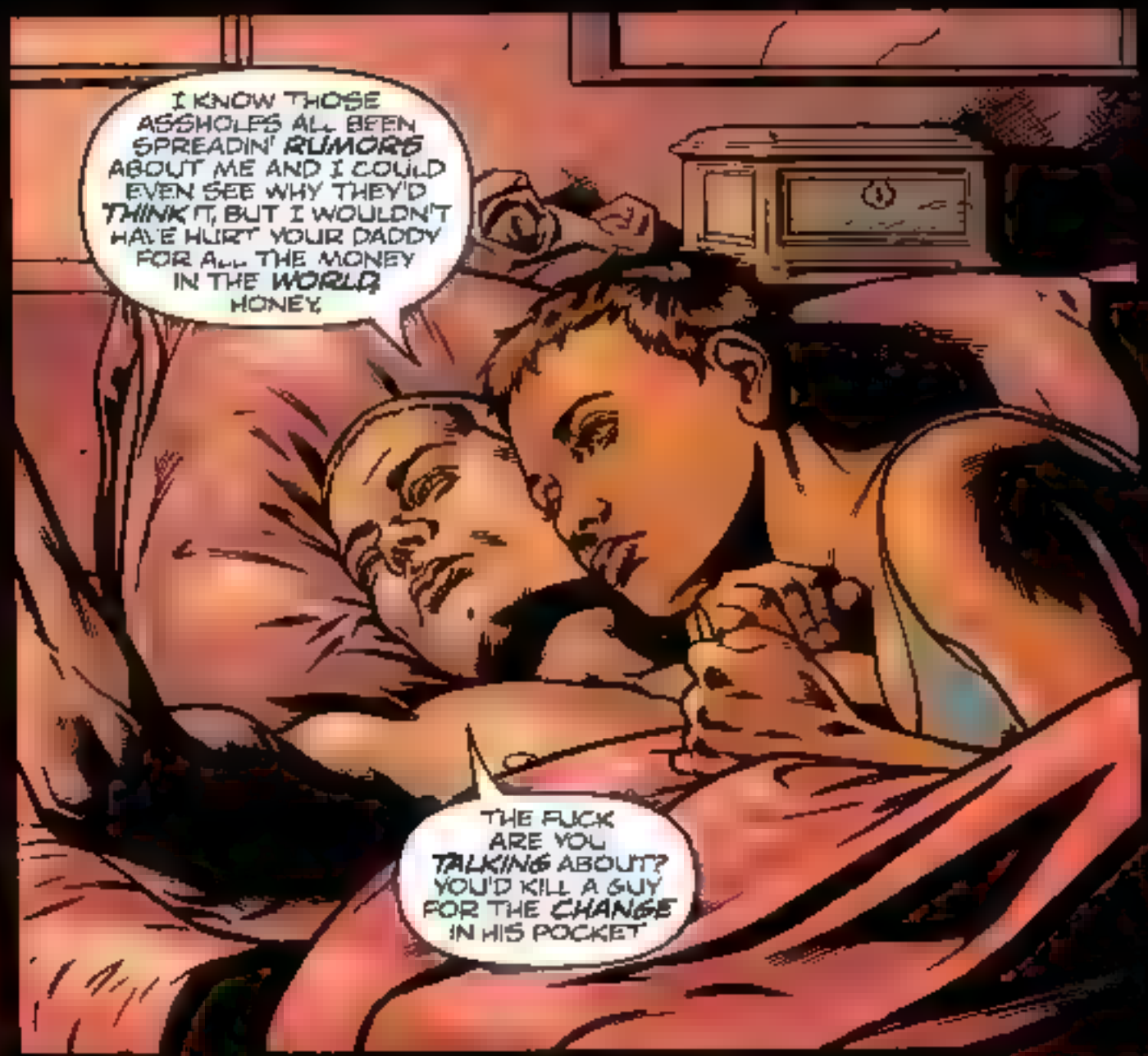
CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION, FOX?



WAS IT YOU WHO KILLED MY DAD?



NO.



I KNOW THOSE ASSHOLES ALL BEEN SPREADIN' RUMORS ABOUT ME AND I COULD EVEN SEE WHY THEY'D THINK IT, BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE HURT YOUR DADDY FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD, MONEY.

THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'D KILL A GUY FOR THE CHANGE IN HIS POCKET



NOT YOUR DADDY, WESLEY.



"TRUST ME."

ELSEWHERE.

URRRFF

FUCKWIT NOT UNDERSTAND! WHY AM **POWERS** NOT WORKING, SUCKER? WHY AM FUCKWIT JUST AS SOFT AND WEAK AS FUCKWIT'S FRIENDS?

BECAUSE I **STOLE** YOUR POWERS, ASSHOLE, AND THAT MEANS YOU'RE JUST AN ORDINARY DOWNSYNDROME FREAK FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP, HUH? I'M TRYING TO TALK TO MY NEW **BOSS** HERE.

PARDON ME, MISTER RICTUS. THIS **FREAKY FUCK**'S SAID MORE IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES THAN HE'S SAID IN THE LAST TEN YEARS. HOW'S THINGS GOING AT YOUR END?

GORGEOUS, SUCKER. ABSOLUTELY **GORGEOUS** SHIT-HEAD JUST GAVE THE PROFESSOR A FINE, FECAL FINALE AND I'M STANDING HERE WATCHING AS THE FRIGHTENER GIVES BRAIN-BOX AN INTELLIGENT **SUPER VIRUS**.

"THE WHOLE COUP'S GOING LIKE A **DREAM** WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THAT SEVEN-DIMENSIONAL IMP YOU USED TO HANG AROUND WITH.

"THE FUTURE AND HIS BOYS JUST FIGURED OUT HIS **REAL NAME** AND TURNED HIM INTO AN ORDINARY **MIDGET** AGAIN, BUT THEY SEEM TO BE IN STALEMATE UP ON EAST 23RD. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD MAYBE LEND A HAND?"



MY PLEASURE, SIR. I CAN SEE THEM FROM HERE WITH MY **SATELLITE VISION**. HELL, I CAN EVEN SMELL THE LITTLE BEADS OF SWEAT RUNNING DOWN THEIR **FOREHEADS**.



THESE POWERS WERE SO FUCKING WASTED ON THAT **RETARD**.

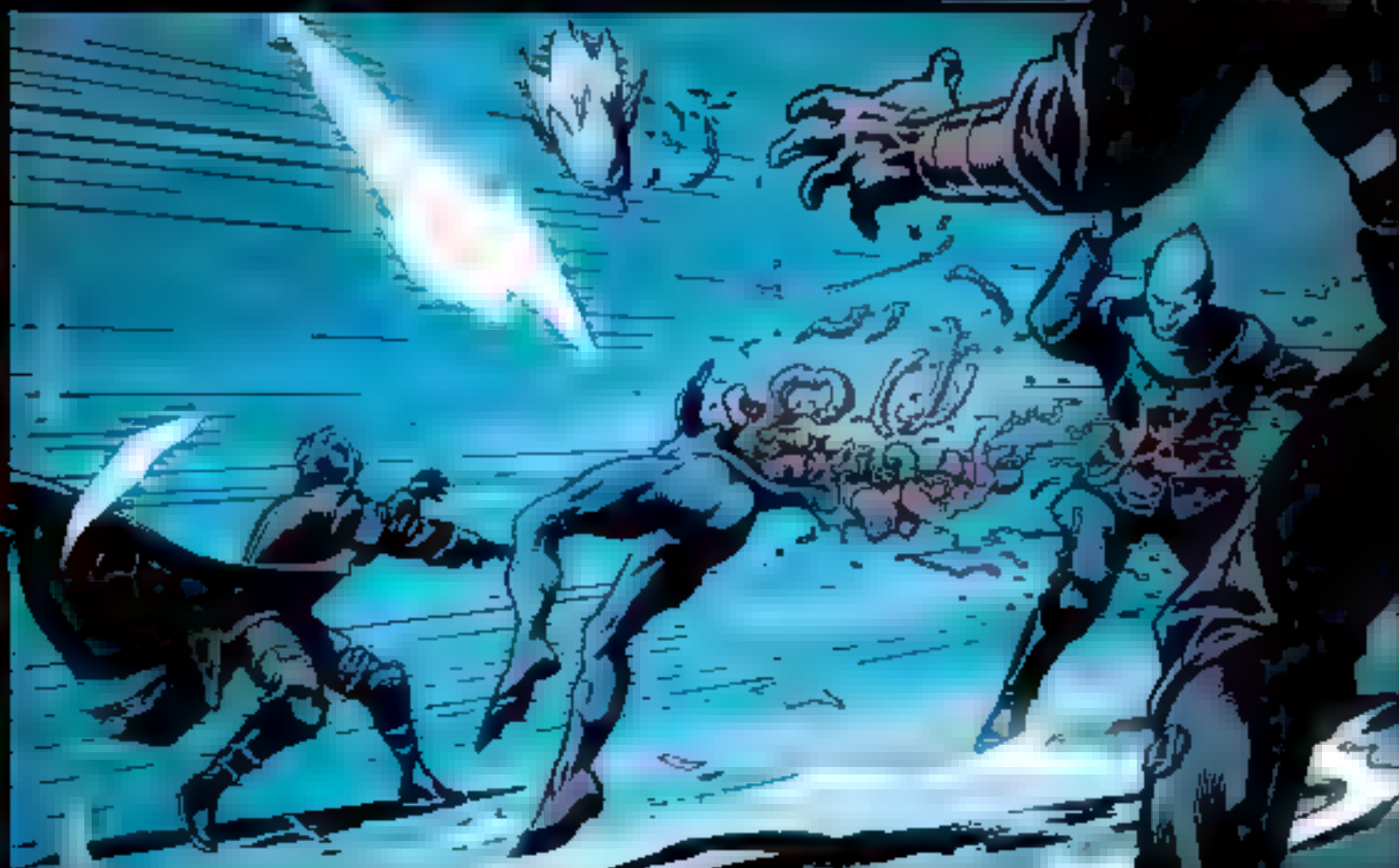


FEELING A LITTLE GUILTY ABOUT SWAPPING SIDES LIKE THIS SUCKER?

ARE YOU KIDDING? WE BEEN HIDING IN THE SHADOWS WAY TOO LONG **ALREADY**. MAN, WHAT'S THE POINT OF **HAVING** ALL THIS GODDAMNED POWER IF WE DON'T LET IT GO TO OUR HEADS ONCE IN A WHILE?



SUCKER?



FUCKWIT NOT UNDERSTAND WHY SUCKER BETRAY HIS FRIENDS LIKE THIS, BUT IT NOT MATTER SOON. WHEN KILLER AND FOX SHOW UP ME BET THEY GONNA KICK YOUR BUTTS FOR THIS NAUGHTY BOY BEHAVIOR.

I'FRAID NOT, BUDDY BOY.



THE KILLER, THE FOX, AND EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE PROFESSOR'S OLD GANG ARE NO LONGER UNDER THE FRATERNITY'S PROTECTION.

THAT MEANS THEY DON'T JUST GOT OUR BOYS AFTER 'EM NOW, THEY GOT THE COPS, THE FEDS, AND ANYBODY ELSE WE WANNA PASS THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES OVER TO

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JOHNNY TWO DICKS. YOU WANNA LITTLE PIECE OF THIS GUY BEFORE WE FINISH HIM OFF?

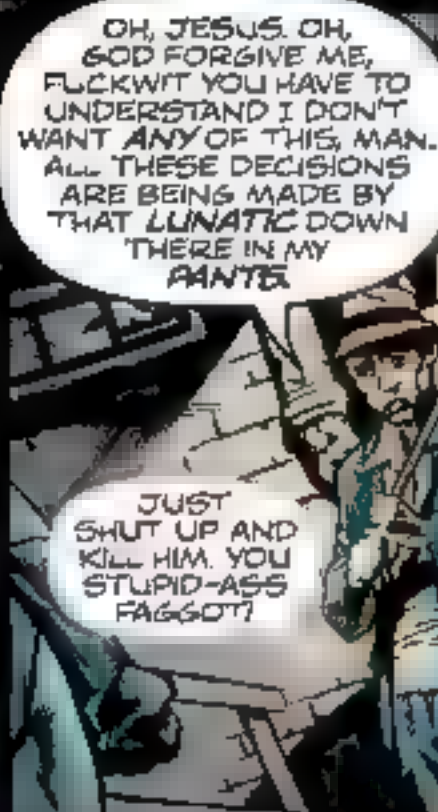


DON'T MIND IF I DO, MAN. JUST GIVE THAT CROWBAR TO THE BOOKWORM HERE AND LET'S SEE WHAT KINDA DAMAGE HE CAN DO TO THIS POOR FUCK!

JOHNNY, PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS...



FUCK YOU, COCKSUCKER! YOU TAKE THAT FUCKING CROWBAR AND KILL THIS MOTHERFUCKER OR, I SWEAR TO GOD, I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU MYSELF!



OH, JESUS. OH, GOD FORGIVE ME, FUCKWIT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND I DON'T WANT ANY OF THIS, MAN. ALL THESE DECISIONS ARE BEING MADE BY THAT LUNATIC DOWN THERE IN MY PANTS.

JUST SHUT UP AND KILL HIM. YOU STUPID-ASS FAGGOT!



DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, FUCKWIT! I'M ONLY DOING WHAT THE BOSS DOWN THERE TELLS ME.

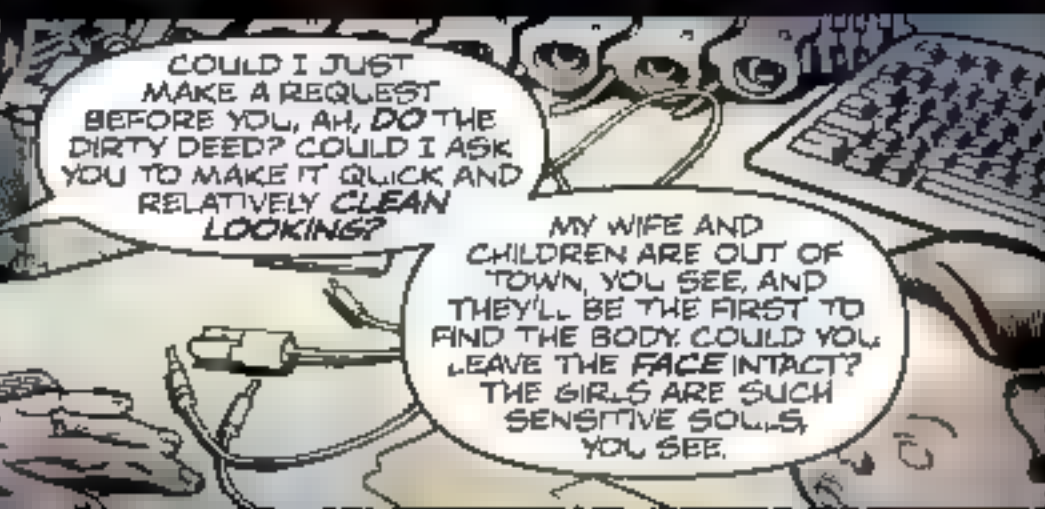
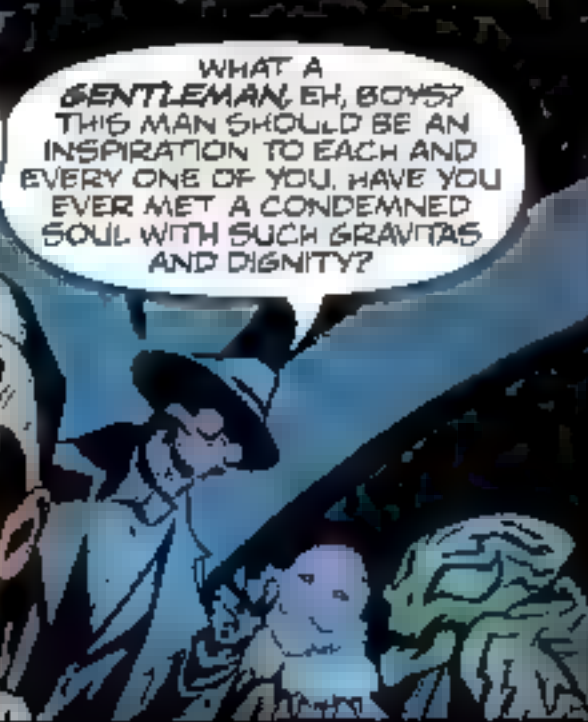
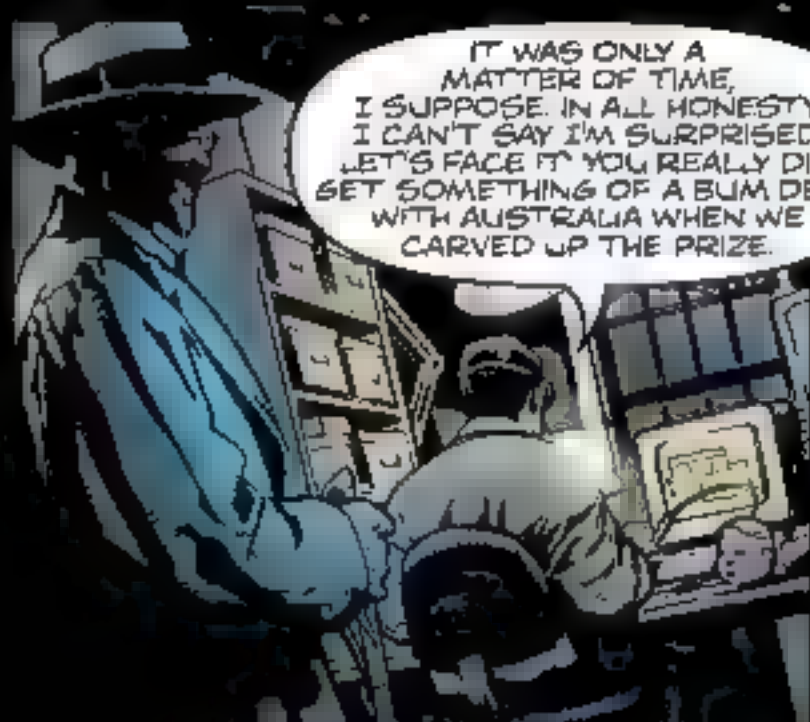


YOU'RE GOING TO A BETTER PLACE, MAN. BELIEVE ME.



I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU WERE FINALLY GOING TO MAKE YOUR MOVE. I TAKE IT THIS ISN'T JUST ME YOU'RE GUNNING FOR HERE?

THIS ISN'T A PERSONAL ATTACK OR ANYTHING, IS IT?



I'M AFRAID THEY NEVER
MADE IT TO THEIR
GRANDMA'S HOUSE,
LITTLE MAN. THE BAD
NEWS IS THAT THE BOYS
AND I CAUGHT UP WITH
THEM SHORTLY AFTER
THEY TOOK OFF IN THEIR
PEOPLE CARRIER
AND WELL...

THEY SAY A
PICTURE'S
WORTH A
THOUSAND
WORDS.

SOMETHING
YOU'D LIKE TO SAY
OLD FRIEND?

SOMETHING
DIGNIFIED?
SOMETHING
CLASSY AND
FORGIVING?

BOYS, I WANT
YOU TO KILL
THESE MOTHER-
FUCKERS...

JESUS
CHRIST!

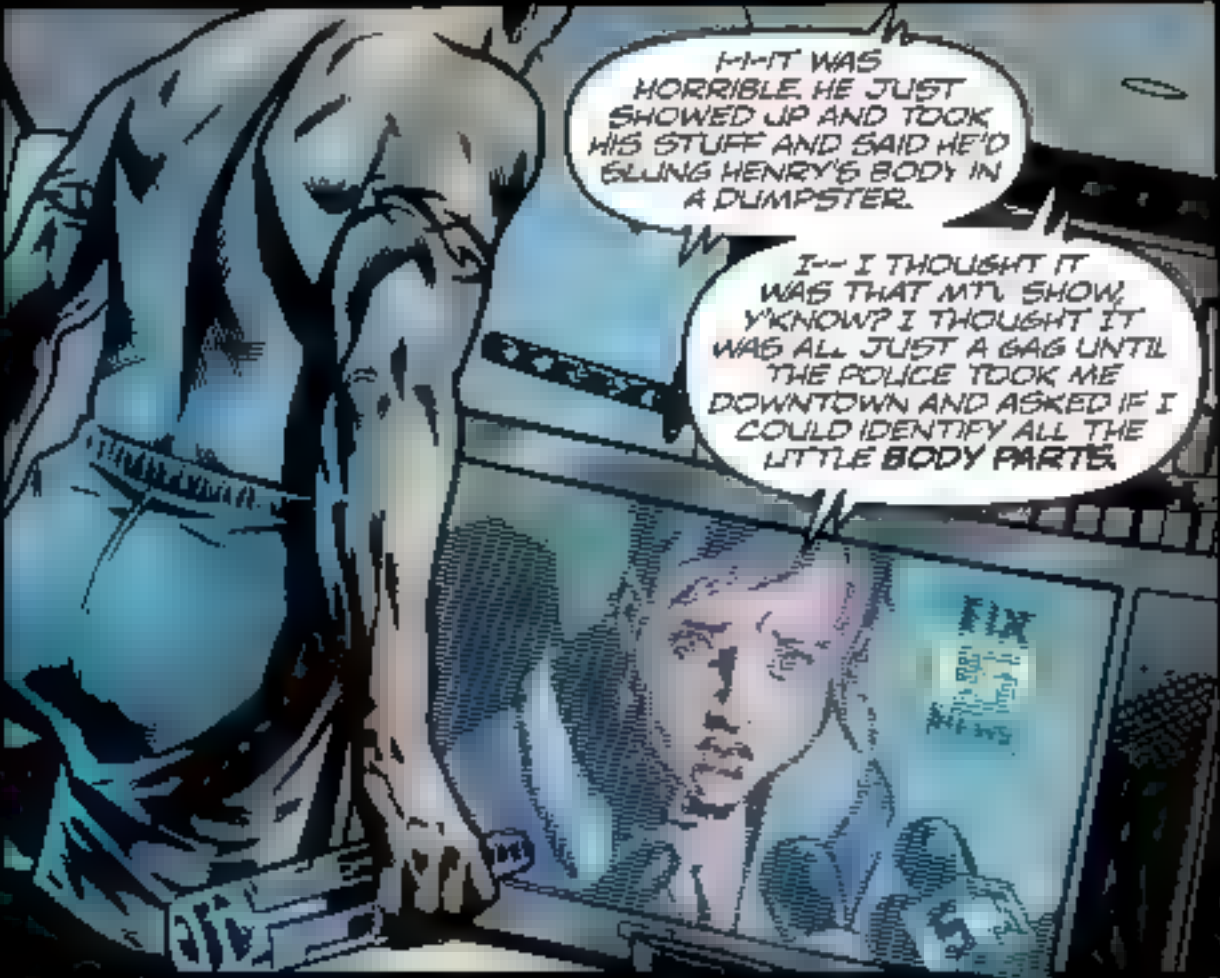


~BACK TO
TONIGHT'S MAIN
STORY: POLICE HAVE
RELEASED A PICTURE OF
THE MAN THEY BELIEVE IS
RESPONSIBLE FOR A SERIES
OF RAPES IN THE NEW YORK
AREA AND AN UNSPECIFIED
NUMBER OF KILLINGS
OVER A TWELVE-WEEK
PERIOD.



WESLEY F. GIBSON,
AGED TWENTY-FOUR, WAS
DESCRIBED BY HIS GIRLFRIEND
AS ARMED AND DANGEROUS WHEN
HE APPEARED AT THEIR APARTMENT
AND CONFESSED TO THE MURDER
OF HIGH SCHOOL FRIEND HENRY
MARSH-LUCAS.

WAMP



I--IT WAS
HORRIBLE. HE JUST
SHOWED UP AND TOOK
HIS STUFF AND SAID HE'D
BLING HENRY'S BODY IN
A DUMPSTER.

I-- I THOUGHT IT
WAS THAT MTV SHOW,
Y'KNOW? I THOUGHT IT
WAS ALL JUST A GAG UNTIL
THE POLICE TOOK ME
DOWNTOWN AND ASKED IF I
COULD IDENTIFY ALL THE
LITTLE BODY PARTS.



POLICE HAVE
URGED THE PUBLIC TO
CALL THE FOLLOWING
NUMBER IF GIBSON IS
SIGHTED AND STRESS THAT
THIS SUSPECT SHOULD NOT
BE APPROACHED UNDER
ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

OH,
FUCK...



YOU CAN
DROP THE
VODKA BOTTLE,
PISS-FOR-
BRAINS!



HE CAN USE VODKA
AS A WEAPON, RIGHT?
I MEAN HE COULD BLIND US
WITH THAT SHIT AND SLIT OUR
THROATS WITH THE BOTTLE OR
SOMETHING, SO I AIN'T
TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH
THIS CRAZY FUCK

JESUS!

DROP THE
BOTTLE AND
TELL US WHERE
THE FOX IS,
WESLEY.



OVER HERE,
DICKWAD. NOW DROP
THE GUNS OR I DROP
EACH AND EVERY ONE
OF YOU LAME ASS
MOTHERFUCKERS.

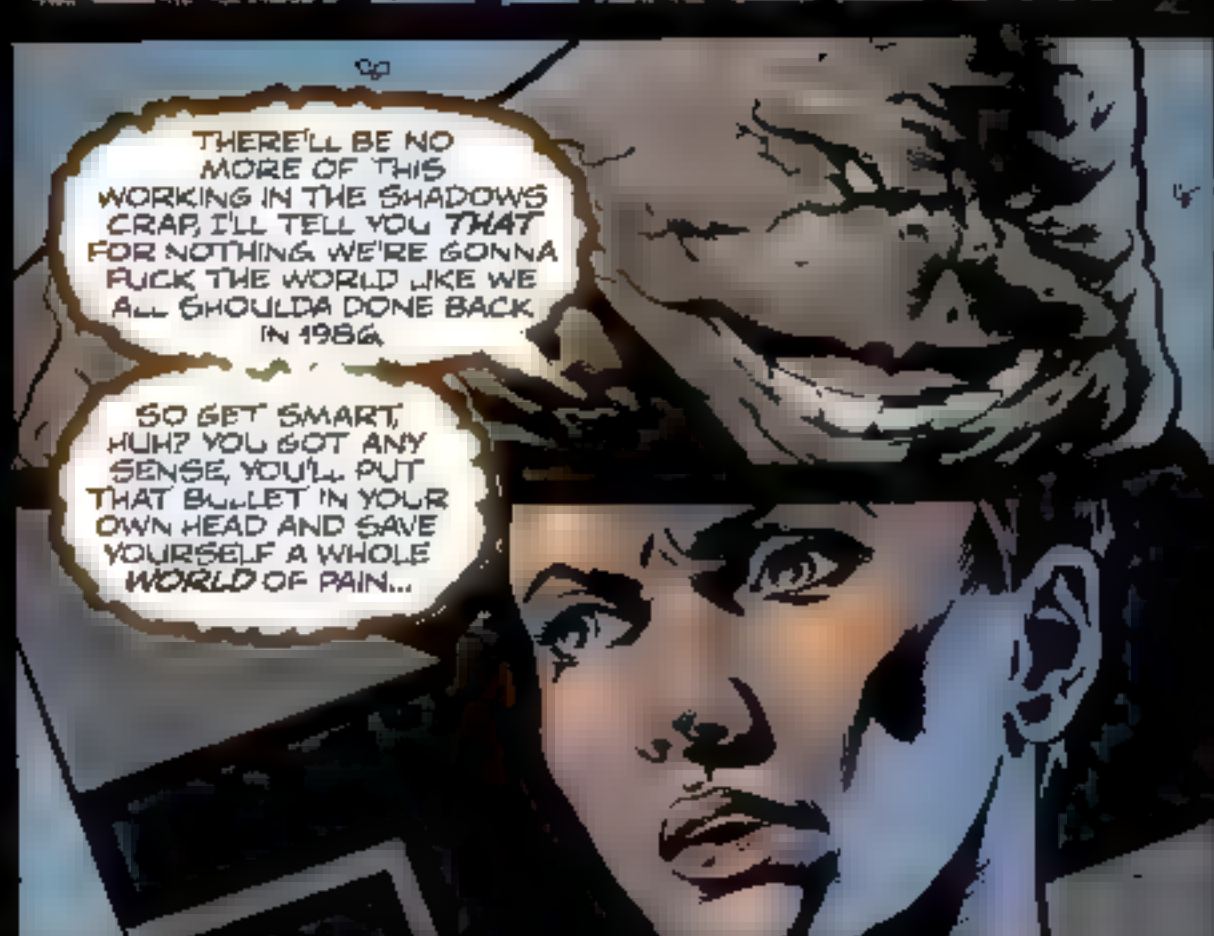


STUPID BITCH.
THIS IS SIX GUNS
AGAINST ONE, FOX. YOU
EVEN TRY TO PULL THAT
TRIGGER, FIVE OTHER
GUYS GONNA EMPTY
THEIR CLIPS IN YOUR
LITTLE BLACK ASS.



IT'S OVER, HONEY.
THE PROFESSOR'S DEAD.
SUCKER CAME OVER TO OUR
SIDE, AND BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT,
WE'RE GONNA HAVE OUR HANDS
ON ALL THOSE BIG HI-TECH
TOYS YOUR BOSS HAS BEEN
BUILDING ALL THESE
YEARS.

YOU IMAGINE
WHAT WE COULD
DO TO PEOPLE
WITH ALL THAT
SHIT?

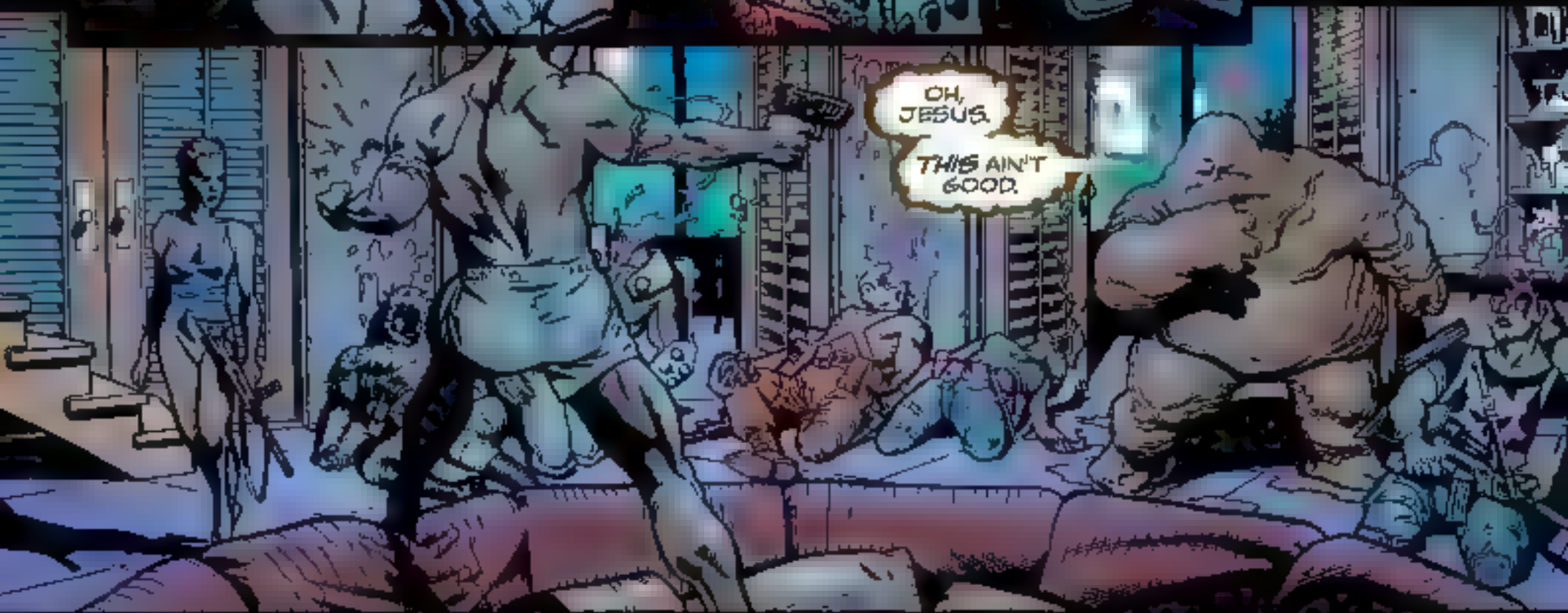


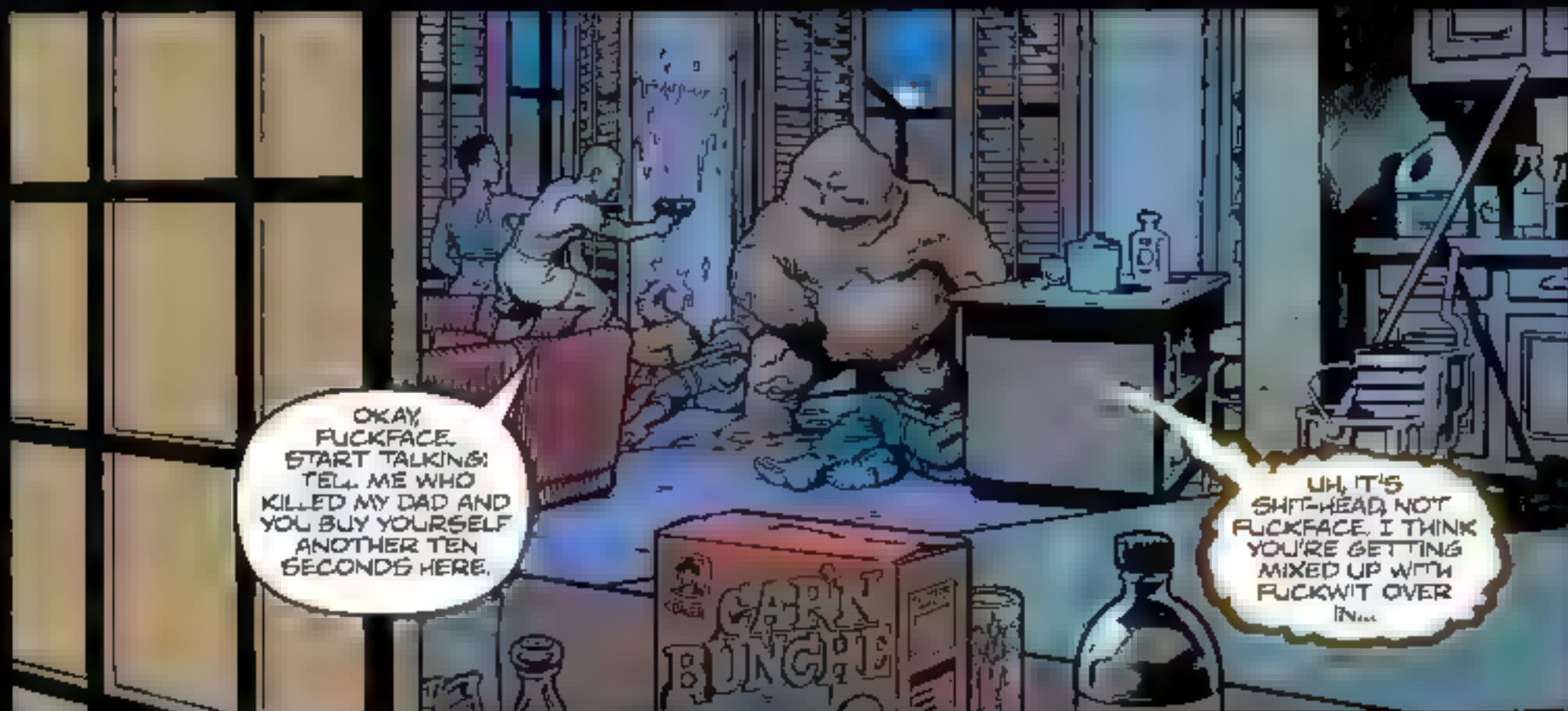
THERE'LL BE NO
MORE OF THIS
WORKING IN THE SHADOWS
CRAP, I'LL TELL YOU THAT
FOR NOTHING. WE'RE GONNA
FUCK THE WORLD LIKE WE
ALL SHOULDA DONE BACK
IN 1986.

SO GET SMART,
HUH? YOU GOT ANY
SENSE, YOU'LL PUT
THAT BULLET IN YOUR
OWN HEAD AND SAVE
YOURSELF A WHOLE
WORLD OF PAIN...









OKAY, FUCKFACE. START TALKING! TELL ME WHO KILLED MY DAD AND YOU BUY YOURSELF ANOTHER TEN SECONDS HERE.

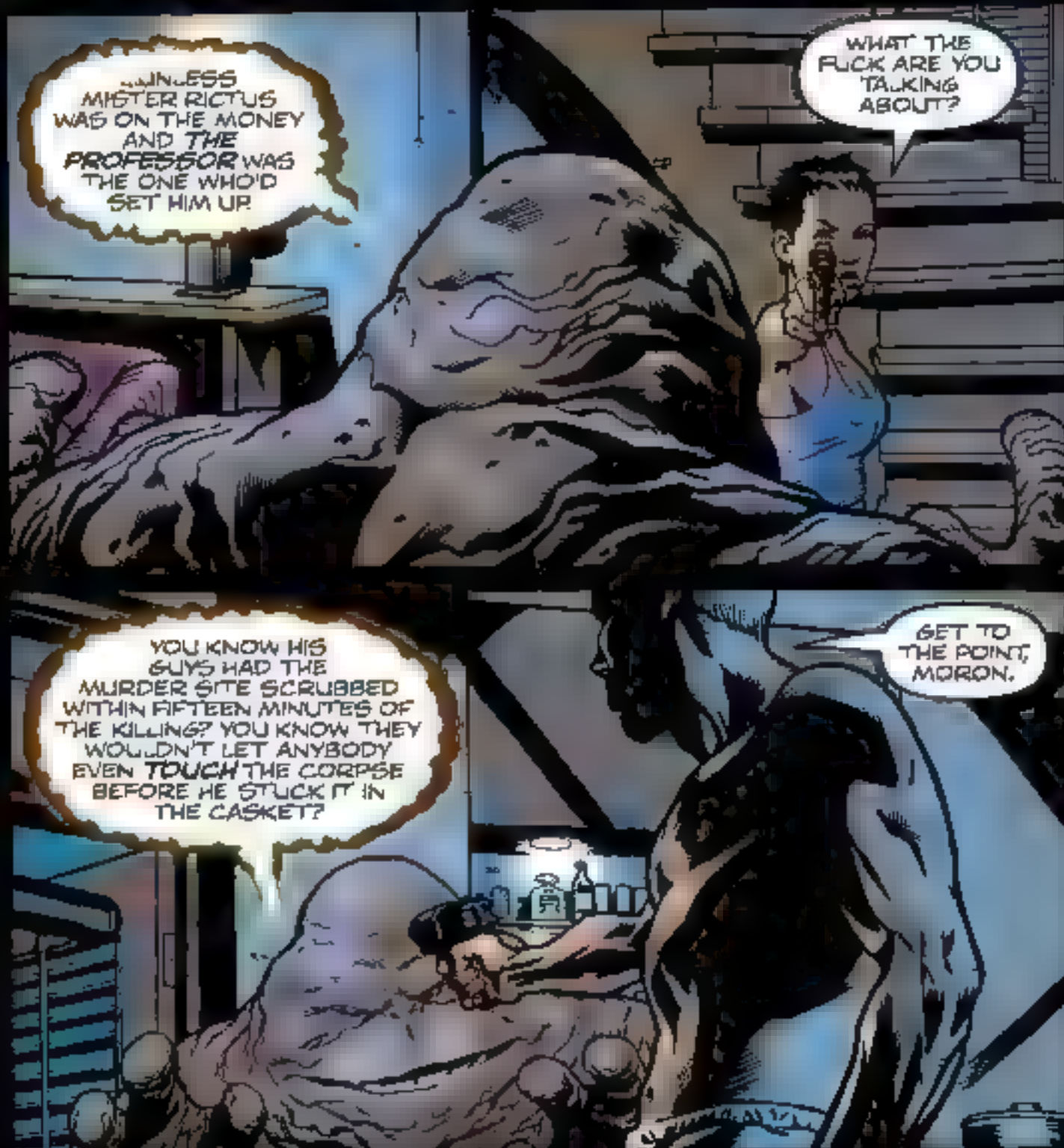
UH, IT'S SHIT-HEAD, NOT FUCKFACE. I THINK YOU'RE GETTING MIXED UP WITH FUCKWIT OVER THERE.



I'M TRYING TO BE INSULTING, ASSHOLE. NOW TELL ME WHO KILLED MY DAD!



I DUNNO, I REALLY DON'T. ALL I KNOW IS IT WASN'T ANY OF OUR GUYS. WE HATED HIS GUTS, SURE, BUT GIBSON GETTING TAKEN DOWN SURPRISED US AS MUCH AS YOU PEOPLE. IT JUST DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE...

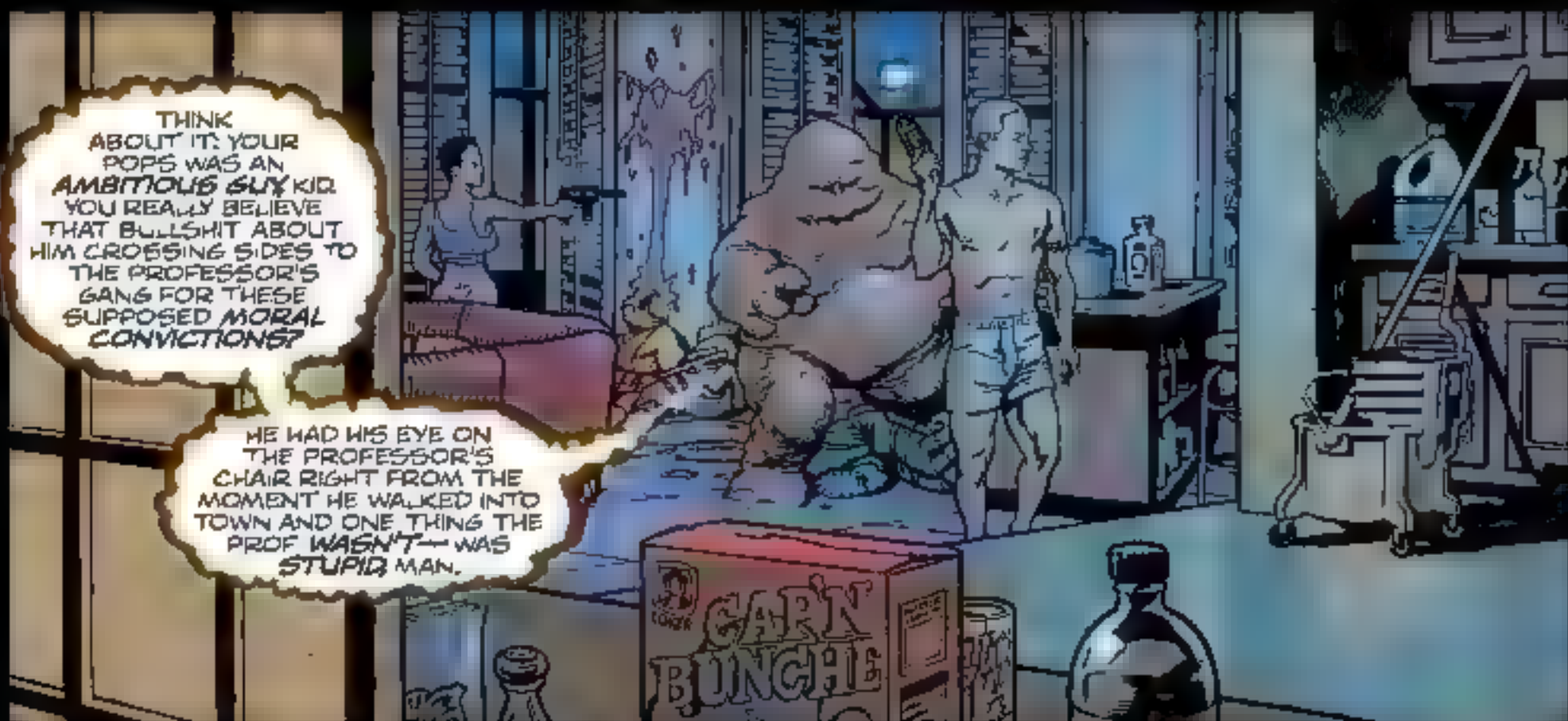


UNLESS MISTER RICTUS WAS ON THE MONEY AND THE PROFESSOR WAS THE ONE WHO'D SET HIM UP.

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU KNOW HIS GUYS HAD THE MURDER SITE SCRUBBED WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES OF THE KILLING? YOU KNOW THEY WOULDN'T LET ANYBODY EVEN TOUCH THE CORPSE BEFORE HE STUCK IT IN THE CASKET?

GET TO THE POINT, MORON.



THINK ABOUT IT: YOUR POPS WAS AN **AMBITIOUS SUXX KID**. YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT BULLSHIT ABOUT HIM CROSSING SIDES TO THE PROFESSOR'S GANG FOR THESE SUPPOSED **MORAL CONVICTIONS**?

HE HAD HIS EYE ON THE PROFESSOR'S CHAIR RIGHT FROM THE MOMENT HE WALKED INTO TOWN AND ONE THING THE PROF WASN'T— WAS **STUPID** MAN.



FUCK YOU, YOU LYING PIG!



AAAHH, YOU STUPID BITCH! YOU DIRTY STUPID LITTLE **COCKSUCKER**! YOU REALLY THINK I CAN'T REGROW MYSELF FROM THIS? YOU REALLY THINK ONE OF YOUR STUPID **RAY GUNS** IS GONNA STOP ME?

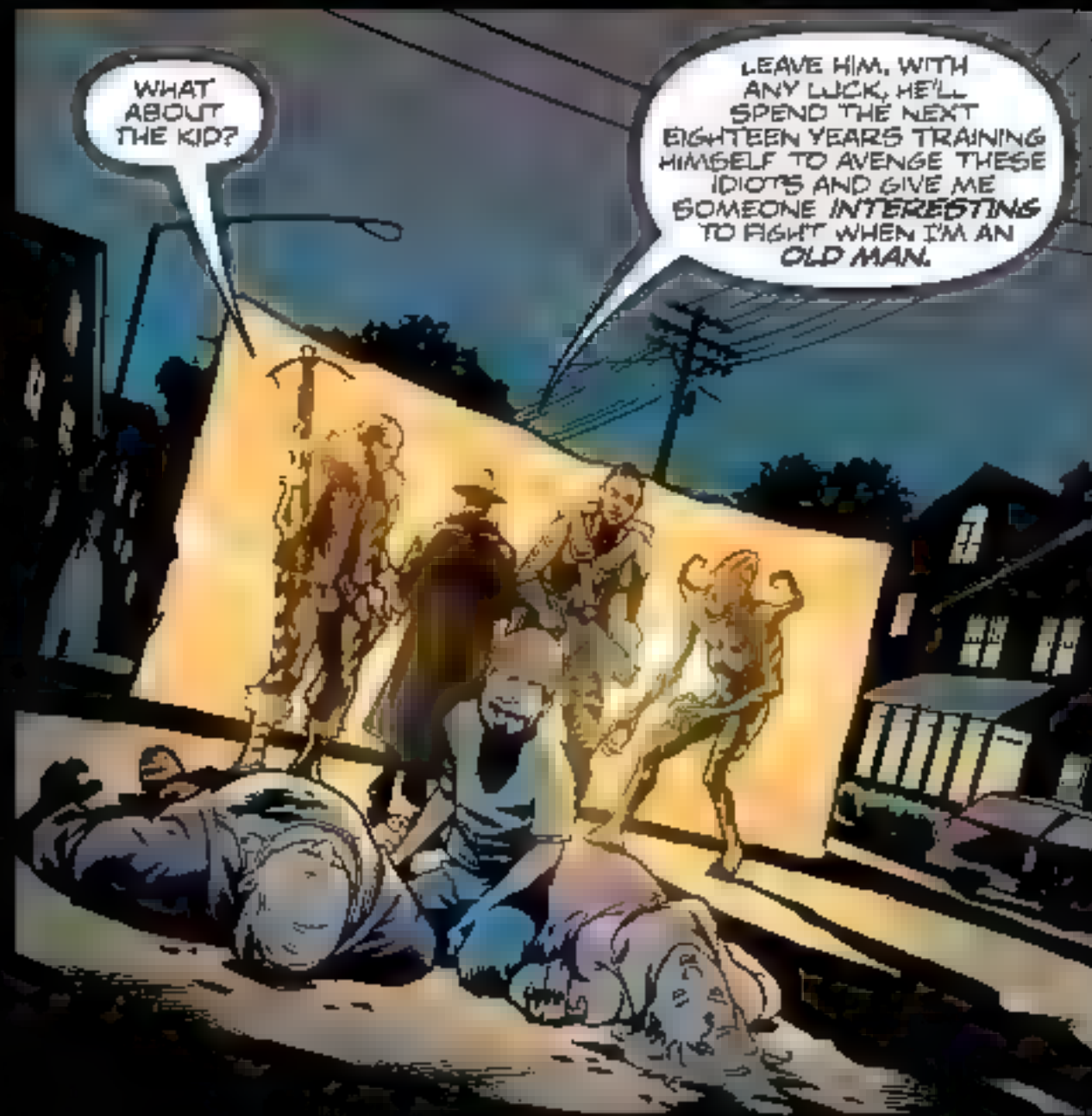
NO, BUT **THIS** SHOULD



OPEN WIDE, YOU SMELLY FUCK!



OH MY GOD! WE JUST HEARD THE NOISE AND WE... OH MY GOD! ARE YOU GUYS OKAY? WAS ANYBODY CALLED 911?



WHAT ABOUT THE KID?

LEAVE HIM, WITH ANY LUCK, HE'LL SPEND THE NEXT EIGHTEEN YEARS TRAINING HIMSELF TO AVENGE THESE IDIOTS AND GIVE ME SOMEONE INTERESTING TO FIGHT WHEN I'M AN OLD MAN.

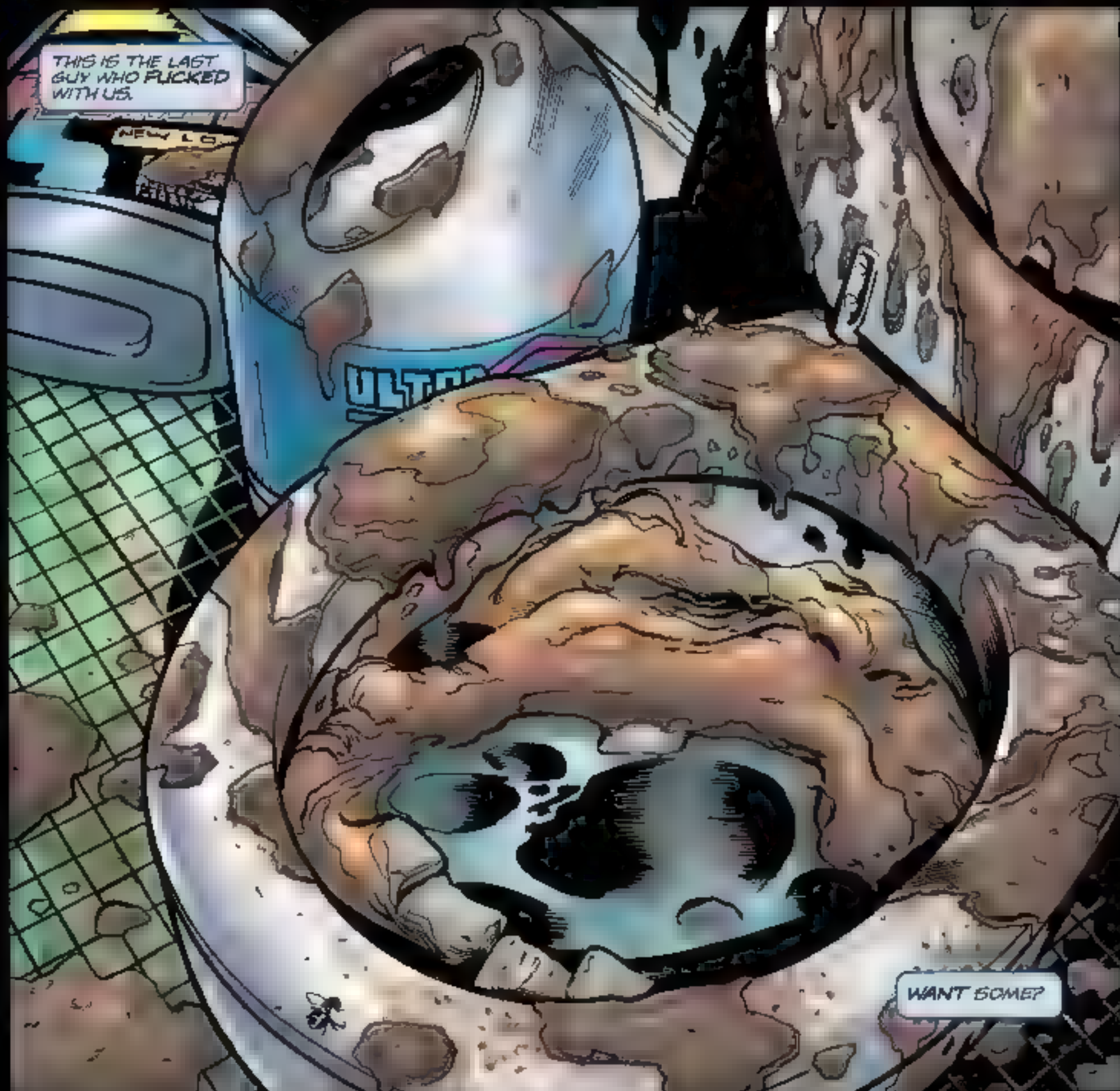


THE PROFESSOR'S BASE HAS BEEN SECURED MISTER RICTUS.

WELL DONE, BOYS. GOOD WORK, **GOLD STAR**. NOW LET'S PRY OPEN THE VAULTS AND GET A LOOK AT ALL THESE AMAZING **WEAPONS** HE'S BEEN BUILDING IN HIS LITTLE RATHOLE



IT'S TIME TO
SHOW THE WORLD
WHAT THEY'VE BEEN
MISSING ALL
THESE YEARS.



THE SHIT LIST

Written by: Mark Miller

Penciled and inked by: J.E. Jones

Colored by: Paul Mounts

Lettered by: Dreamer Design's

Robin Spahr &

Dennis Heister



CHRIST...

WHAT'S HAPPENING, UNIT FOUR? WHAT'S THE SITUATION DOWN THERE?



UGLY, MESSY SHIT ALL OVER THE WALLS AND BLOOD ALL OVER THE FLOOR. THESE TWO BASTARDS TOOK DOWN THE ENTIRE ASSASSINATION SQUAD SHIT-HEAD TOO.

I THINK THEY BLEACHED THE POOR GUY.



LISTEN LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY, GIBSON AND THE FOX ARE GOING TO BE SCARED THEY MIGHT HAVE MADE IT OUT OF THE APARTMENT, BUT THEY KNOW THAT THE FRATERNITY HAVE EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE.

THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO RUN, BUT I DON'T WANT THEM LEAVING MANHATTAN, YOU UNDERSTAND? I WANT THE BRIDGES CLOSED AND THE AIRPORTS CRAWLING WITH EVERYONE AT OUR DISPOSAL.



TAKE IT EASY, MISTER FUTURE. ALL THE R FRIENDS ARE DEAD, RIGHT? WHERE THEY GONNA RUN?

CONTROL, THIS IS UNIT FOUR. I WANT ALL EXITS FROM THE ISLAND CLOSED IMMEDIATELY. I REPEAT FOR THE DEAF, ALL EXITS FROM THE ISLAND TO BE CLOSED IMMEDIATELY...



LAGOS,
NIGERIA.

VIDEO-
CALL FROM
MANHATTAN,
ADAM ONE.

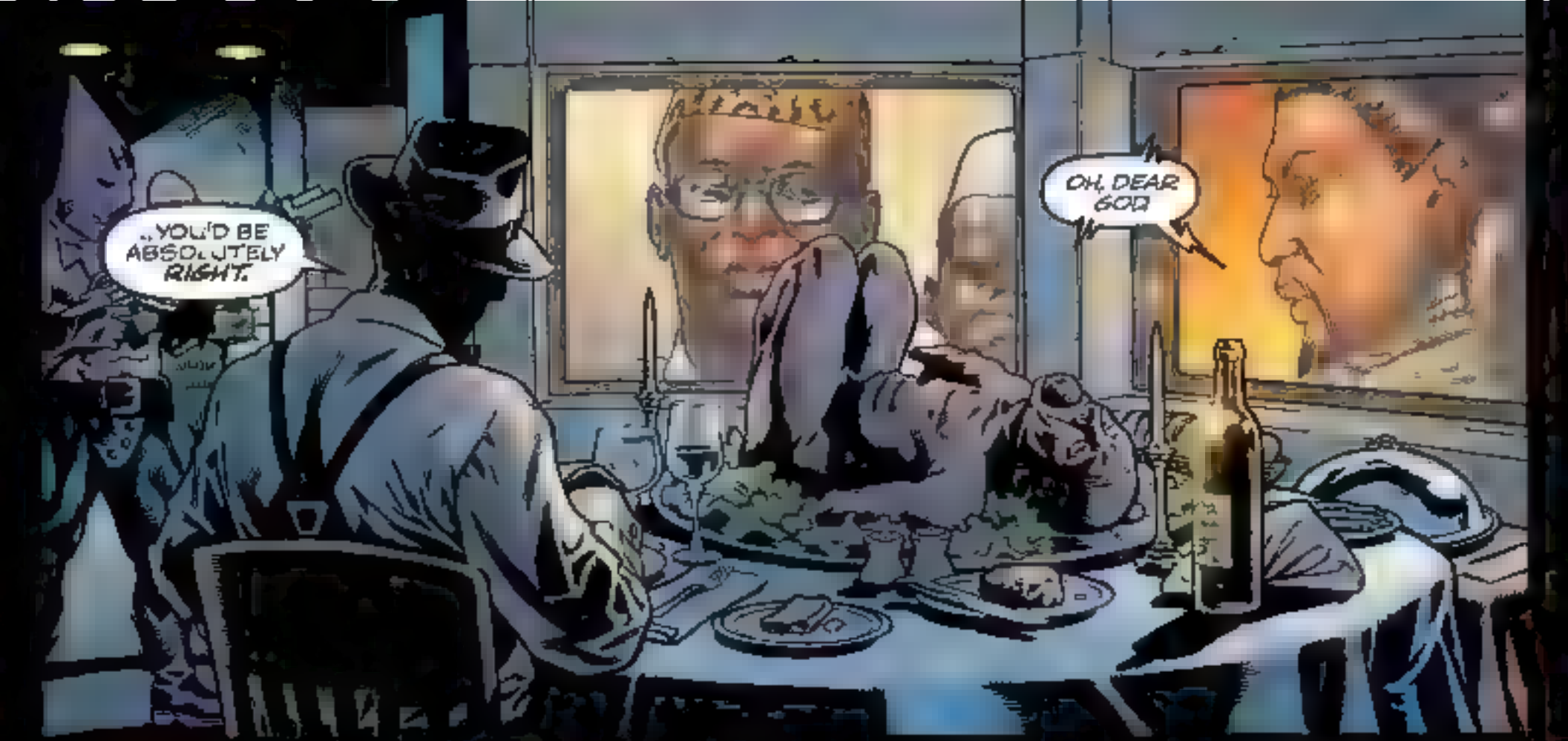
TELL THE
PROFESSOR HE'LL JUST
HAVE TO WAIT, HAKEEM. MY
SON'S VERY WEAK AND I WANT
TO BE WITH BOTH HE AND HIS
GRANDCHILDREN IN THESE FINAL
HOURS. TELL SOLOMON I SHALL
CALL HIM BACK IN THE
MORNING.

BUT IT ISN'T
THE PROFESSOR,
YOUR HIGHNESS. IT'S THE
PROFESSOR'S CODES, YES,
BUT THE GENTLEMAN IN
QUESTION APPEARS TO BE
MISTER RICTUS OF THE
AUSTRALIAN
FAMILY.

TELL HIM
I'M ON MY
WAY.

WELL, NOW,
HERE'S A SURPRISE,
EH? YOURS TRULY
CALLING ON THE
PROFESSOR'S PRIVATE
LINE? "THAT CAN ONLY
MEAN ONE THING," YOU
MUST BE THINKING TO
YOURSELF.

AND
YOU KNOW
SOMETHING,
MY WISE AND
ANCIENT
FRIEND?



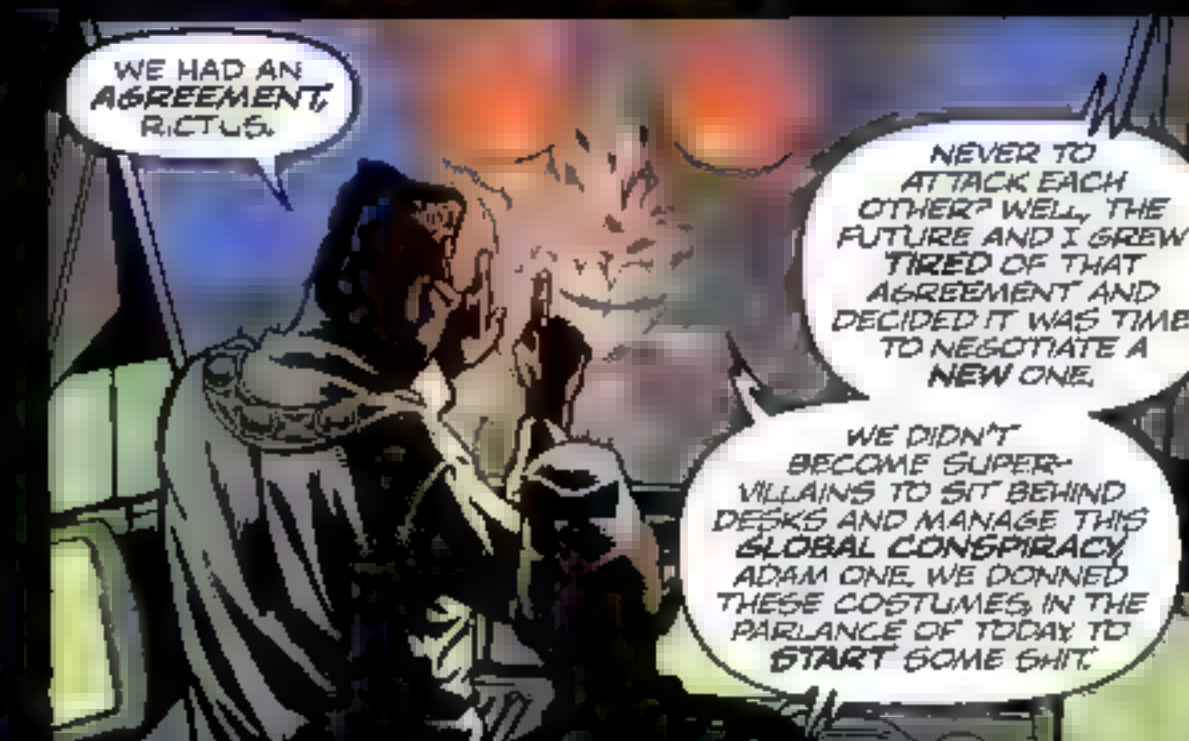
„YOU'D BE
ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT.

OH, DEAR
GOD



EMPEROR,
PLEASE, YOU MUST
HAVE KILLED A MILLION
PEOPLE *ALONE* IN YOUR
HUNDRED YEARS AND
EVEN THAT PALES
BESIDE DEAR, OLD
ADAM ONE.

WE'LL HAVE NO
PHONEY HISTORICS
FOR OUR DEAR,
DEPARTED FRIEND, IF YOU
DON'T MIND I SIMPLY MADE
A *TACTICAL DECISION* AND
THE PROFESSOR AND HIS
CREW WERE
UNFORTUNATE
CASUALTIES.



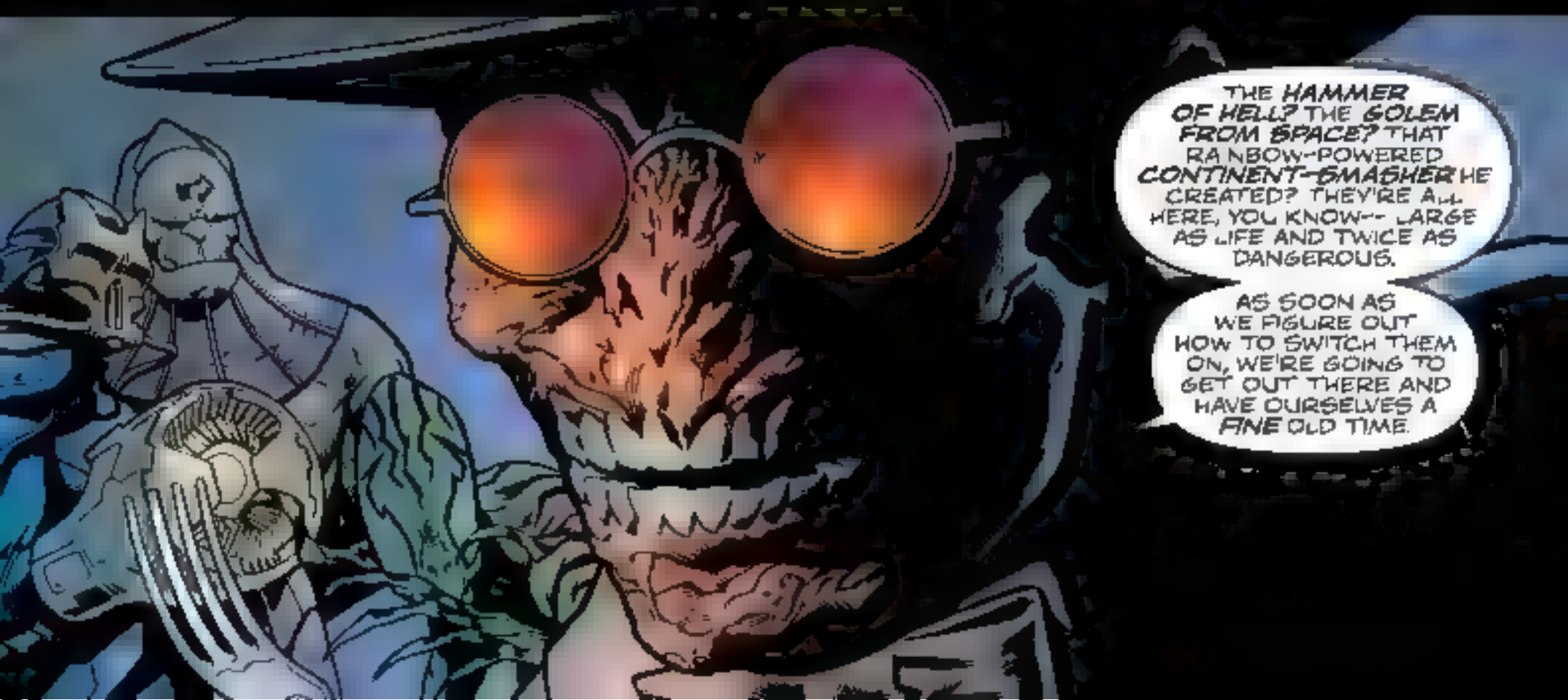
WE HAD AN
AGREEMENT,
RICTUS.

NEVER TO
ATTACK EACH
OTHER? WELL, THE
FUTURE AND I GREW
TIRED OF THAT
AGREEMENT AND
DECIDED IT WAS TIME
TO NEGOTIATE A
NEW ONE.

WE DIDN'T
BECOME SUPER-
VILLAINS TO SIT BEHIND
DESKS AND MANAGE THIS
GLOBAL CONSPIRACY.
ADAM ONE, WE DROPPED
THESE COSTUMES IN THE
PARLANCE OF TODAY TO
START SOME SHIT.



OH MY GOD
I'VE JUST
REALIZED... THIS
MEANS YOU'VE GOT
ACCESS TO ALL THE
PROFESSOR'S OLD
SUPER-
WEAPONS...



THE HAMMER
OF HELL? THE GOLEM
FROM SPACE? THAT
RAINBOW-POWERED
CONTINENT-SMASHER HE
CREATED? THEY'RE ALL
HERE, YOU KNOW-- LARGE
AS LIFE AND TWICE AS
DANGEROUS.

AS SOON AS
WE FIGURE OUT
HOW TO SWITCH THEM
ON, WE'RE GOING TO
GET OUT THERE AND
HAVE OURSELVES A
FINE OLD TIME.



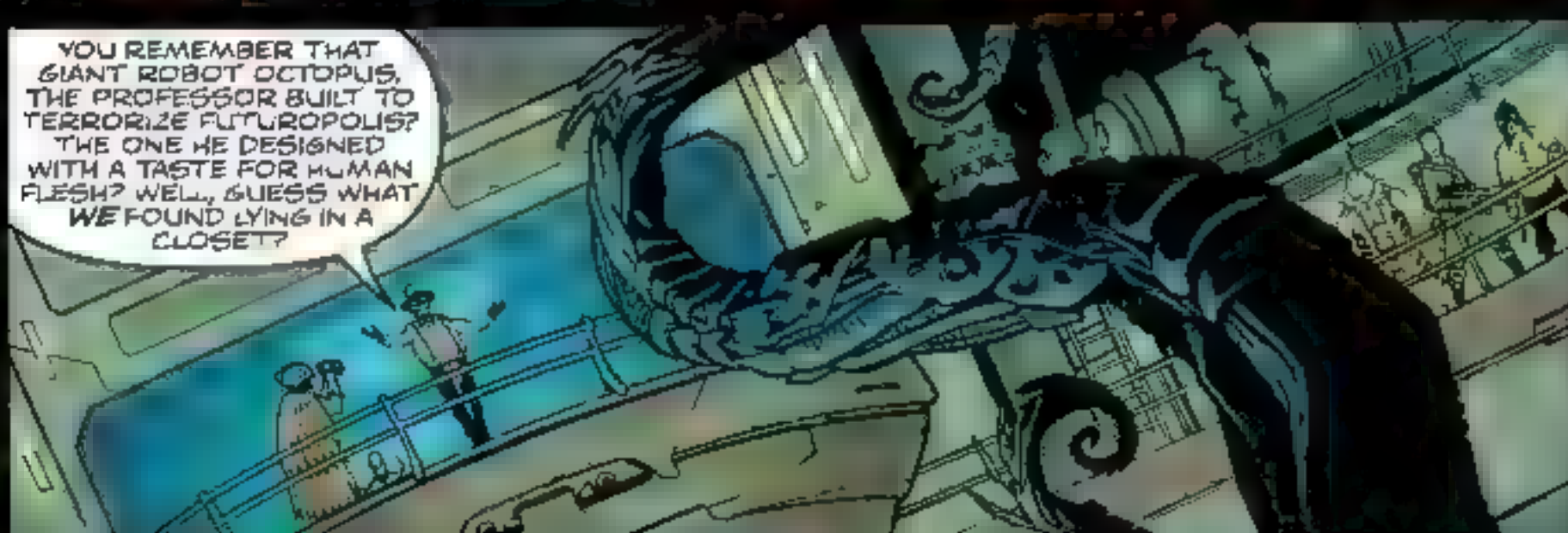
AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE **DYNAMIC DOUBLE-ACT** UP THERE, MISTER RICTUS? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES...

GOD, YOU'RE RIGHT IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, I ALMOST FORGOT, AVIAN, BRING THE CAMERA OVER HERE THE EMPEROR USED TO FIGHT THESE GUYS TOO, SO HE SHOULD REALLY GET A KICK OUT OF THIS.



WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT **IS** THAT THING?

SOMETHING WE HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE WE MADE THE WORLD MORE **REALISTIC**, MY FRIEND... A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED, SUPER-VILLAIN DEATH-TRAP.



YOU REMEMBER THAT GIANT ROBOT OCTOPUS, THE PROFESSOR BUILT TO TERRORIZE FUTUROPOLIS? THE ONE HE DESIGNED WITH A TASTE FOR HUMAN FLESH? WELL, GUESS WHAT WE FOUND LYING IN A CLOSET?



AND, OF COURSE, WHAT DEATH-TRAP WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A COUPLE OF SUPERHEROES TIED UP AND TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF OBLIVION?

PLEASE! YOU'RE MAKING A **TERRIBLE MISTAKE** HERE! THERE'S NO SUCH **THING** AS REAL LIFE SUPERHEROES! WE'RE JUST ACTORS WHO PLAYED THEM IN AN OLD TV SHOW!



THE
DETECTIVE...

AND HIS OLD
TEEN SIDEKICK TOO.
MY ORIENTAL CHUM.
UNFORTUNATELY, THEY
DON'T REMEMBER WHO THEY
ARE ANYMORE, BUT THAT
DOESN'T MEAN THIS STILL
CAN'T BE FUN. THAT
DOESN'T MEAN THEY'LL
BLEED ANY LESS.

WOULD YOU
CARE TO DO
THE HONORS,
PUZZLER?



TWELVE DOWN
AND THREE
ACROSS: WHAT
SEVEN-LETTER FORMER
FOE HAS WAITED
TWENTY YEARS TO
ICE YOU TWO FAT
FAGGOTS?



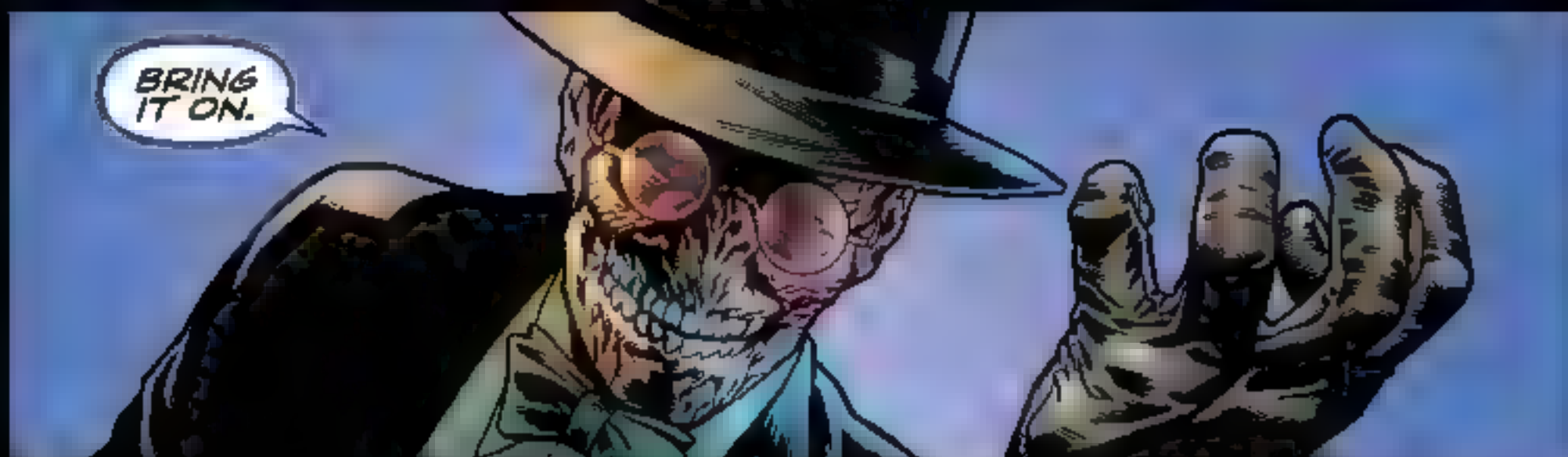
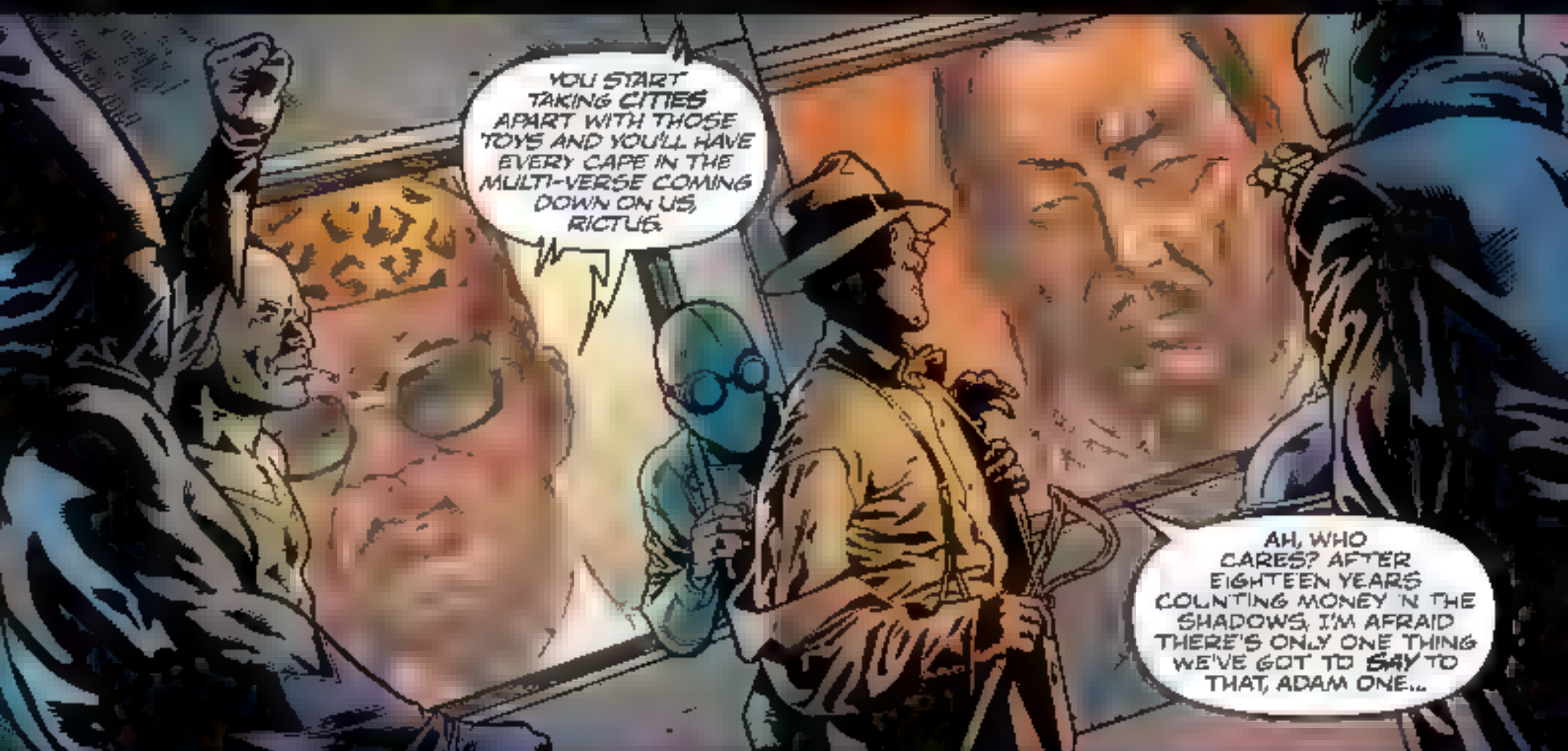
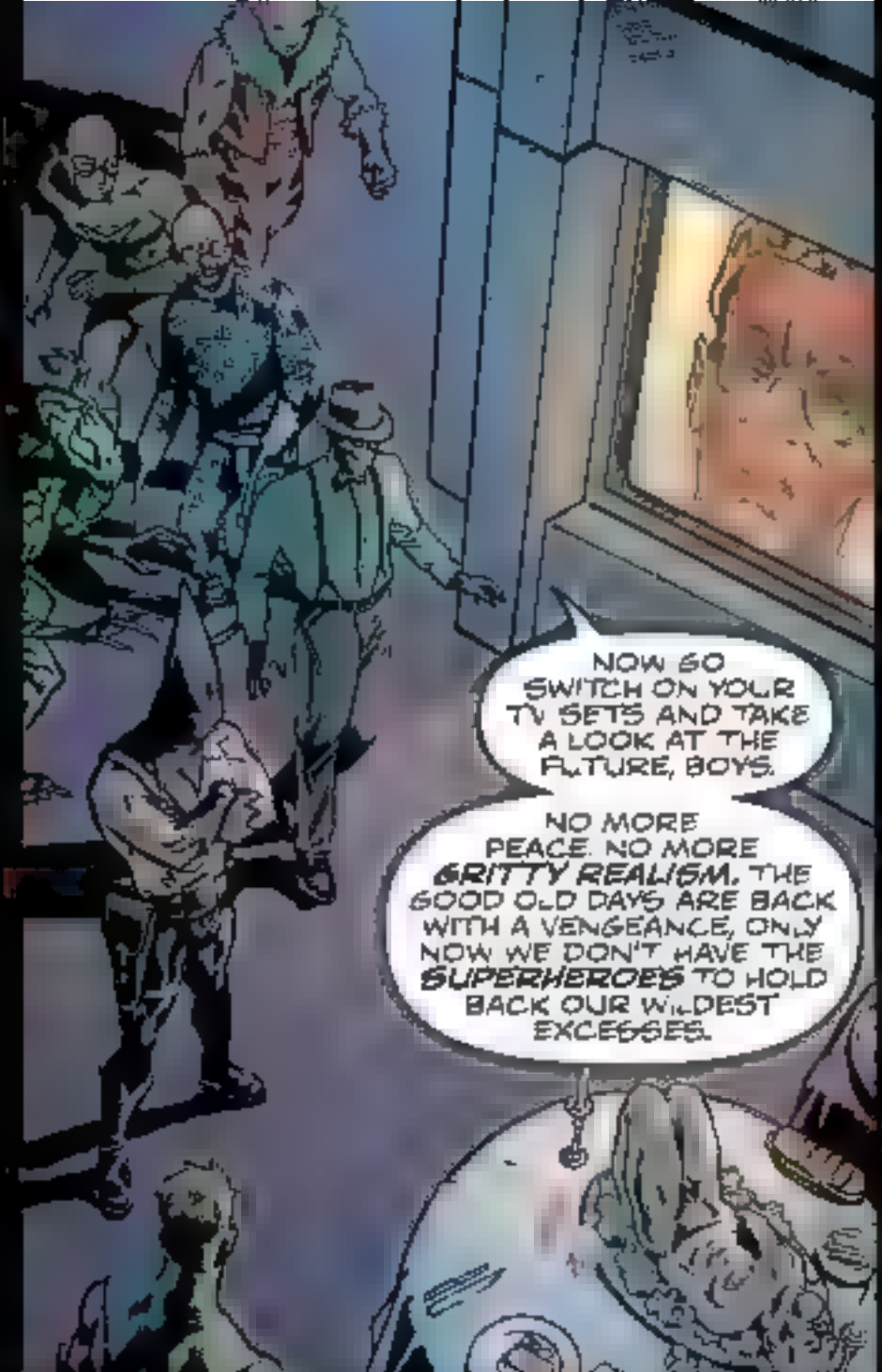
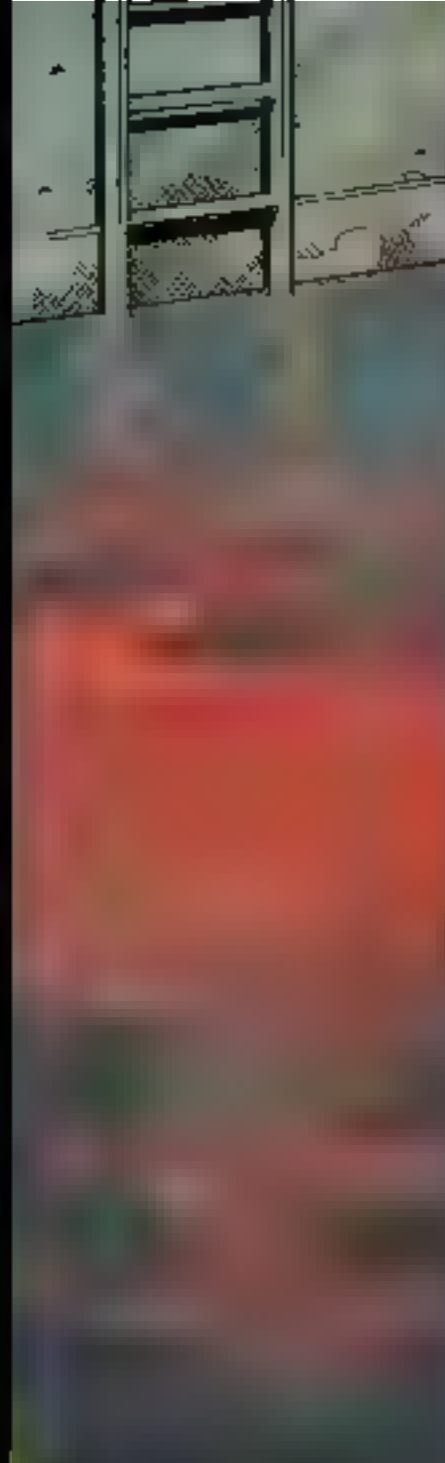
PLEASE! FOR
GOD'S SAKE!
SOMEBODY
HELP US!



JESUS!



YOU WERE
THE SCARIEST
MAN ALIVE ONE TIME.
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?
THE SCARIEST MAN
ALIVE, AND ALL THEY'LL
REMEMBER YOU FOR IS
THE CORNY JOKES AND
THOSE SILLY NYLON
TIGHTS.



DOWNTOWN
NEW YORK.

LOOK AT
THIS PLACE. IT'S
BEAUTIFUL.

YOU'VE NO IDEA
HOW **LIBERATING** IT
FEELS JUST TO LET
THESE GITS RUN WILD
AGAIN, FUTURE.

HOW DID WE LET
THEM TALK US INTO
RESTRAINING OURSELVES
ALL THOSE YEARS? HOW
COULD WE HAVE BEEN
SATISFIED WITH THOSE TINY,
LITTLE **DEATH-TOLLS** AND
PRACTICING IN
PRIVATE?

IT'S THE **JEW**
I WANTED MOST. I
TOLD THEM I COULD
SUFFER THE BLACKS AND
THE CHINKS, BUT THEY
PROMISED ME THE **JEW**
BACK IN EIGHTY-SIX.
TREACHEROUS, BLOODY
BASTARDS...

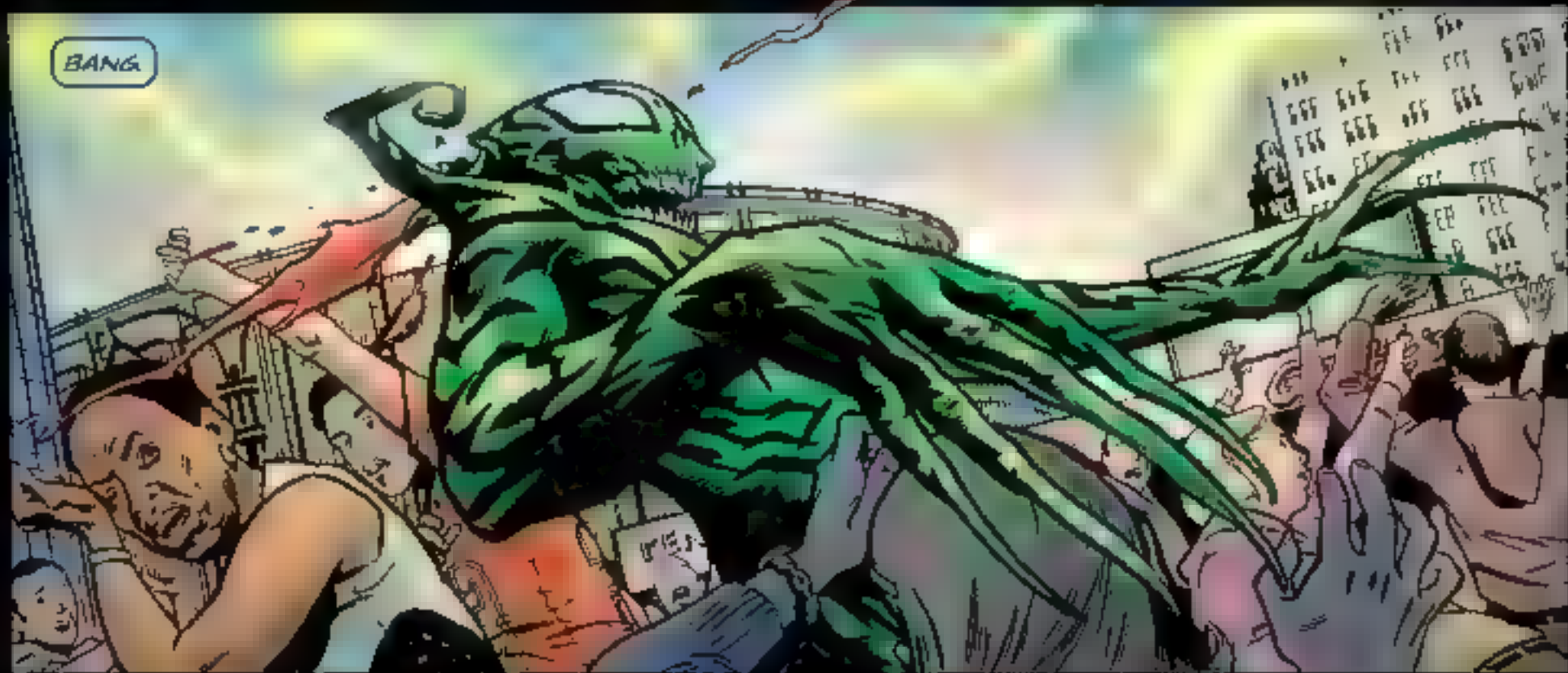
WE'LL LOOK ON
THE **BRIGHT** SIDE,
DARLING...

MORE TO
PLAY WITH **NOW**,
MMM?

NIGHTSHADE!

BANG

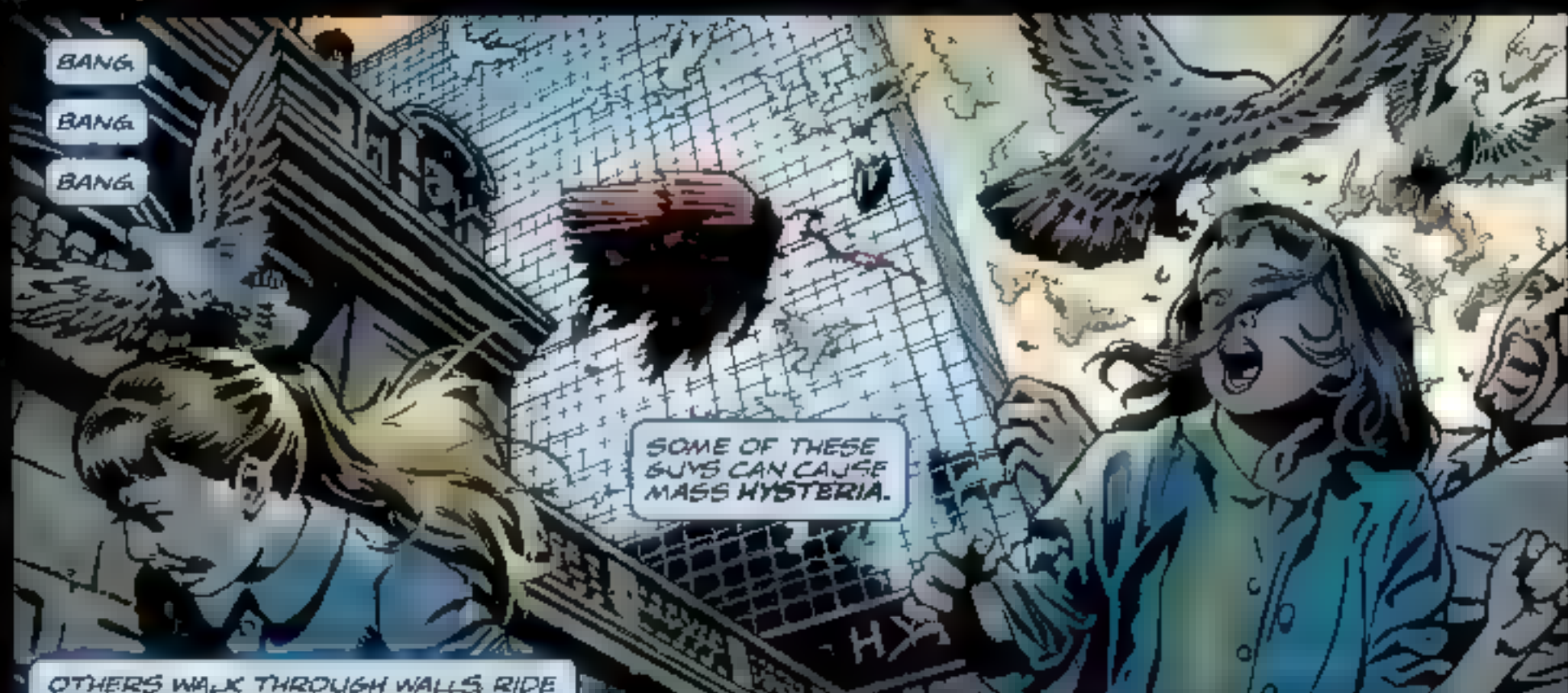
BANG



BANG

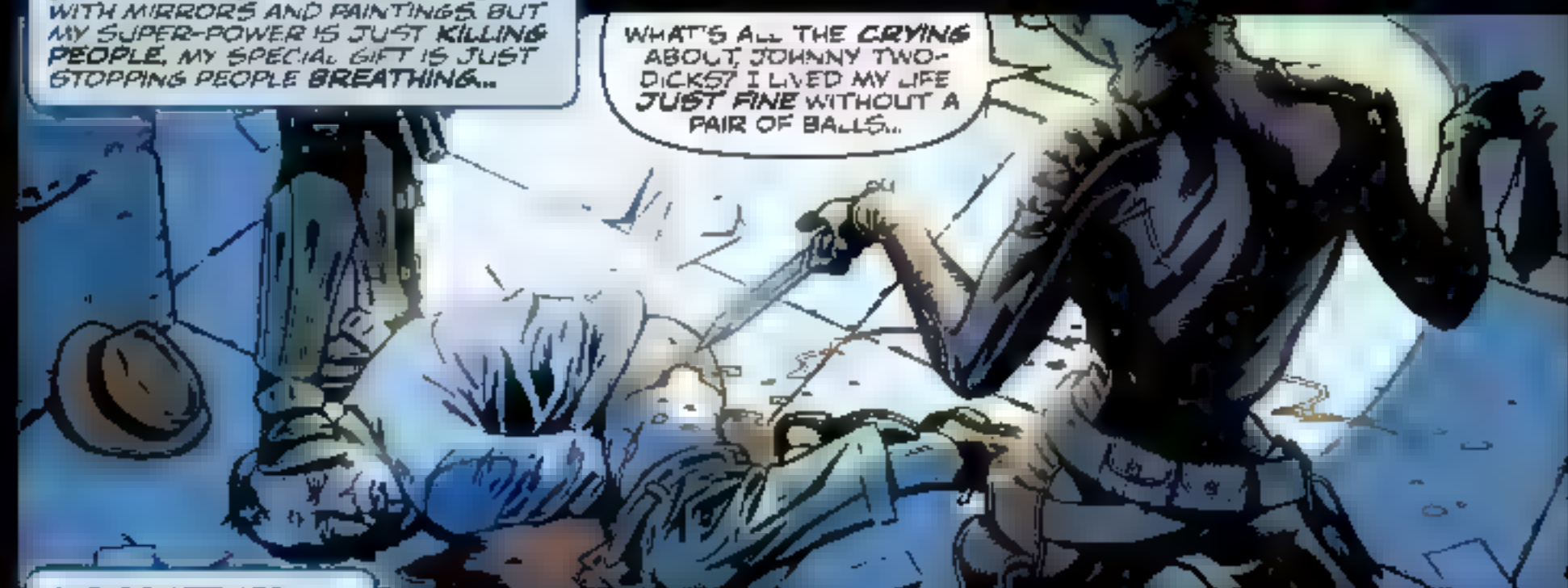
BANG

BANG

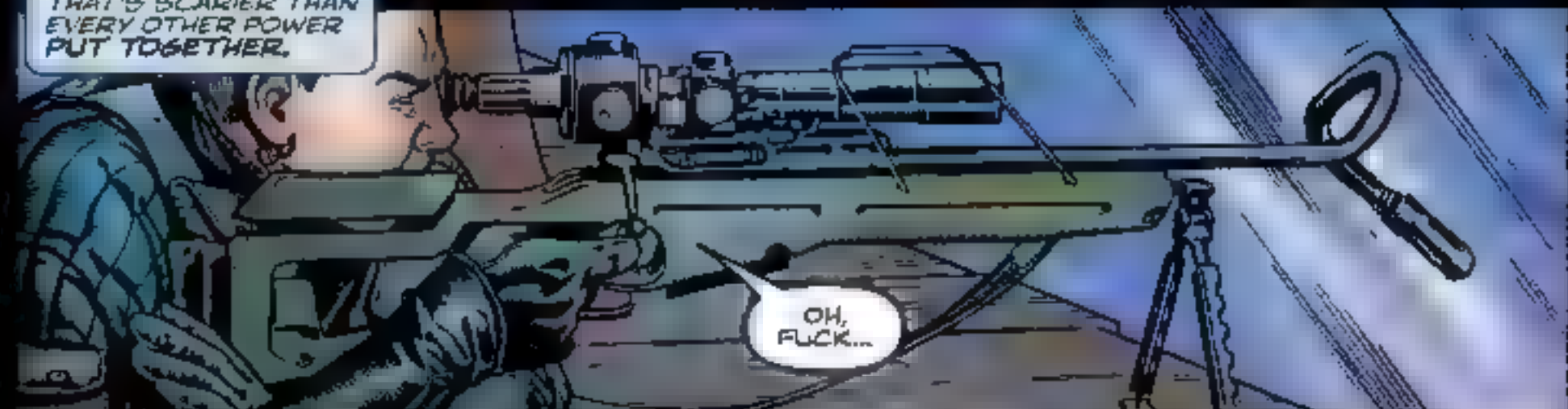


OTHERS WALK THROUGH WALLS, RIDE SOUND-WAVES OR DO FREAKY SHIT WITH MIRRORS AND PAINTINGS. BUT MY SUPER-POWER IS JUST KILLING PEOPLE, MY SPECIAL GIFT IS JUST STOPPING PEOPLE BREATHING...

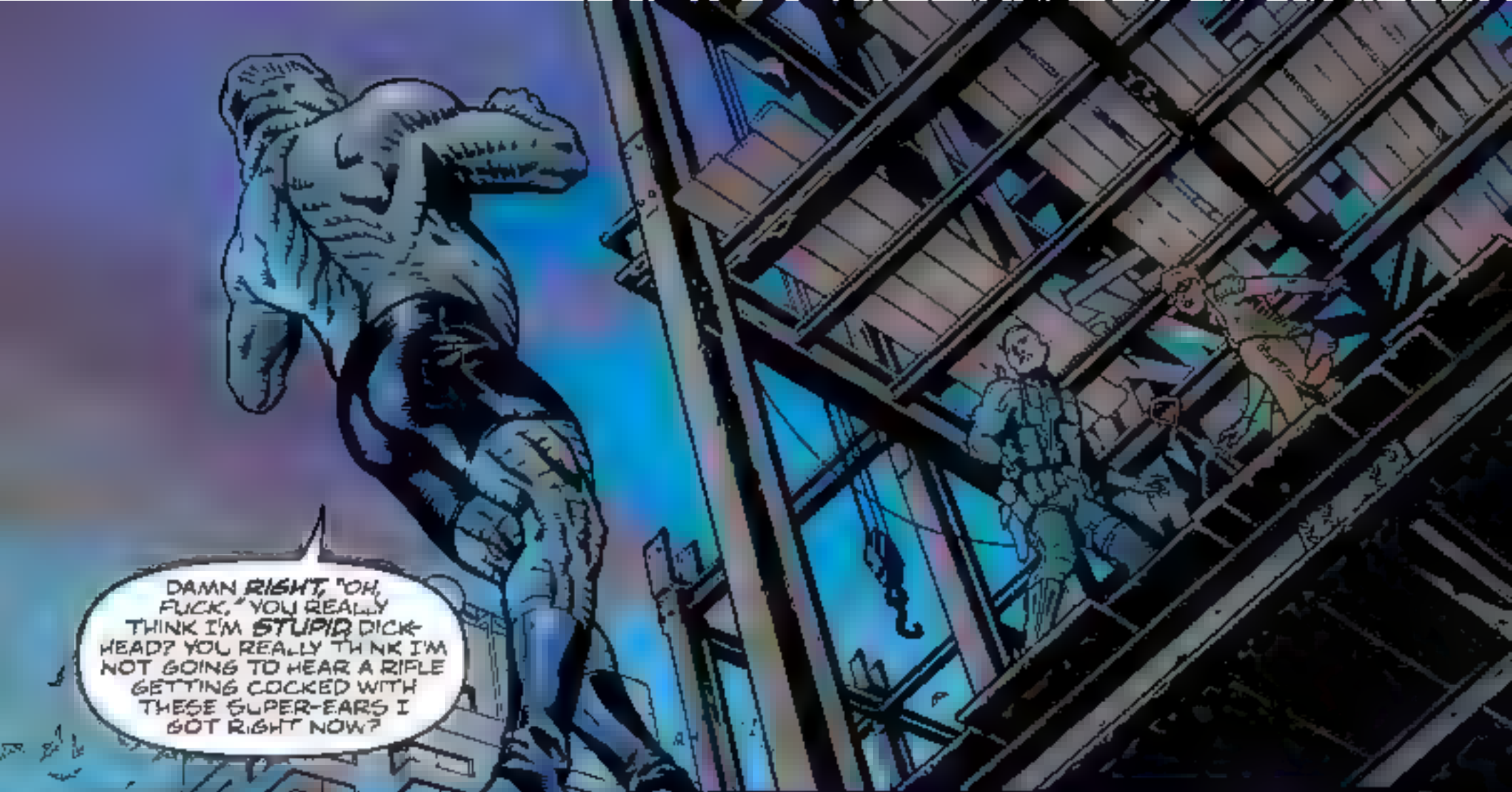
WHAT'S ALL THE CRYING ABOUT, JOHNNY TWO-DICK? I LIVED MY LIFE JUST FINE WITHOUT A PAIR OF BALLS...



AND SOMETIMES THAT'S SCARIER THAN EVERY OTHER POWER PUT TOGETHER.



OH, FUCK...



DAMN RIGHT, "OH, FUCK," YOU REALLY THINK I'M **STUPID** DICK-HEAD? YOU REALLY THINK I'M NOT GOING TO HEAR A RIFLE GETTING COCKED WITH THESE SUPER-EARS I GOT RIGHT NOW?



FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS I GOT EVERY SUPER-POWER **FUCKWIT** WAS PACKING AND THAT MEANS YOU TWO ARE FUCKING **DOG FOOD** MAN. THAT NUCLEAR BULLET YOU HAD IN THERE AIN'T MUCH USE NOW, **WUH?**



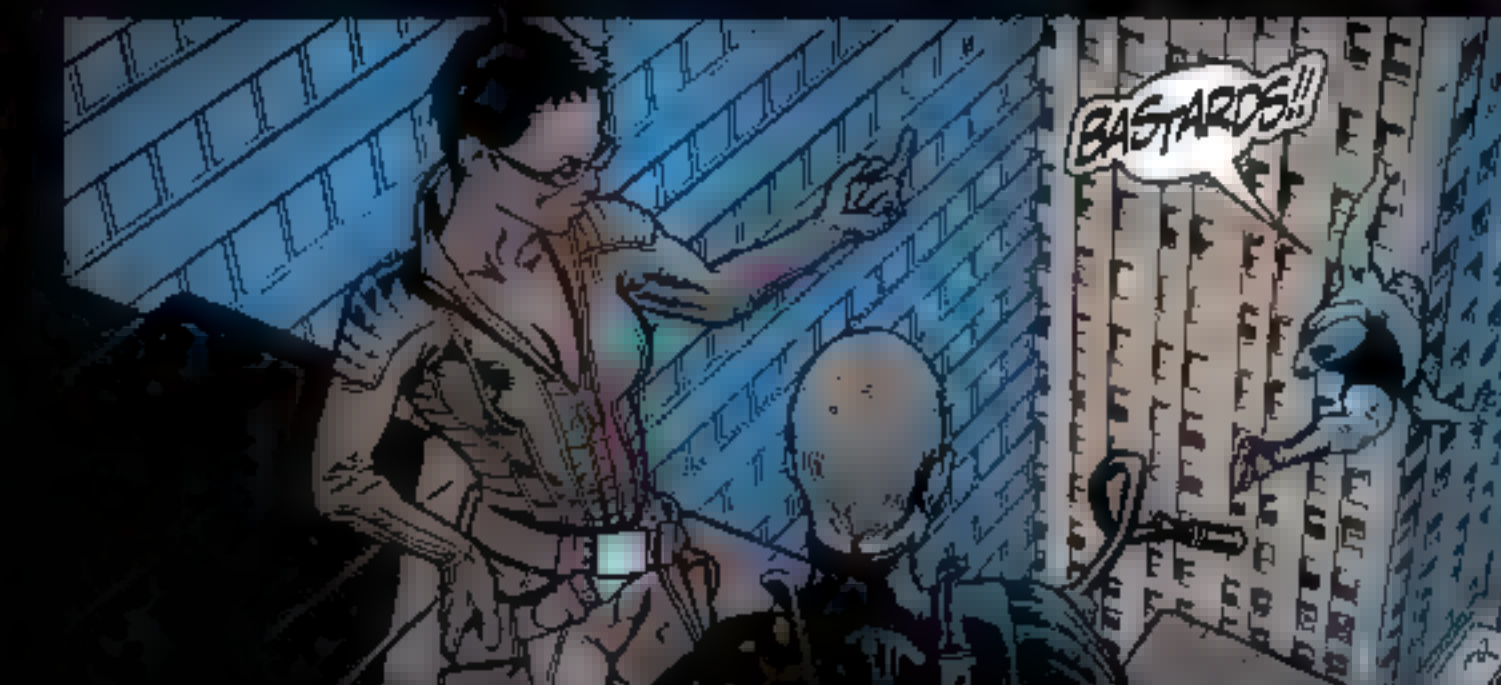
YOU STEAL **FUCKWIT'S** I.Q. OR SOMETHING WHEN YOU SIPHONED OFF HIS SUPER-POWERS, **SUCKER?**



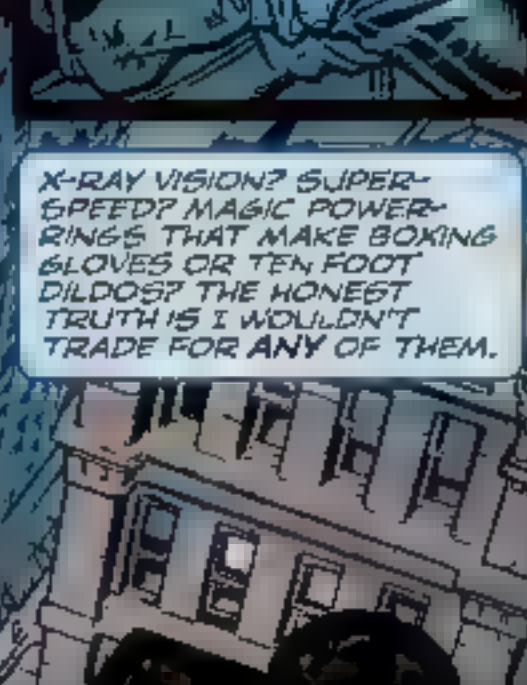
THE **FUCK** ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, **BITCH?**



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WAS UP HALF A SECOND AGO.



BASTARDS!!!



X-RAY VISION? SUPER-SPEED? MAGIC POWER-RINGS THAT MAKE BOXING GLOVES OR TEN FOOT **DILDOS**? THE HONEST TRUTH IS I WOULDN'T TRADE FOR ANY OF THEM.

THE RATS ARE
RUNNING SCARED..

RELAX. IT'S JUST
A PRECAUTION. MISTER
RICTUS JUST WANTED US TO
REGROUP SO WE COULD MAKE
PROPER PLANS AND THEN **NAIL**
THESE TWO FUCKERS. WE'LL BE
DOWN THERE **OURSELVES** IN
FIFTEEN MINUTES.

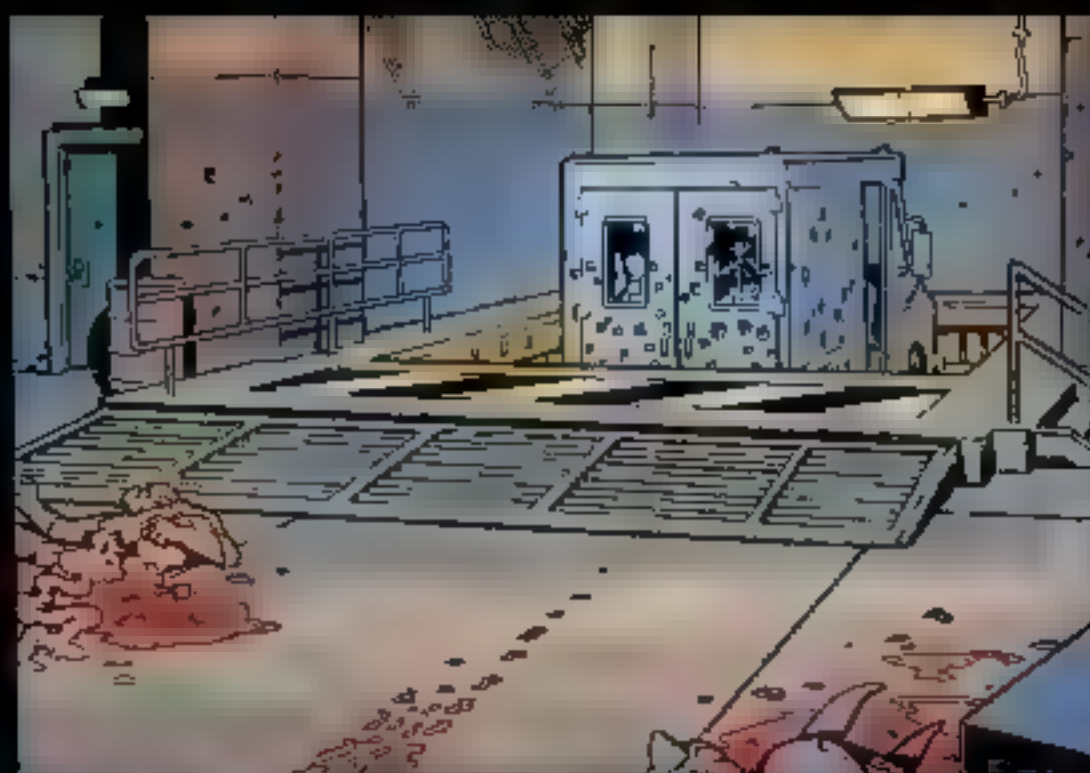
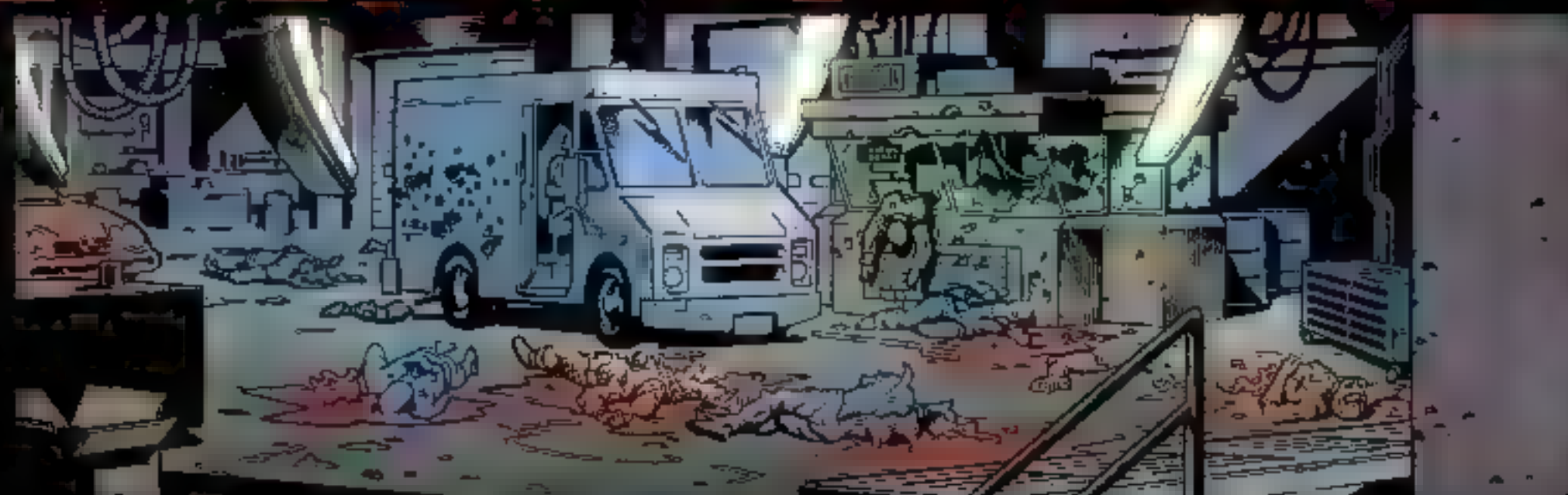
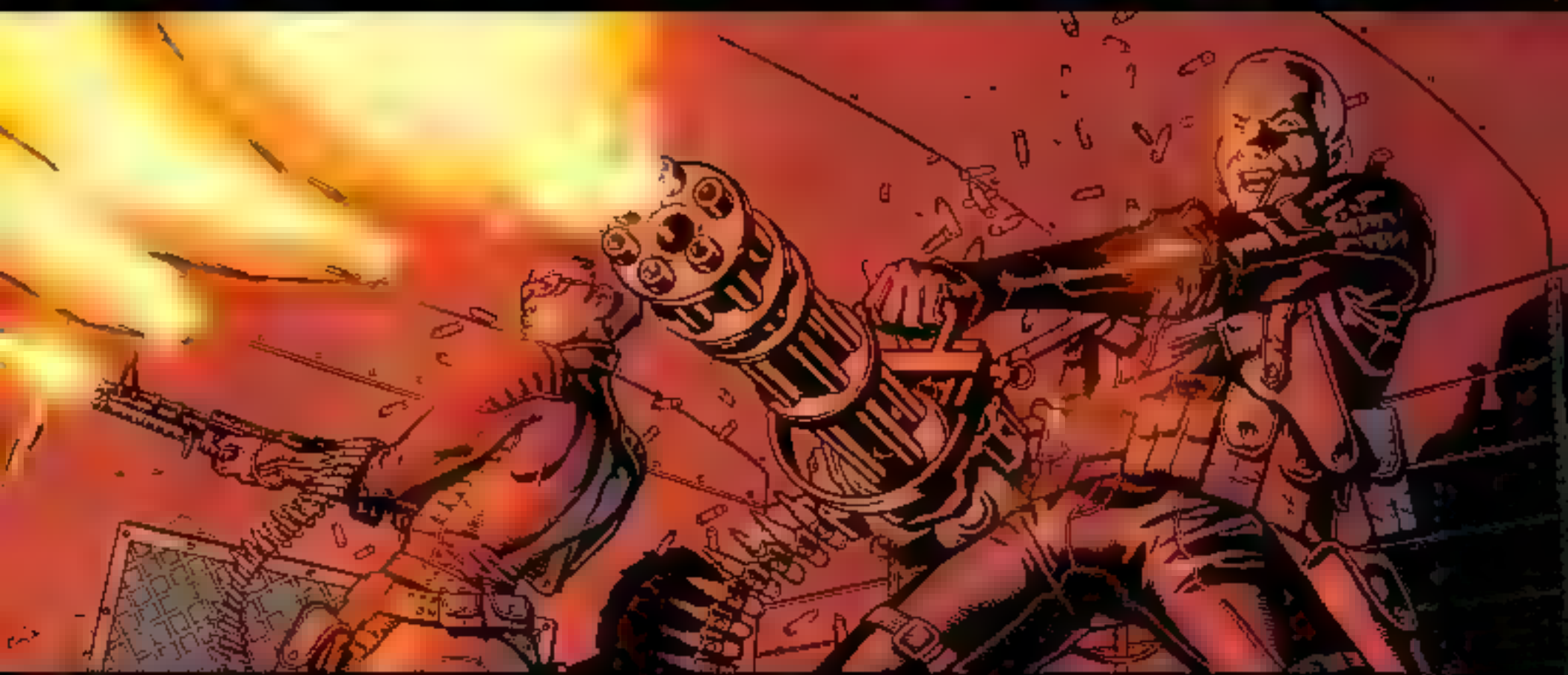
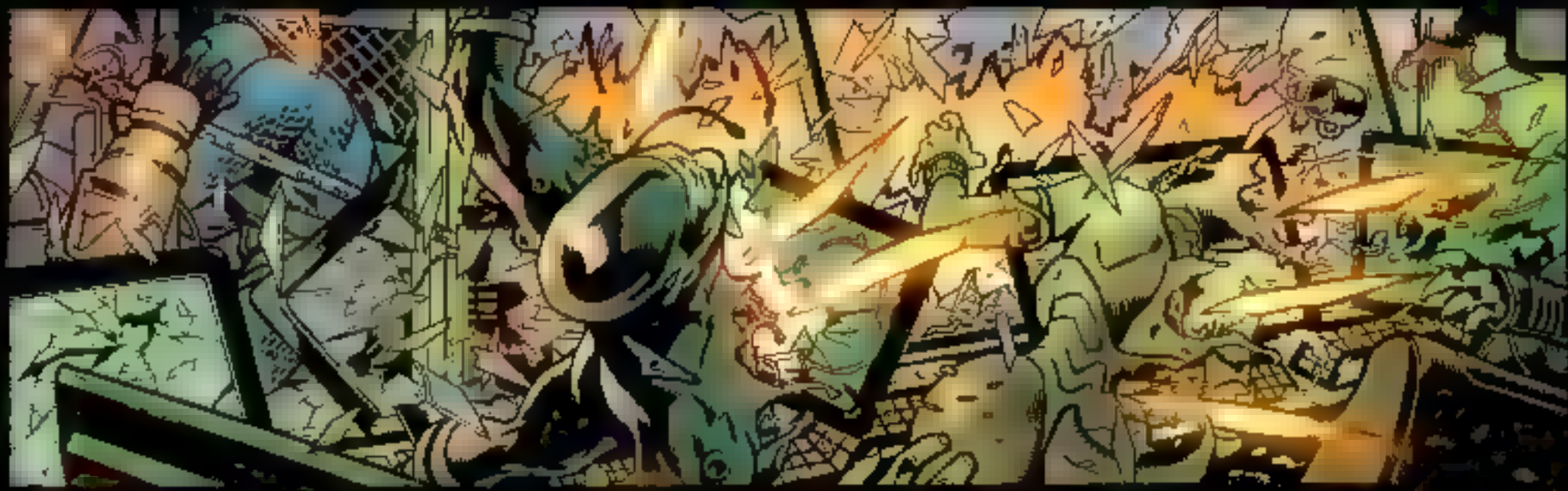
NEXT:

HEY, GUYS.
HOW'S IT
GOING? SIT TIGHT
FOR A SEC WHILE
THE BOYS RUN
X-RAYS AND DNA.
HUH?

WHAT'D YOU
MAKE OF THIS
FREAKY SHIT? EIGHTEEN
YEARS WE WAIT FOR A
CHANCE TO GO NUTS
AND NOW THIS CRAP
HAPPENS.

THIS IS JUST
SO GODDAMN
TYPICAL...

WHAT THE
FUCK IS ON
THAT X-RAY
SCHULTZ?



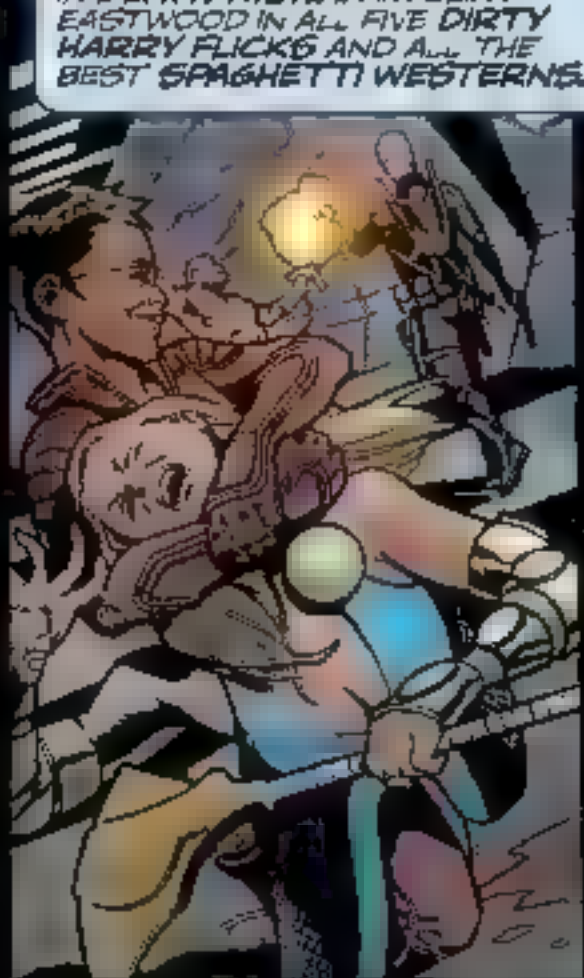


CALLING ALL
SUPER-FUCKS!
CALLING ALL SUPER-
FUCKS! YOUR NEW BASE
IS UNDER ASSAULT! YOUR
NEW BASE IS UNDER
ASSAULT! GET OFF YOUR
ASSES AND DO
SOMETHING!

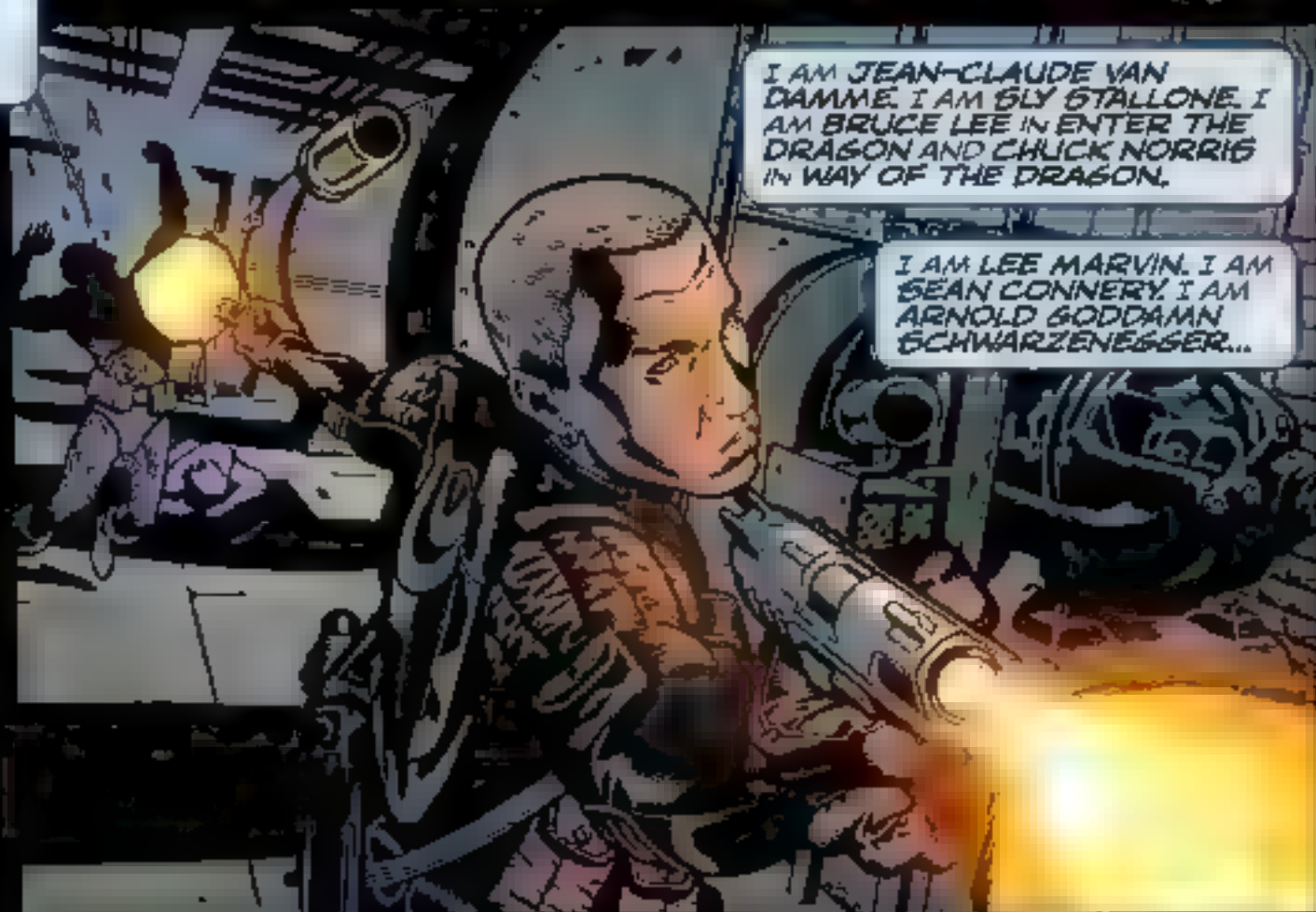


LIKE WHAT? STOP A KNIFE
WITH YOUR THROATS?
SLOW A BULLET WITH YOUR
SPINTERED CRANIUMS?

YOU PEOPLE ARE JUST
MOVING TARGETS FOR
ME NOW, A SCREAMING
FAIRGROUND SHOOTING
GALLERY WITH LITTLE HEADS
THAT BURST LIKE COCONUTS.



I AM JOHN WAYNE IN TRUE
GRIT. I AM CHARLES BRONSON
IN DEATH WISH. I AM CLINT
EASTWOOD IN ALL FIVE DIRTY
HARRY FLICKS AND ALL THE
BEST SPAGHETTI WESTERNS.



I AM JEAN-CLAUDE VAN
DAMME. I AM GY STALLONE. I
AM BRUCE LEE IN ENTER THE
DRAGON AND CHUCK NORRIS
IN WAY OF THE DRAGON.

I AM LEE MARVIN. I AM
SEAN CONNERY. I AM
ARNOLD GODDAMN
SCHWARZENESSER...



...AND YOU,
MY FRIEND
ARE FUCKED.



HELLO,
WESLEY.

LOOKING
FOR ME?

OH SHIT.



EIGHTEEN YEARS WE WAITED. EIGHTEEN YEARS TO GET OUT THERE AND HAVE A GOOD TIME AND YOU HAD TO GO AND SCREW IT UP FOR ALL YOUR BROTHER SUPERVILLAINS!

DROP THE GUNS NOW AND YOU HAVE MY WORD THIS WON'T GET ANY WORSE THAN PAINFUL!



YOU HEAR ME, WESLEY? I SAID DROP THE FUCKING GUNS, BOY!

YOU CAN TAKE 'EM, WES. THIS IS EVERYTHING I TRAINED YOU UP FOR, HONEY. YOU CAN TAKE THESE SONS OF BITCHES.

NO, I CAN'T. NO, I CAN'T. OH, FUCK HOW THE HELL DID I EVER GET TALKED INTO THIS BULLSHIT? HOW THE HELL DID I END UP IN HERE?



I'M A WHEEZY ASTHMATIC MOMMY'S BOY. I COLLECTED NINJA TURTLE FIGURES. I JERK OFF TO MUSIC VIDEOS, COMIC-BOOKS AND LINGERIE CATALOGUES. I HAD A SEVEN-FIGURE SONIC HIGH SCORE.

I DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THIS. I WATCH OTHER PEOPLE DO THINGS LIKE THIS ON TV EVERY NIGHT. I THREW MY FIRST PUNCH AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR. I HAVE NEVER EVEN PLAYED BASKETBALL...

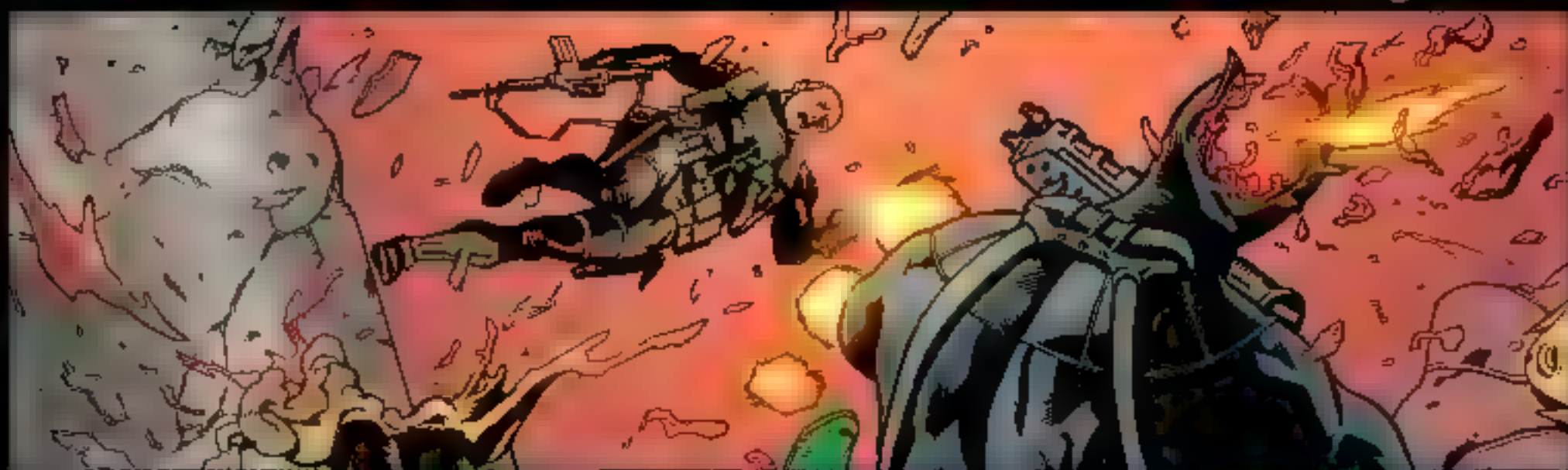
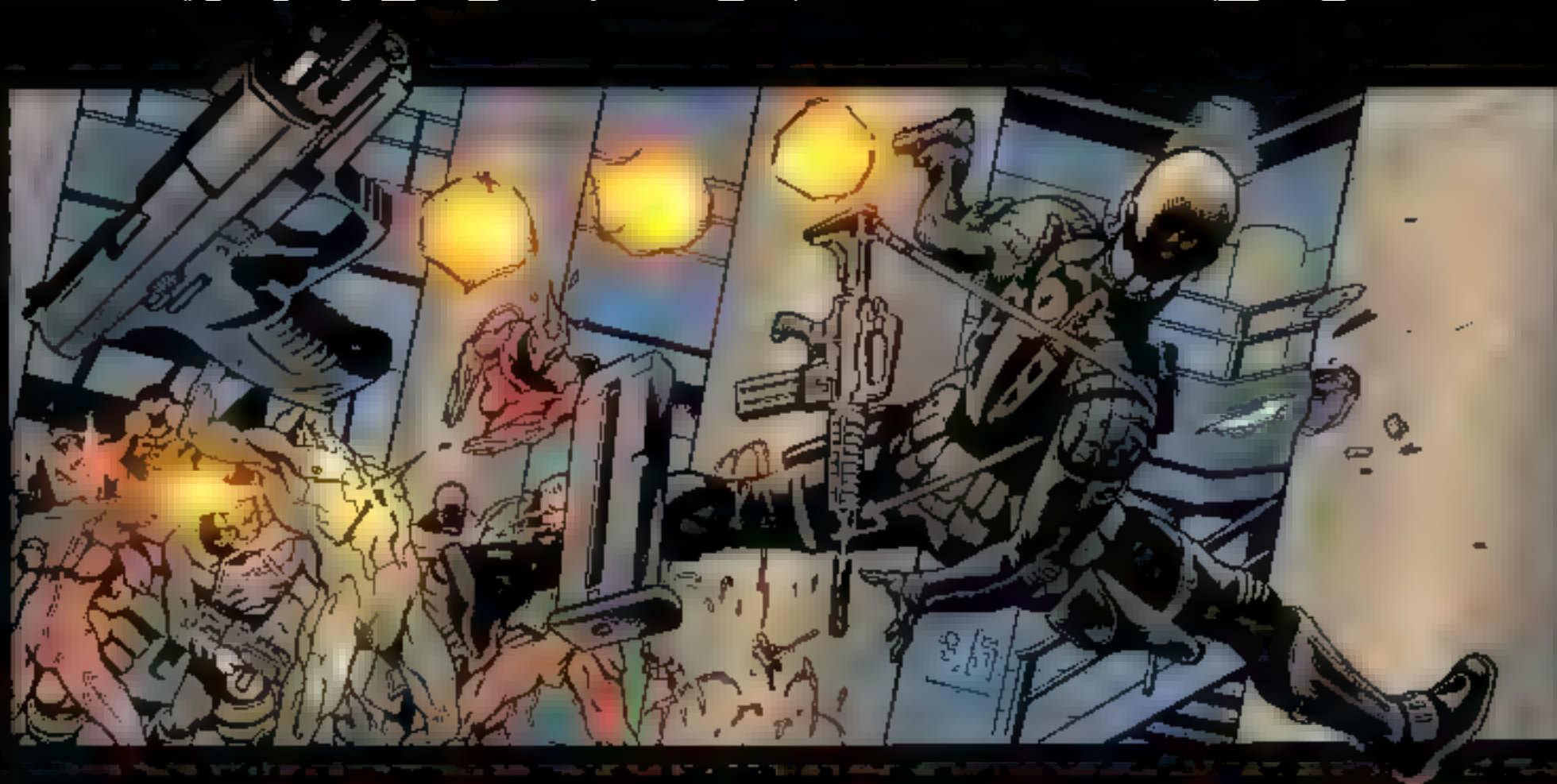
MY MOM DIED THINKING I WAS GAY.

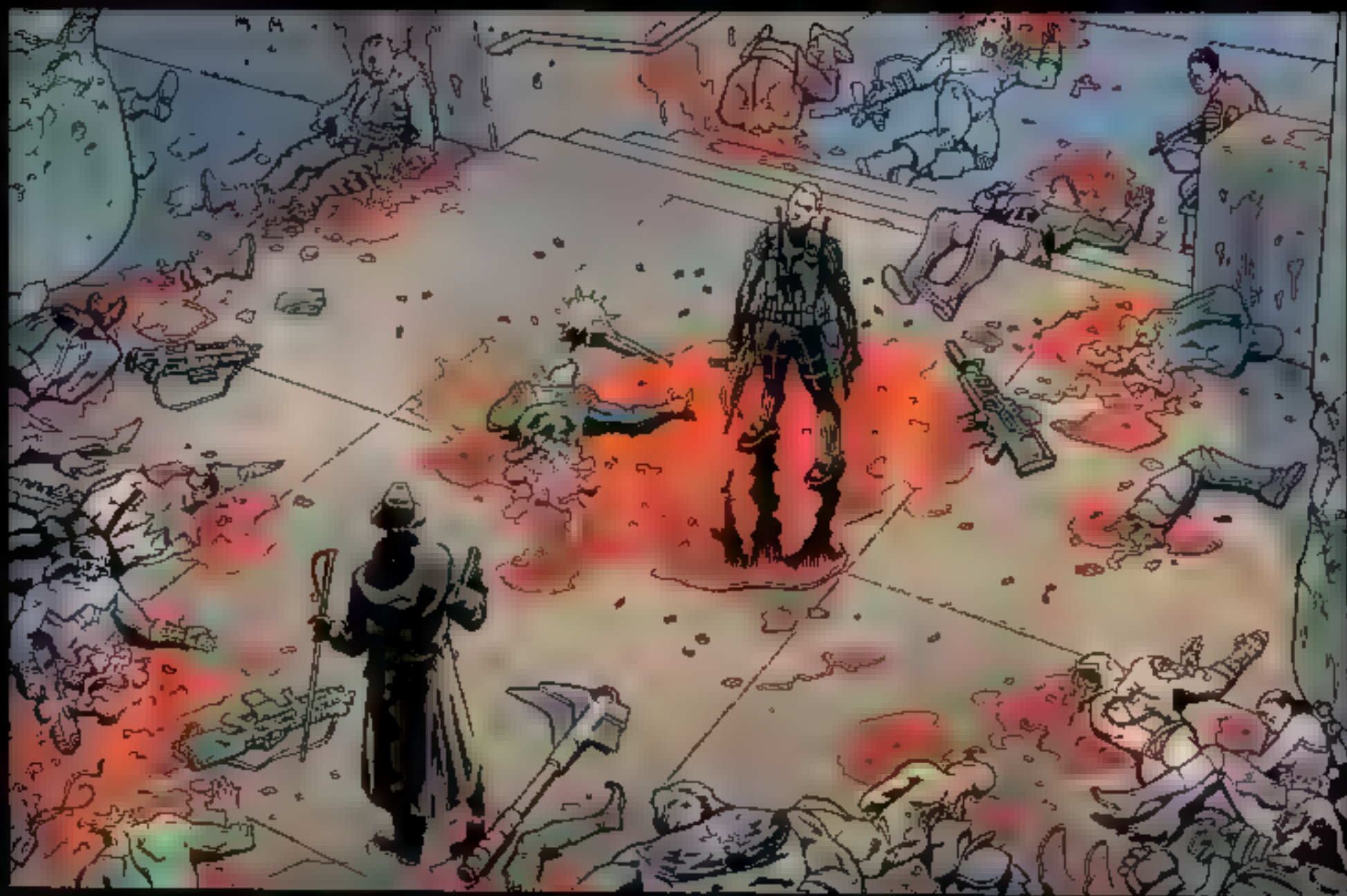


OH FUCK...

KILL THE COCK SUCK—





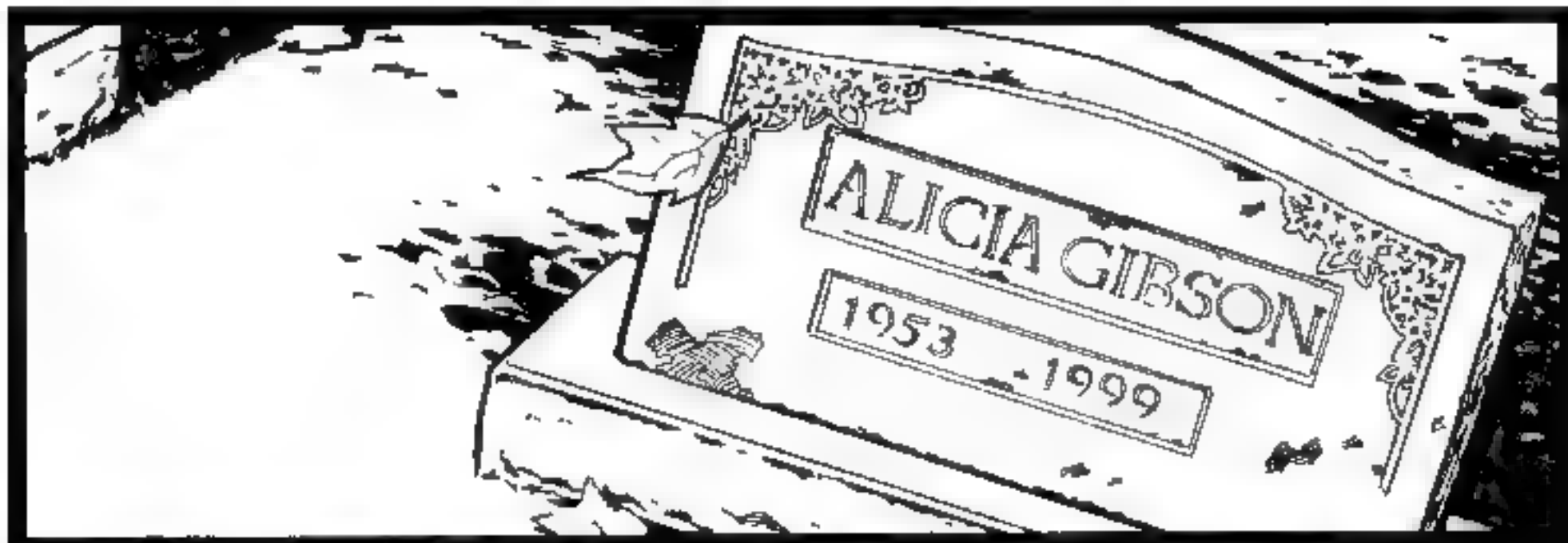






I THINK I OWE
YOU SOMETHING
OF AN
EXPLANATION,
MMM?







DEAD OR ALIVE

Written by: Mark Miller

Penciled and Inked by: J.C. Jones

Colored by: Paul Mounts

Flashback sequences pgs 8-10

Penciled and Inked by: Nick Giordano

Lettered by: Brewer Design's

Robin Spier &
Bonnie Meisler





THE
GUY'S FOR
REAL,
MAN.

WHAT?

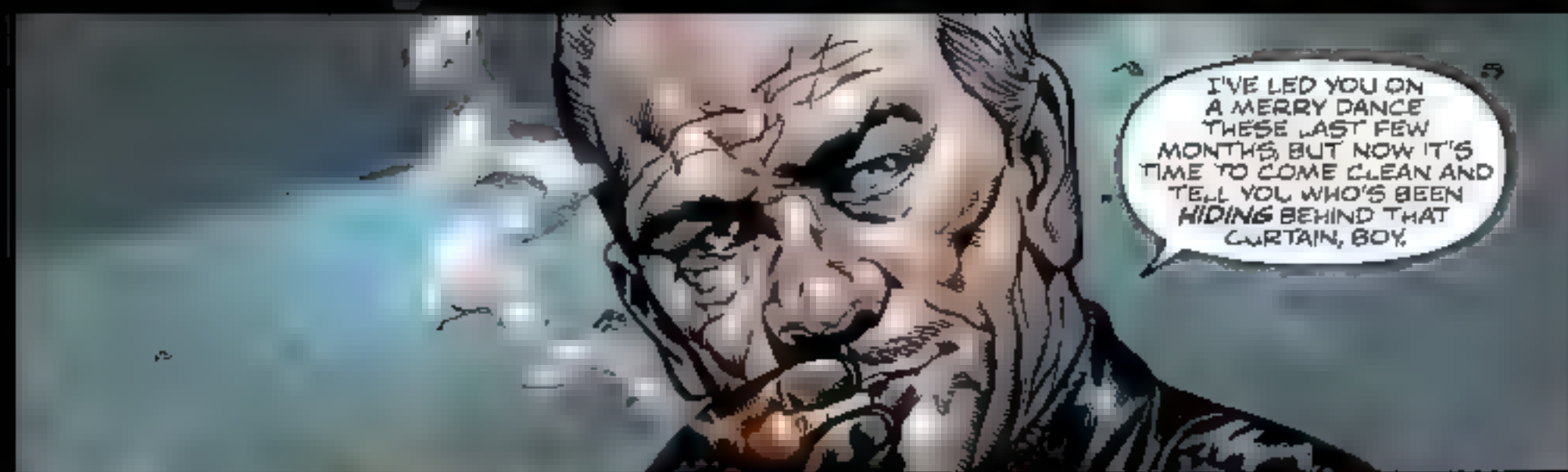
I HOPE YOU DON'T
THINK I'M TOO MUCH OF
A **DISAPPOINTMENT**,
WESLEY. I'VE REALLY BEEN
TRYING TO WATCH WHAT
I'VE BEEN **EATING** THESE
LAST FEW WEEKS.

NO SUGAR, NO DAIRY,
NO REFINED
CARBOHYDRATES...



WHAT THE
FUCK IS HE
TALKING
ABOUT?

I THINK HE'S
TRYING TO **LIGHTEN**
THE **ATMOSPHERE**
A LITTLE.

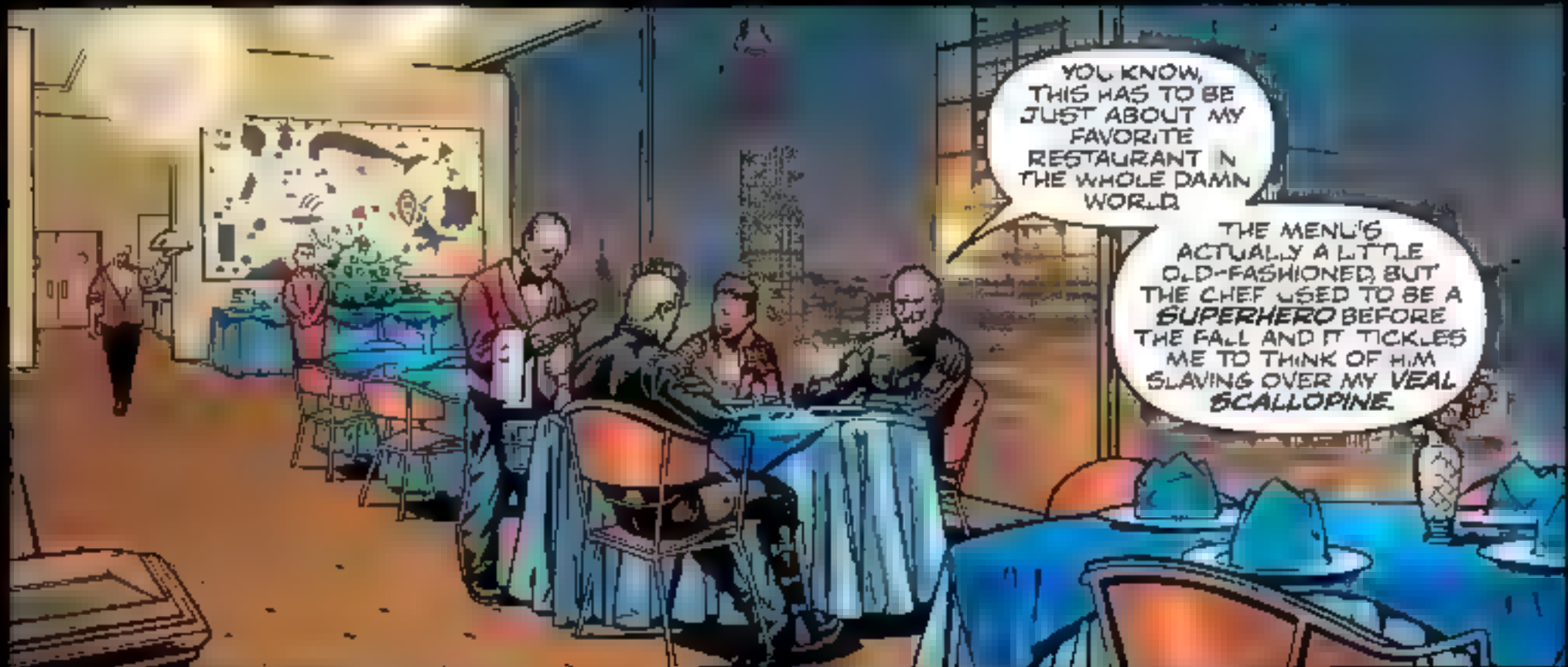


I'VE LED YOU ON
A MERRY DANCE
THESE LAST FEW
MONTHS, BUT NOW IT'S
TIME TO COME CLEAN AND
TELL YOU WHO'S BEEN
HIDING BEHIND THAT
CURTAIN, BOY.



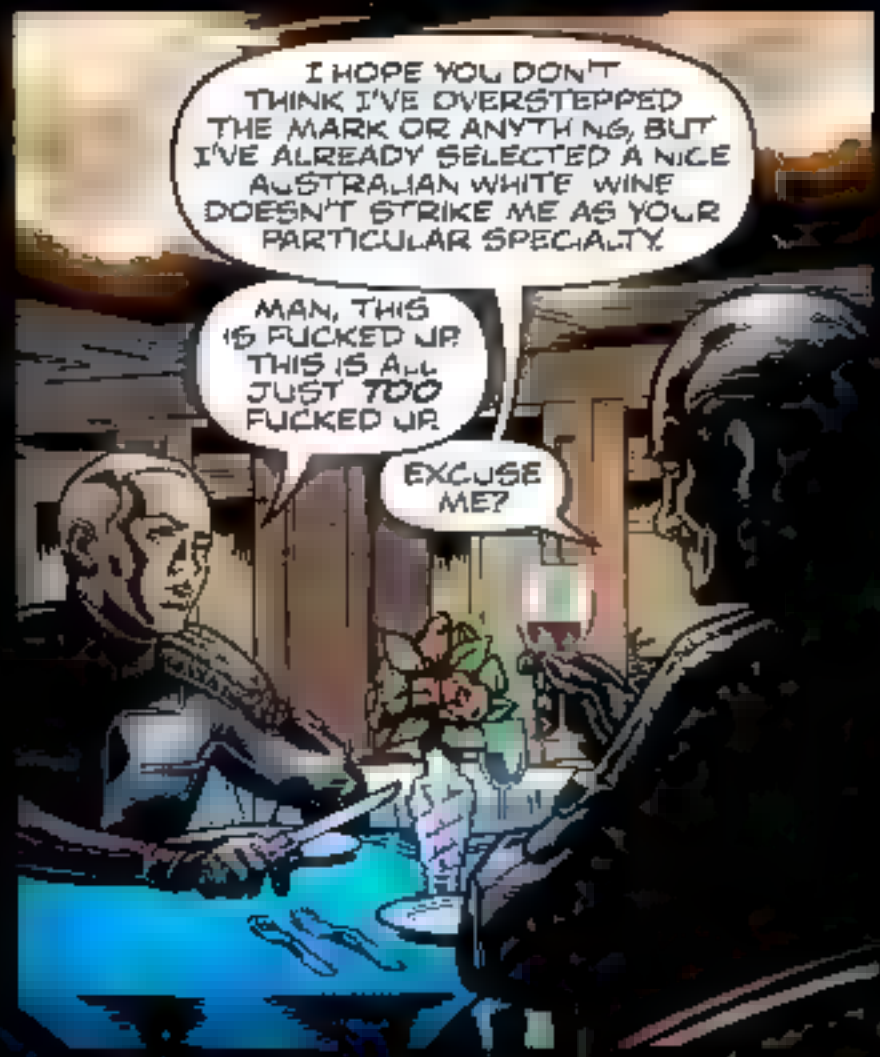
C'MON.

LET'S GRAB
SOME SUPPER
AND I'LL FILL IN
ALL THE
BLANKS.



YOU KNOW,
THIS HAS TO BE
JUST ABOUT MY
FAVORITE
RESTAURANT IN
THE WHOLE DAMN
WORLD.

THE MENU'S
ACTUALLY A LITTLE
OLD-FASHIONED, BUT
THE CHEF USED TO BE A
SUPERHERO BEFORE
THE FALL AND IT TICKLES
ME TO THINK OF HIM
SLAVING OVER MY **VEAL
SCALLOPINE**.



I HOPE YOU DON'T
THINK I'VE OVERSTEPPED
THE MARK OR ANYTHING, BUT
I'VE ALREADY SELECTED A NICE
AUSTRALIAN WHITE WINE
DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS YOUR
PARTICULAR SPECIALTY.

MAN, THIS
IS FUCKED UP.
THIS IS ALL
JUST TOO
FUCKED UP.

EXCUSE
ME?



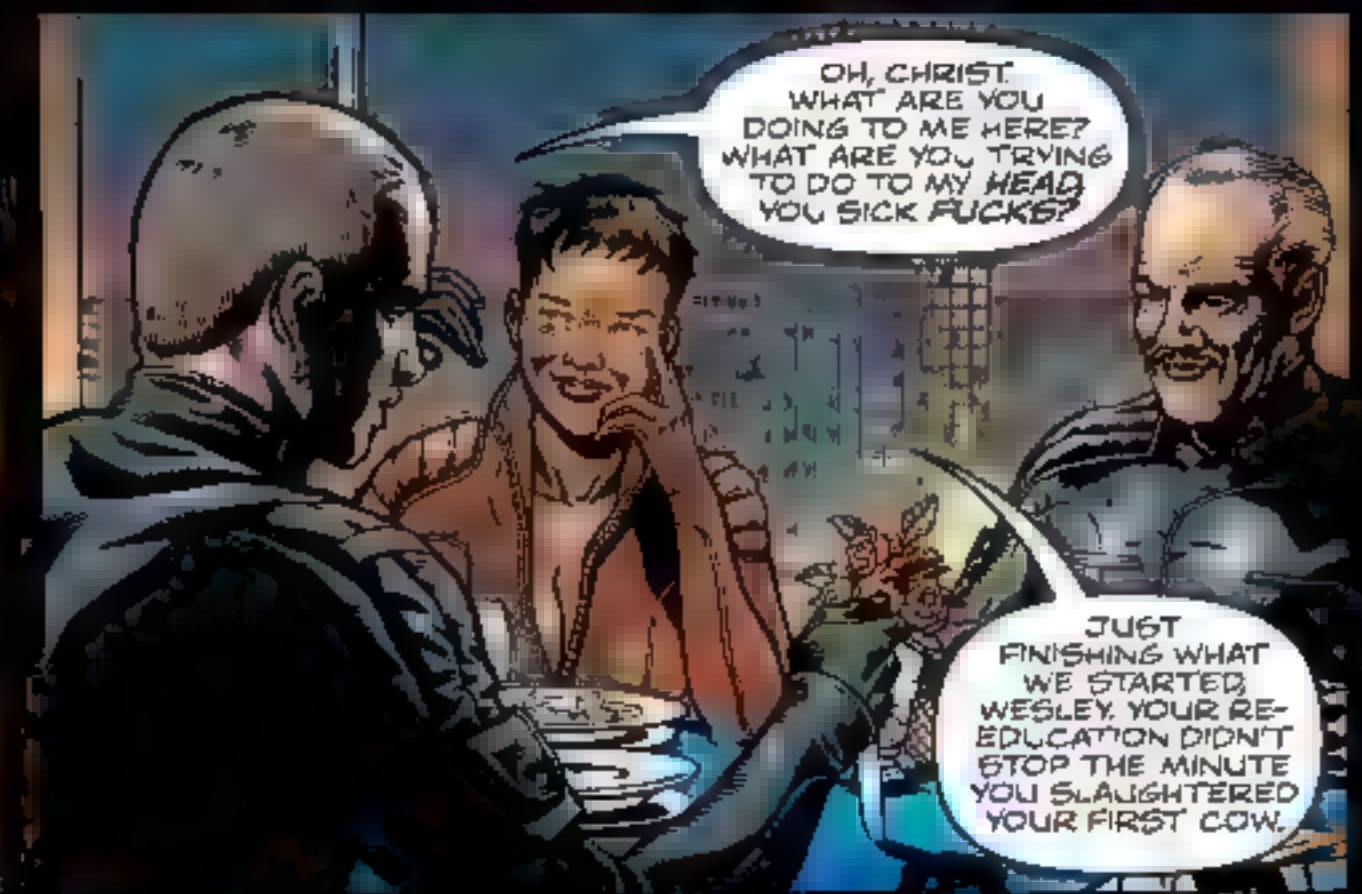
HOW COULD YOU BE ALIVE?
THE FOX SAID YOU WERE SHOT
THROUGH THE HEAD, FOR
GOD'S SAKE, HOW COULD YOU
SURVIVE A **BULLET** THROUGH
THE BRAIN?

DID YOU SEE THE
BODY? DID YOU DIP YOUR
FINGERS IN MY WOUNDS? OR
DID YOU JUST DO WHAT ALL THE
MONKEYS DID AND BELIEVE
WHAT YOU WERE TOLD?



YOU KIDDING?
THAT'S HOW THEY
WHACKED THE
KILLER?

SO I'M TOLD,
MR. THEY SAY THE
SHOT WAS FIRED FROM
TWO ENTIRE CITIES AWAY,
WHICH MEANS ONE HELL OF
A **GODDAMN** MARKSMAN
AND ONE **HELL** OF A
GODDAMN GUN.



QUICK QUESTION FOR ANY CLOSE BLOOD RELATIVES STANDING IN THE GROUP: HOW DID YOUR MOTHER AND I FIRST GET TOGETHER?

UH, SHE MET YOU AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY OR SOMETHING, RIGHT? SHE SAID HER CAB DIDN'T SHOW UP AND YOU OFFERED HER A RIDE HOME. OR WAS IT THE OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY?

WESLEY, DO I REALLY STRIKE YOU AS THE KIND OF MAN WHO'D EVEN SHOW HIS FACE AT AN OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY?

THE TRUTH IS WE MET HERE AT THE OLD MASQUERADE CLUB.

OF COURSE, OUR LITTLE REALITY REBOOT MEANS THIS PLACE ISN'T IN THE HISTORY BOOKS, BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY YOU'RE LOOKING AT WHAT WAS ONCE NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE NIGHTSPOT.

*IT WAS OWNED BY A COUPLE OF GAY SUPERVILLAINS CALLED THE HARLEQUIN AND THE PUZZLER, AND I THINK JUST ABOUT EVERYONE MUST HAVE ROLLED THROUGH HERE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.

*WHAT PARTIES WE USED TO HAVE IN THIS PLACE: STRAIGHT SEX, GROUP SEX, ANIMAL SEX, ANY NEW DRUGS. OUR FELLOW FELONS MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE FAR END OF THE UNIVERSE.

"YOUR MOTHER WAS STILL DATING THE AVIAN BACK IN THOSE DAYS. SHE'D BEEN HIS SOCIAL WORKER WHEN HE WAS IN PRISON AND WELL, ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER AND HE BROUGHT HER HERE ONE TIME.

"I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE LOOKED THAT NIGHT. THE SHININESS OF HER HAIR, THE SPIKINESS OF HER BOOT. THE AVIAN'S HAND SQUEEZING HER LATEX ASS AS THEY TALKED TO THEIR FRIENDS...

"I WANTED TO HAVE HER OVER THAT BAR RIGHT THEN AND THERE."

"FORTUNATELY EVEN WHAT STARTED AS DRINKS WOULD ALWAYS END UP AS AN ORGY BACK IN THOSE DAYS AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE HAT-MAKER OR KING-BEE WOULD SUGGEST WE DO A KEY-SWAP—

"—AS IN EVERYONE DROPPING THE KEYS OF THEIR RAT-MOBILES OR SPECTRO-COPTERS INTO A HAT, AND WHICHEVER GIRLFRIEND PICKED THEM OUT WOULD GO BACK TO THEIR LAIRS AND FUCK THEM SENSELESS."

IS THIS WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU AND MOM? SHE PICKED OUT YOUR CAR KEYS? THAT'S DISGUSTING...

SON, WE NEVER EVEN GOT HOME THAT NIGHT. WE FUCKED IN MY FLAME-CHASER FOR TWO DAYS SOLD AND, MY GOD, SHE WAS HOT. THE THINGS THAT WOMAN COULD DO WITH HER FINGERS.

UH, COULD WE CHANGE THE SUBJECT, PLEASE?

WHY? I THOUGHT THE FOX HAD DEPROGRAMMED ALL THOSE WEIRD SEXUAL HANG-UPS YOU'D BEEN CARRYING AROUND?

A GIRL CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH, BABY. TOOK ALMOST TWO ENTIRE WEEKS TO GET HIM OVER HIS FEAR OF CUNNILINGUS.

COULD WE
JUST GET
BACK TO THE
POINT OF THIS
STORY?

THE ONLY POINT
I WAS TRYING TO
MAKE IS THAT YOU WERE
CONCEIVED IN THE HEAT
OF THE MOST
INCREDIBLE PASSION,
WESLEY.

NO MAN EVER
WANTED A WOMAN
MORE THAN I WANTED
YOUR MOTHER. YOU
WERE A LOVE CHILD IN
EVERY SENSE OF
THE WORD.

WE BOTH LIKED
COOKING, WALKS IN
THE PARK, AND READING
ROBERT E. HOWARD
BOOKS, BUT AFTER A WHILE
ALL THE THINGS THAT
ATTRACTED HER TO ME
WERE ALL THE THINGS
SHE WANTED ME
TO STOP.

BECAUSE
NOTHING LASTS
FOREVER,
KIDDQ.

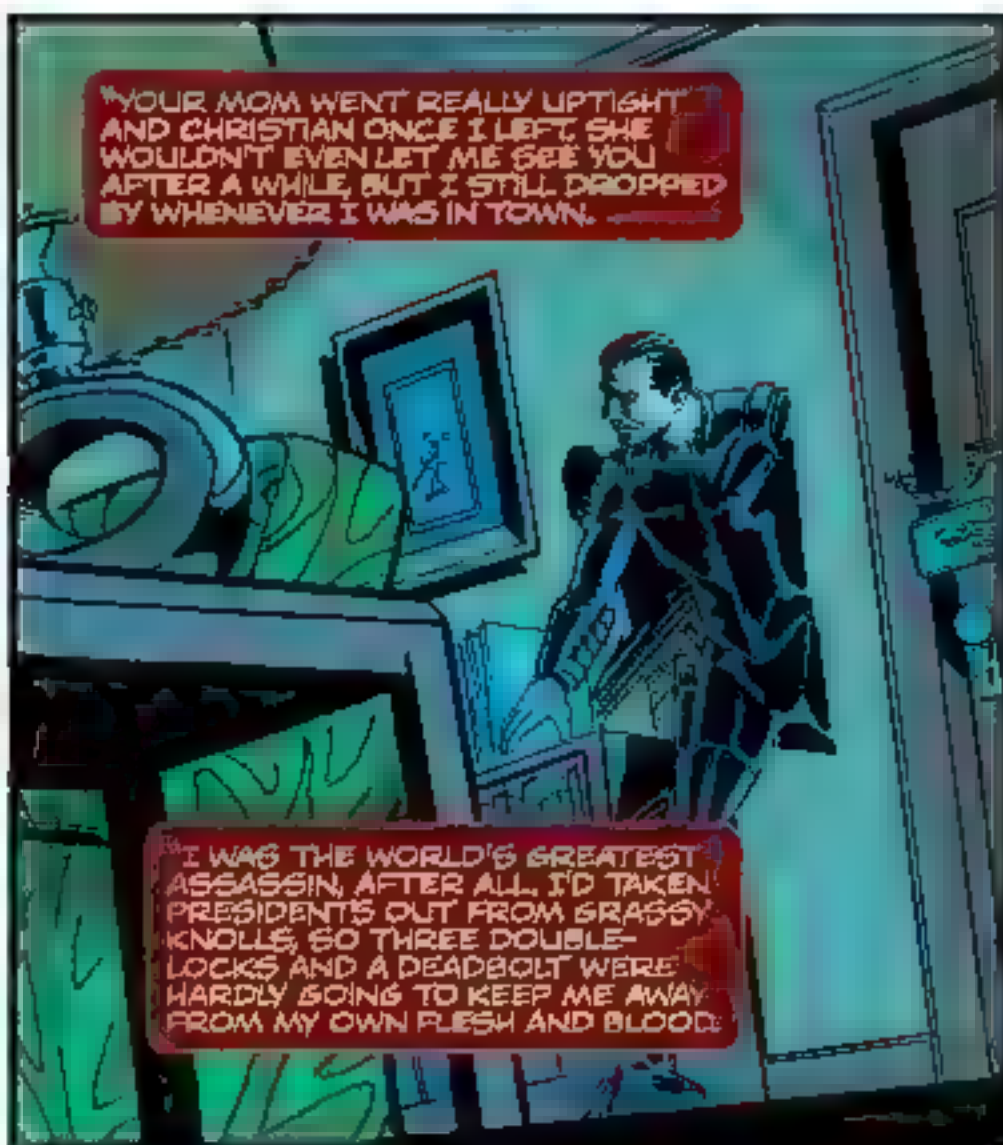
THE
SUPER-
VILLAIN
STUFF?

AFTER YOU
WERE BORN SHE
WANTED ME TO RETIRE
AND LIVE OFF THE LOOT,
BUT THE FRATERNITY AND
I HAD **PLANS**, WESLEY, THIS
SCHEME TO TAKE OVER
THE WORLD HAD BEEN
BREWING FOR A
LONG TIME.

SO WHY DID
YOU WALK OUT
ON US?

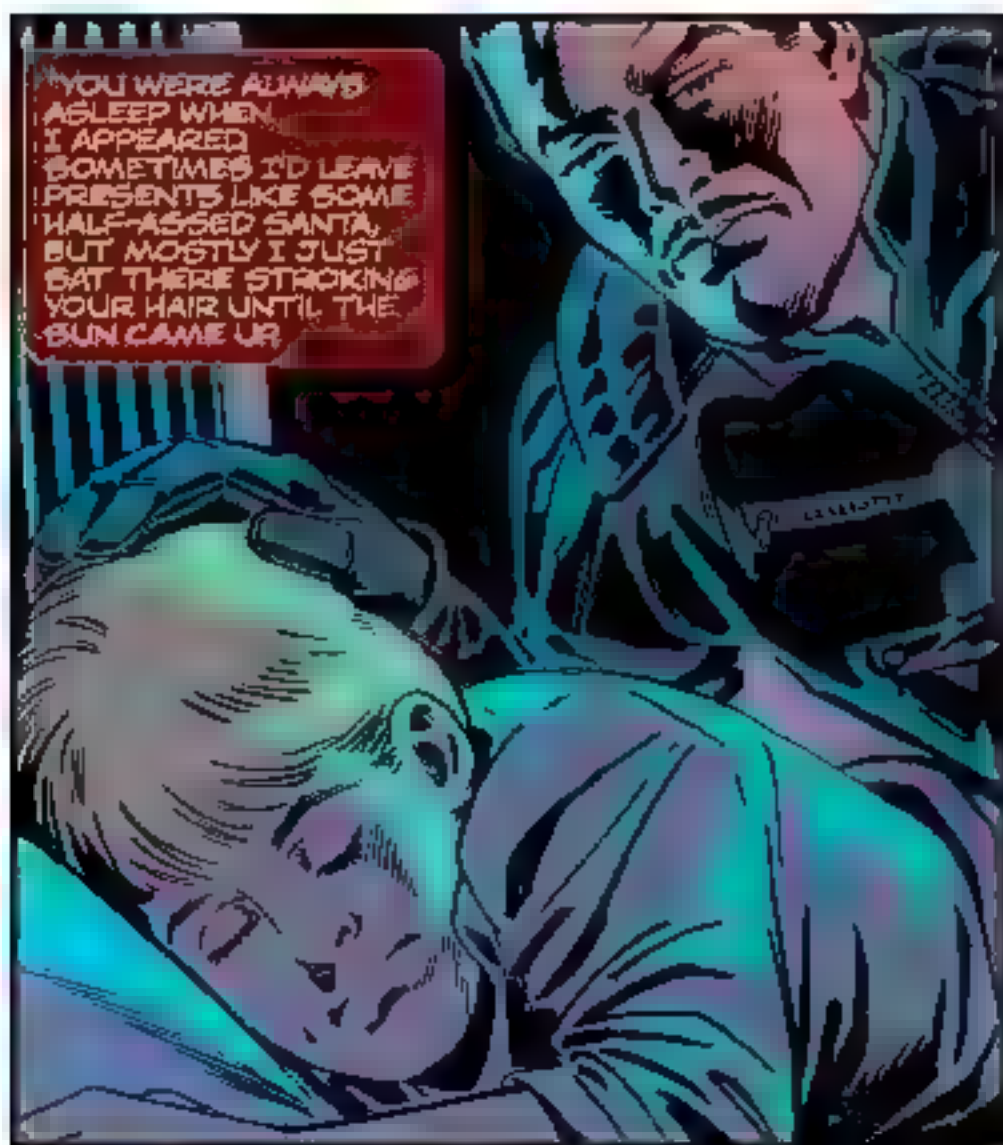
I WANTED TO KILL EVERY
SUPERHERO THAT EVER WALKED
OR CRAWLED AND SHE WANTED
TO MOVE TO CONNECTICUT.

WHAT COULD I DO BESIDES GIVE
HER THE SAME TRUCK YOU THAT
YOU JUST GAVE THE FAT BITCH
WHO'D BEEN HOLDING YOU BACK
ALL THOSE YEARS?



"YOUR MOM WENT REALLY UPTIGHT AND CHRISTIAN ONCE I LEFT. SHE WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME SEE YOU AFTER A WHILE, BUT I STILL DROPPED BY WHENEVER I WAS IN TOWN."

"I WAS THE WORLD'S GREATEST ASSASSIN, AFTER ALL. I'D TAKEN PRESIDENTS OUT FROM GRASSY KNOLLS, SO THREE DOUBLE-LOCKS AND A DEADBOLT WERE HARDLY GOING TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD."



"YOU WERE ALWAYS ASLEEP WHEN I APPEARED. SOMETIMES I'D LEAVE PRESENTS LIKE SOME HALF-ASSED SANTA, BUT MOSTLY I JUST SAT THERE STROKING YOUR HAIR UNTIL THE SUN CAME UP."



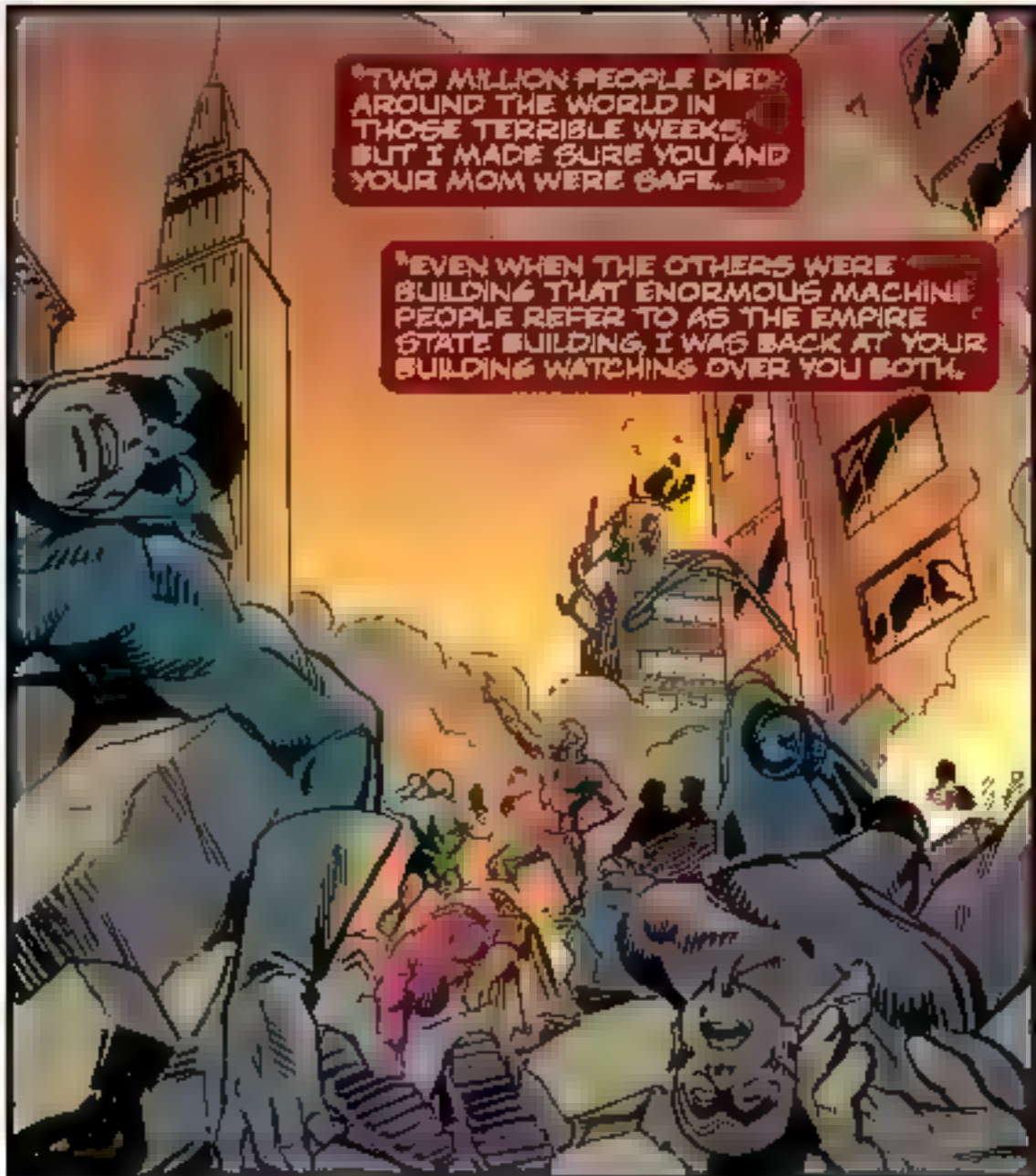
"THE SKY WAS SO BLUE IN THOSE DAYS, WESLEY. THE TREES WERE A DEEPER GREEN THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE AND THE FOOD WAS SO RICH AND TASTY COMPARED TO THAT SHIT YOU EAT TODAY."

"THERE WAS A MOMENT WE ALMOST DIDN'T GO AHEAD WITH THAT - REVOLUTION WE'D BEEN PLANNING. A MOMENT WE DIDN'T WANT TO LET THINGS GO ALL GRIM AND GRITTY."



"...BUT IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT."

"SOME OF US HAD SPENT HALF OF OUR ADULT LIVES IN JAIL AND THE HEROES WERE GETTING SO GOOD AT WHAT THEY DID, WE HAD TO STRIKE. WHAT IF THIS WAS OUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY?"



"TWO MILLION PEOPLE DIED AROUND THE WORLD IN THOSE TERRIBLE WEEKS, BUT I MADE SURE YOU AND YOUR MOM WERE SAFE."

"EVEN WHEN THE OTHERS WERE BUILDING THAT ENORMOUS MACHINE PEOPLE REFER TO AS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, I WAS BACK AT YOUR BUILDING WATCHING OVER YOU BOTH."



"IT WAS THE PERFECT PLAN. WHAT BETTER WAY TO KEEP CONTROL THAN MAKING EVERYONE FORGET THERE HAD EVER BEEN A REVOLUTION?"

"THAT MACHINE REARRANGED THE VERY ATOMS OF THE UNIVERSE THAT HOT DAM! SUMMER IN 1956 AND THIS BEAUTIFUL LITTLE WORLD OF OURS WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN."



"THE HEROES WERE GONE, THE VILLAINS WERE THE ONLY ONES THAT WOULD REMEMBER THEM AND I HELD YOUR HAND TIGHT AS THIS NEW EARTH FORMED ITSELF AROUND US."



"BY MORNING, ALL THE MAGIC IN THE WORLD WAS GONE AND YOUR MOTHER THOUGHT YOUR FATHER HAD BEEN AN AIRLINE PILOT."

THIS
PLACE RING
ANY BELLS?

THE HOUSE
WE MOVED TO
WHEN I WAS
SEVEN YEARS
OLD

TWO-TWO-ONE
HURON STREET NOT
THE MOST LUXURIOUS
ADDRESS IN NEW YORK
CITY, BUT STILL A NICE
PLACE TO GROW UP



IT WAS
IMPORTANT TO ME
THAT YOU NEVER REALLY
WANTED ANYTHING, WESLEY.
I MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN
AROUND, BUT IT WAS
IMPORTANT THAT I ALWAYS
TOOK CARE OF THE
FINANCIAL
RESPONSIBILITIES.

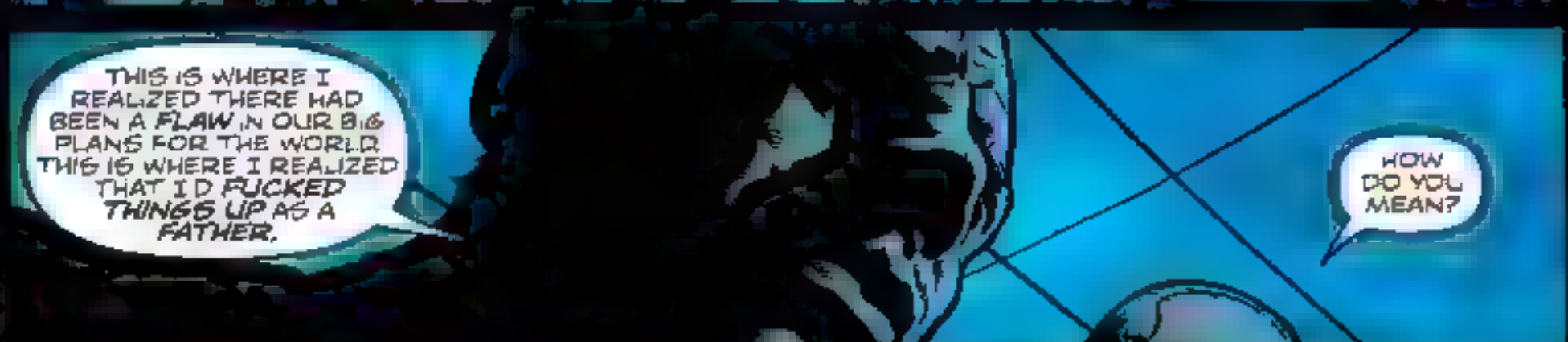
DO YOU KNOW
THE SIGNIFICANCE
OF THIS ADDRESS?

JH, NO.



THIS IS WHERE I
REALIZED THERE HAD
BEEN A FLAW IN OUR BIG
PLANS FOR THE WORLD.
THIS IS WHERE I REALIZED
THAT I'D FUCKED
THINGS UP AS A
FATHER.

HOW
DO YOU
MEAN?



IT WAS 1994, AND YOU
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE
THAN ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

YOU WERE OUT PLAYING IN THE
BACK YARD WITH THE LOCAL
KIDS AND I WAS WEARING AN
INVISIBLE VEST AND WATCHING
YOU AS I WAS PRONE TO DO
WHEN I WAS FEELING LONELY.

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT YOU
WERE PLAYING EXACTLY, KNIGHT
RIDER OR AIR-WOLF OR ONE OF
THOSE TV SHOWS YOU ENJOYED.

BUT I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER
THAT YOU'D IRRITATED ONE OF THE
OTHER BOYS AND HE PUSHED YOU
ONTO THE GRASS.



HEY!



NOW YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS WAS QUITE A THRILLING MOMENT FOR ME. I'D DEVOTED MY ENTIRE LIFE TO VIOLENCE AND HERE WAS MY BOY ABOUT TO LOSE HIS VIRGINITY IN A SENSE.

BUT THINGS DIDN'T QUITE GO TO PLAN, DID THEY? DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED AFTER HE THREW HIS FIRST PUNCH? DO YOU REMEMBER HOW THINGS RAN OUT?

NOT EXACTLY...

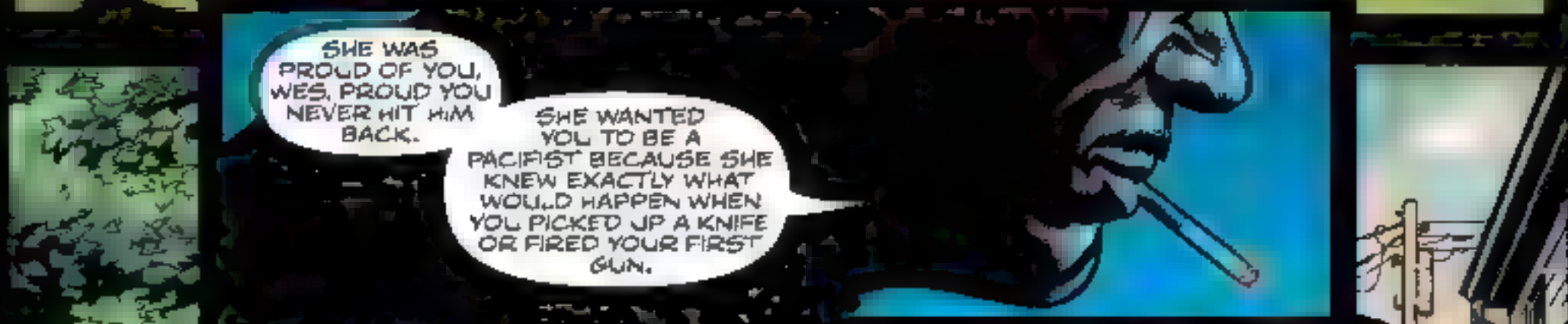


HE HIT YOU AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN.

THE LITTLE PRICK DIDN'T STOP PUNCHING UNTIL YOUR MOTHER APPEARED AND BROKE THE WHOLE THING UP

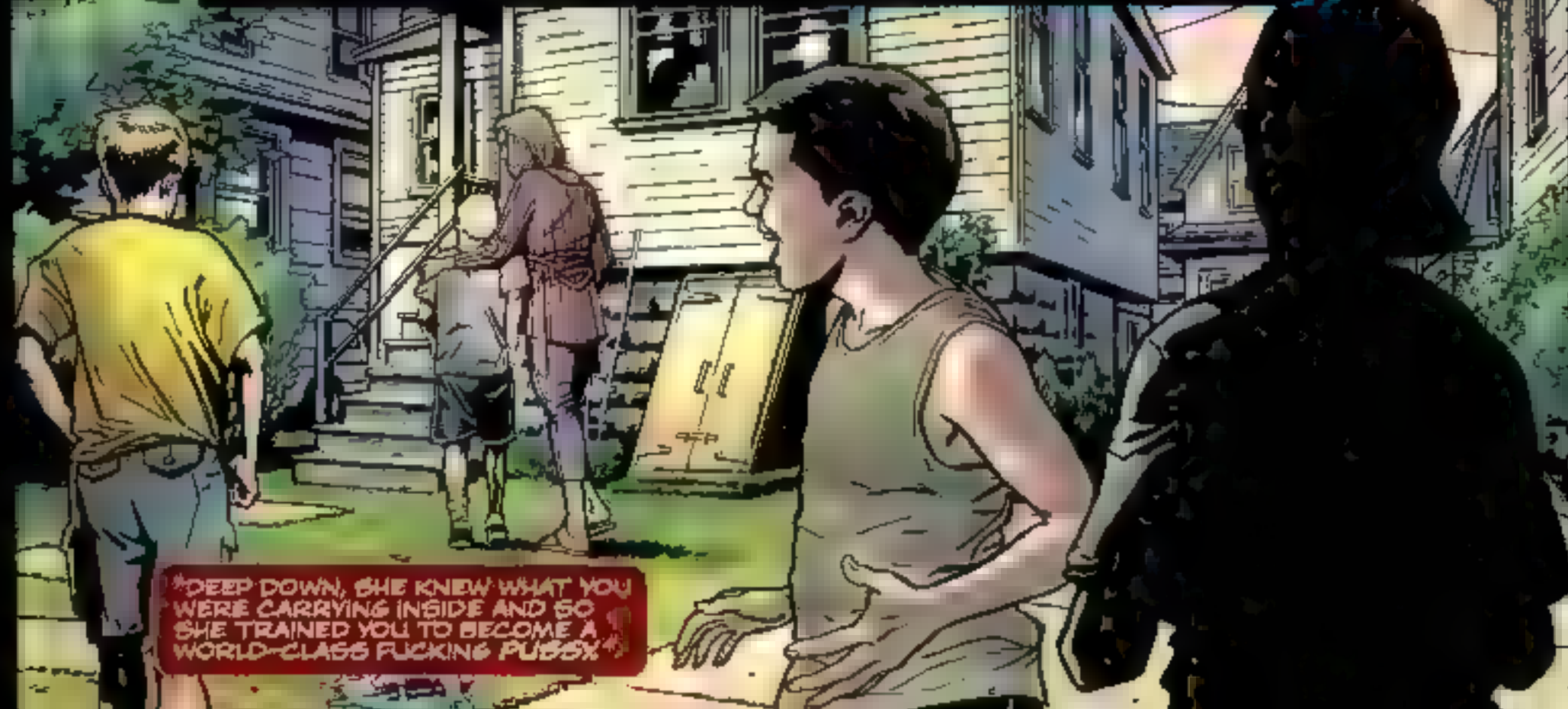
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT SHE SAID? DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT SHE WHISPERED AS SHE CLEANED YOU UP AND STRAIGHTENED OUT ALL YOUR LITTLE CLOTHES?

WELL DONE, WESLEY. WELL DONE, MY CLEVER BOY. AT LEAST YOU DIDN'T SINK TO HIS LEVEL.



SHE WAS PROUD OF YOU, WES. PROUD YOU NEVER HIT HIM BACK.

SHE WANTED YOU TO BE A PACIFIST BECAUSE SHE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN YOU PICKED UP A KNIFE OR FIRED YOUR FIRST GUN.



DEEP DOWN, SHE KNEW WHAT YOU WERE CARRYING INSIDE AND SO SHE TRAINED YOU TO BECOME A WORLD-CLASS FUCKING PUSSY



YOU TOOK SHIT FROM EVERYONE YOU EVER MET, TOOK THE FIRST SHITTY JOB THAT EVER CAME ALONG, MOVED IN WITH THE FIRST PIMPLE-FACED GOTH GIRL THAT EVER LET YOU FUCK HER.

YOUR LIFE WAS A MESS, AN ABSOLUTE FUCKING MESS AND ALL FOR ONE VERY SIMPLE REASON: BECAUSE THE KILLER WALKED OUT ON HIS EIGHTEEN-WEEK OLD SON.



THAT'S WHAT THIS HAS ALL BEEN ABOUT, WESLEY. I JUST WANTED TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME AND HELP YOU BECOME THE KIND OF GUY YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE.

OH MY GOD...

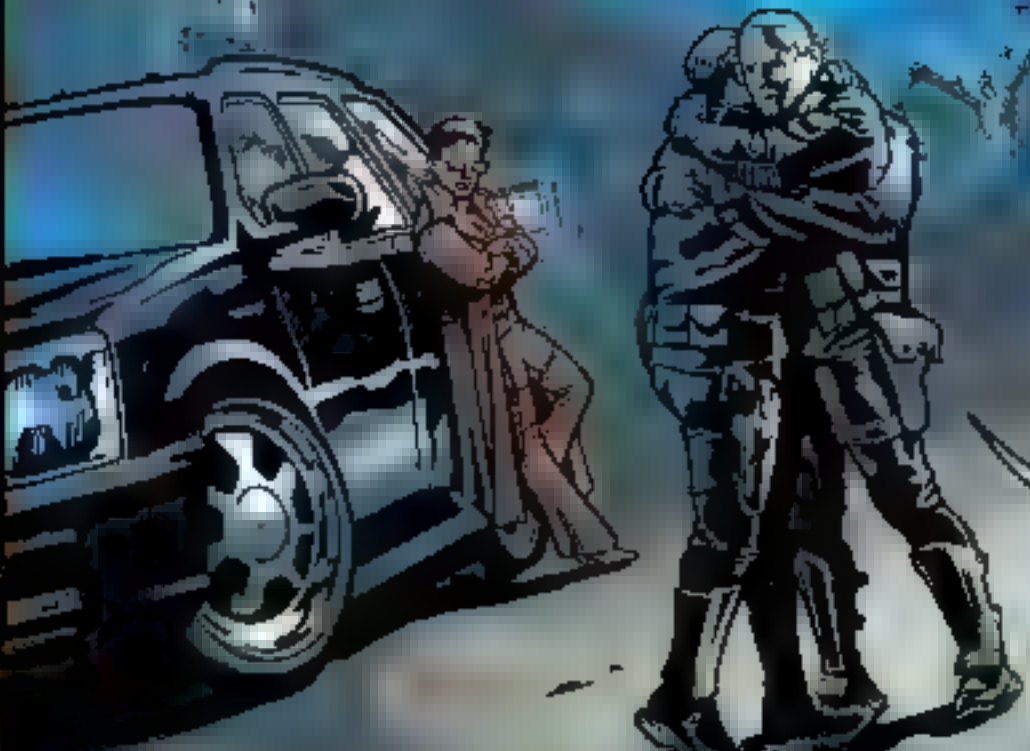
WHAT'S UP?

I REMEMBER SOME OF THIS... YOU STROKING MY HAIR 'N MY ROOM. ME PRETENDING I WAS SLEEPING.

THERE WAS THIS BEAR, WASN'T THERE? THIS LITTLE BEAR SOMEBODY GAVE ME AND I NEVER KNEW WHO WAS THAT YOU?

BARNABY BEAR.

LITTLE FOAM THING.



OH GOD DAD

I REMEMBER...



YOU KNOW
THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I'VE
BEEN HERE SINCE
MOM'S
FUNERAL?

NOT BECAUSE
I DON'T MISS HER
OR ANYTHING.
BECAUSE I DO. I JUST
NEVER FELT LIKE SHE WAS
EVER REALLY HERE. LIKE
THE REAL MOM WAS UP
N HEAVEN OR
SOMETHING.

K NDA IRONIC
THAT YOU WERE
THE ONE WITH THE
EMPTY GRAVE.

SHE WAS THE
ONLY WOMAN I EVER
REALLY LOVED, WESLEY.
NO DISRESPECT TO THE
FOX, OF COURSE, BUT
SHE AND I ALWAYS HAD A
MORE *PHYSICAL*
ARRANGEMENT.

TRUTH IS, I
ONLY LOVE GUYS
FROM THE *WAIST-
DOWN*, HONEY.

YOUR MOTHER
WAS THE ONLY
WOMAN I EVER TRULY
LOVED, AND YOU'VE NO
IDEA HOW MUCH IT
HURT WHEN WE
SPLIT.

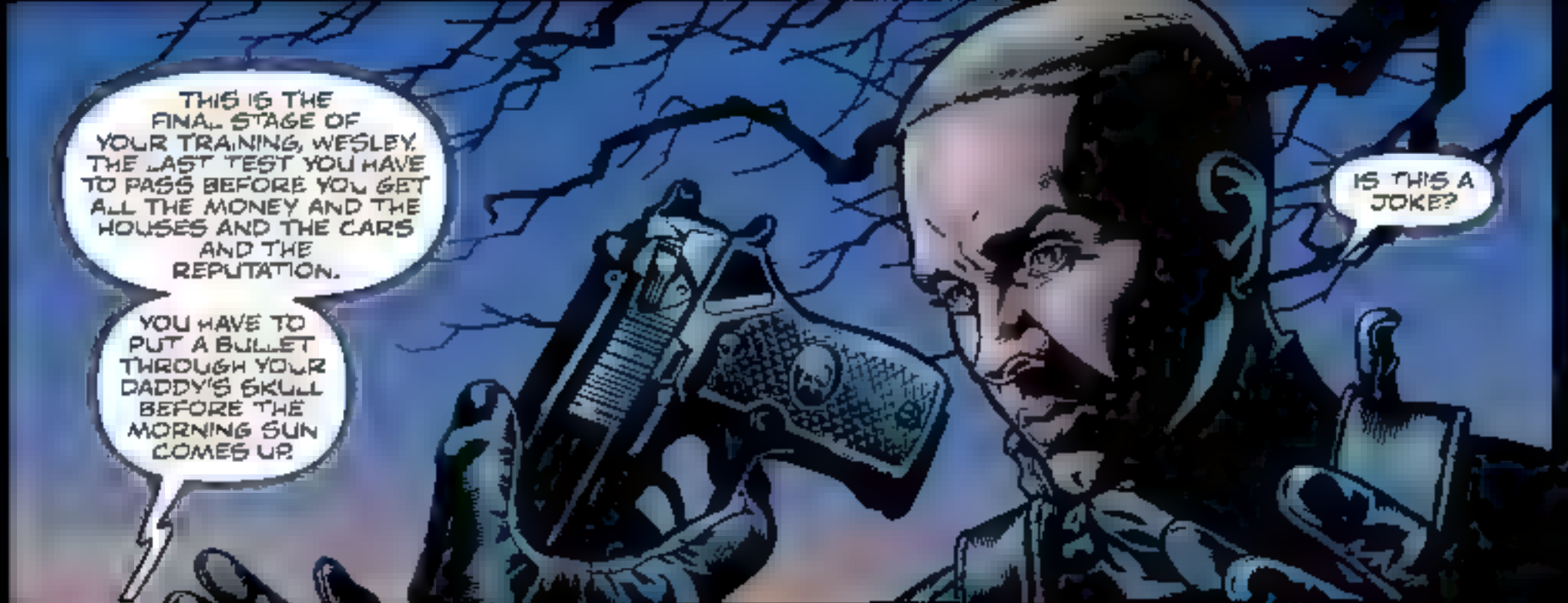
NO DEA HOW
MUCH IT STUNG TO
SEE HER PASS ME IN
THE STREET AND HAVE
ABSOLUTELY NO MEMORY
OF WHAT WE USED TO
SHARE TOGETHER.

YOU WANT
THE SMITH AND
WESSON OR THE
M92?

THE M92,
DARLING. THE SMITH
AND WESSON WAS THE
FIRST GUN I EVER FIRED,
BUT THE M92 WAS MY
MOST RELIABLE PARTNER
IN A CAREER SPANNING
FOUR DECADES.

IT'S ONLY
RIGHT THAT IT
SHOULD BRING
THE WHOLE THING
TO A CLOSE.

WHAT?



THIS IS THE FINAL STAGE OF YOUR TRAINING, WESLEY. THE LAST TEST YOU HAVE TO PASS BEFORE YOU GET ALL THE MONEY AND THE HOUSES AND THE CARS AND THE REPUTATION.

YOU HAVE TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR DADDY'S SKULL BEFORE THE MORNING SUN COMES UP.

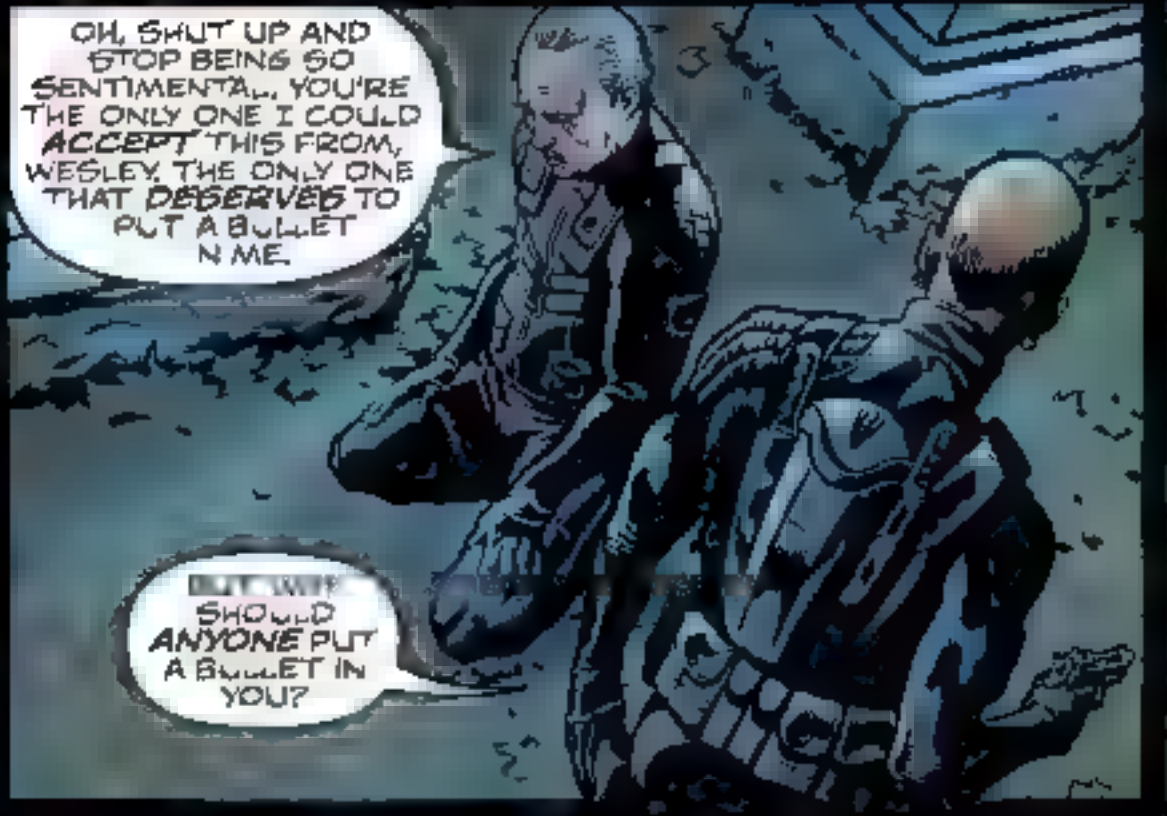
IS THIS A JOKE?



NO JOKE, WESLEY. THIS IS THE FINAL DEGREE. YOU EITHER SEE IT THROUGH TO THE BITTER END OR OUR ENTIRE DEAL IS NULL AND VOID.

BACK TO LISA, BACK TO WORKING FOR A LIVING, BACK TO BEING THE ULTIMATE ASSHOLE.

BUT I CAN'T KILL MY OWN DAD. WE'VE ONLY JUST MET, FOR GOD'S SAKE.



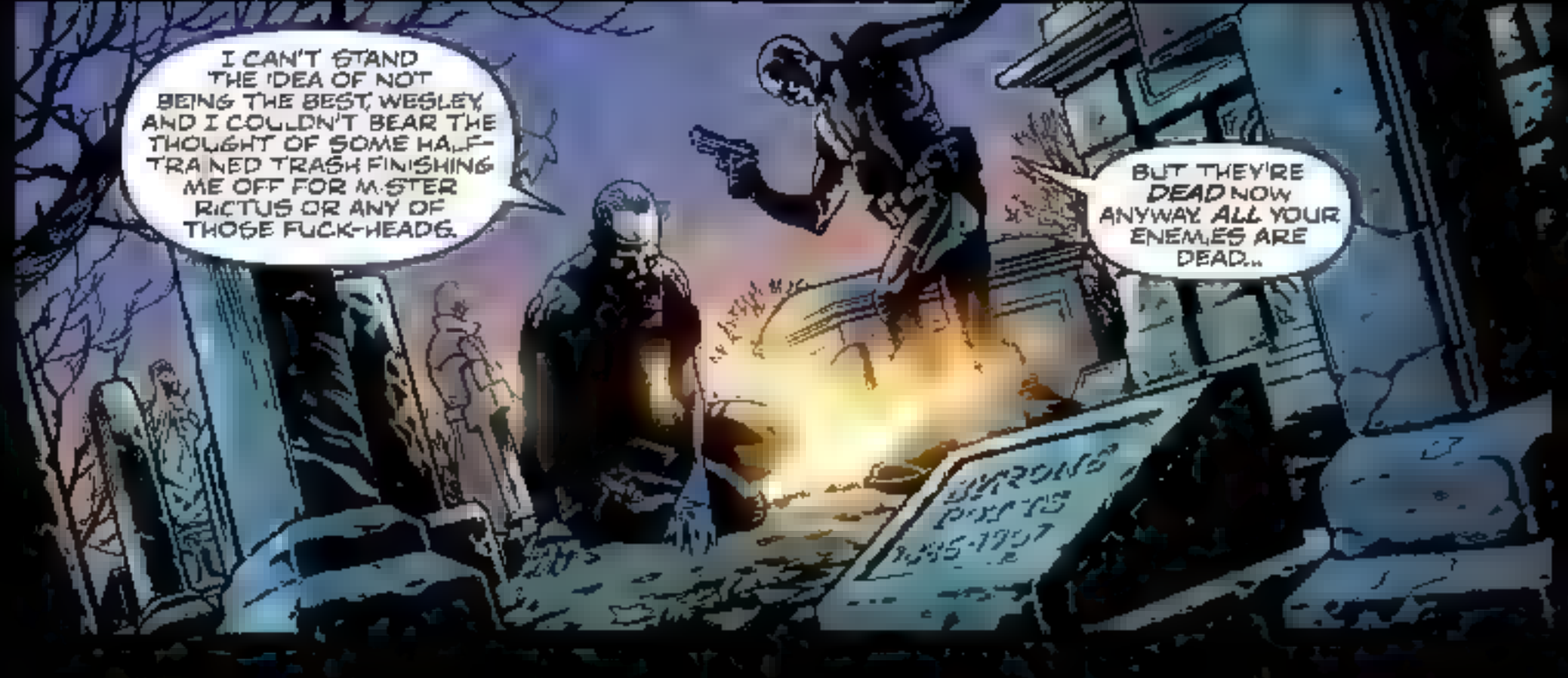
OH, SHUT UP AND STOP BEING SO SENTIMENTAL. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I COULD ACCEPT THIS FROM, WESLEY. THE ONLY ONE THAT DESERVES TO PUT A BULLET IN ME.

BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE PUT A BULLET IN YOU?



BECAUSE SOONER OR LATER SOMEBODY WILL AND THESE OLD EYES AREN'T WHAT THEY WERE ANYMORE.

DID YOU KNOW I MISSED A TARGET FROM LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY NOT SO LONG AGO?



I CAN'T STAND THE IDEA OF NOT BEING THE BEST, WESLEY. AND I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF SOME HALF-TRAINED TRASH FINISHING ME OFF FOR MASTER RICTUS OR ANY OF THOSE FUCK-HEADS.

BUT THEY'RE DEAD NOW ANYWAY. ALL YOUR ENEMIES ARE DEAD..



WESLEY, PLEASE. I'VE MADE YOU RICH, HARD-AS-NAILS AND ONE OF THE FIVE MOST POWERFUL CRIMINALS ON THE PLANET, SON. ALL I'M ASKING IS THIS ONE LITTLE THING IN RETURN.



NOW WILL YOU STOP BEING SUCH A FUCKING PUSSY AND PULL THAT GODDAMN TRIGGER?



THIS IS HORRIBLE.

I KNOW IT'S HORRIBLE, BUT IT'S ALSO WHY I TRAINED YOU.

I LOVE YOU, DAD.

I LOVE YOU TOO, SON.



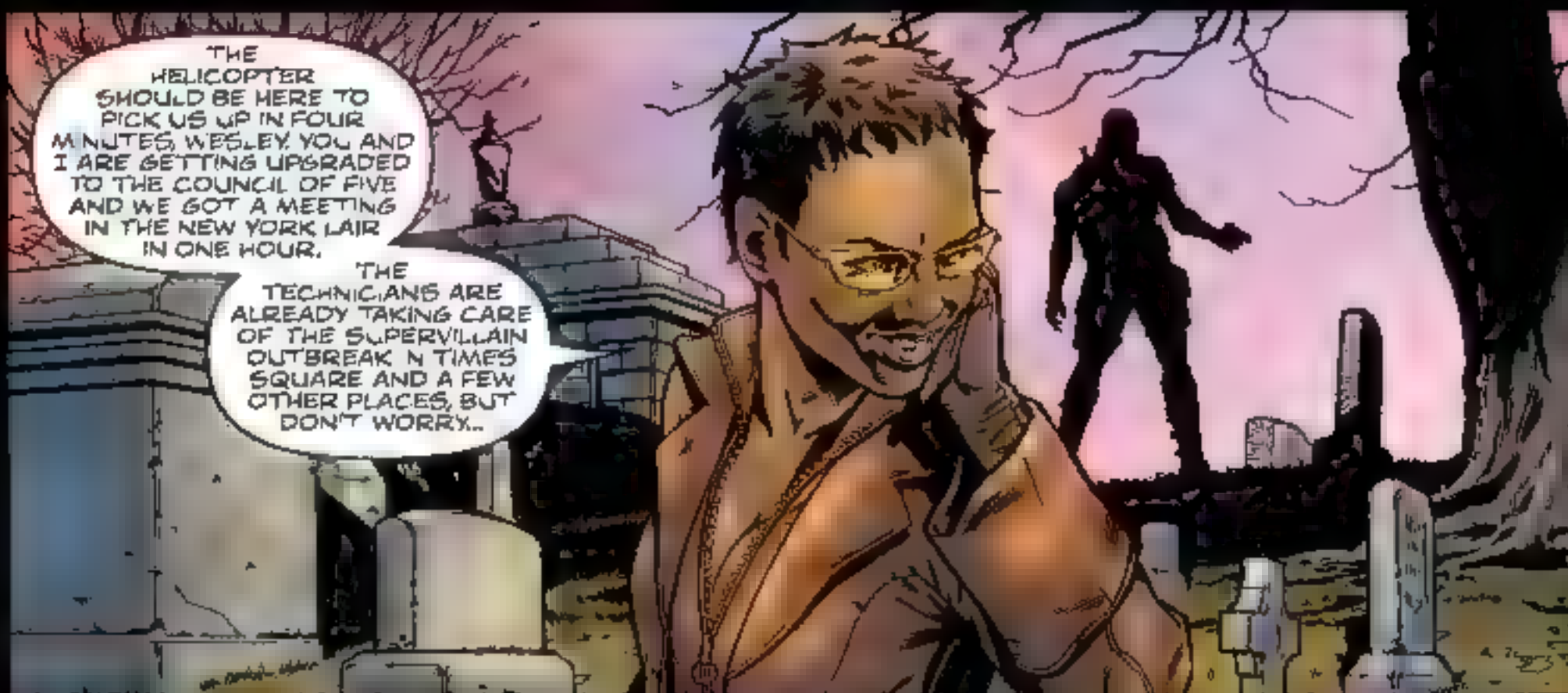
NO BUT I REALLY LOVE YOU, DAD.



SO PULL THAT FUCKING TRIGGER, HUH?







THE HELICOPTER SHOULD BE HERE TO PICK US UP IN FOUR MINUTES, WESLEY. YOU AND I ARE GETTING UPGRADED TO THE COUNCIL OF FIVE AND WE GOT A MEETING IN THE NEW YORK LAIR IN ONE HOUR.

THE TECHNICIANS ARE ALREADY TAKING CARE OF THE SUPERVILLAIN OUTBREAK IN TIMES SQUARE AND A FEW OTHER PLACES, BUT DON'T WORRY...



...THIS TIME TOMORROW NOBODY OUTSIDE THE FRATERNITY'S GONNA REMEMBER A **THING** ABOUT THIS LITTLE EPISODE.

I'M NOT INTERESTED



WHAT?

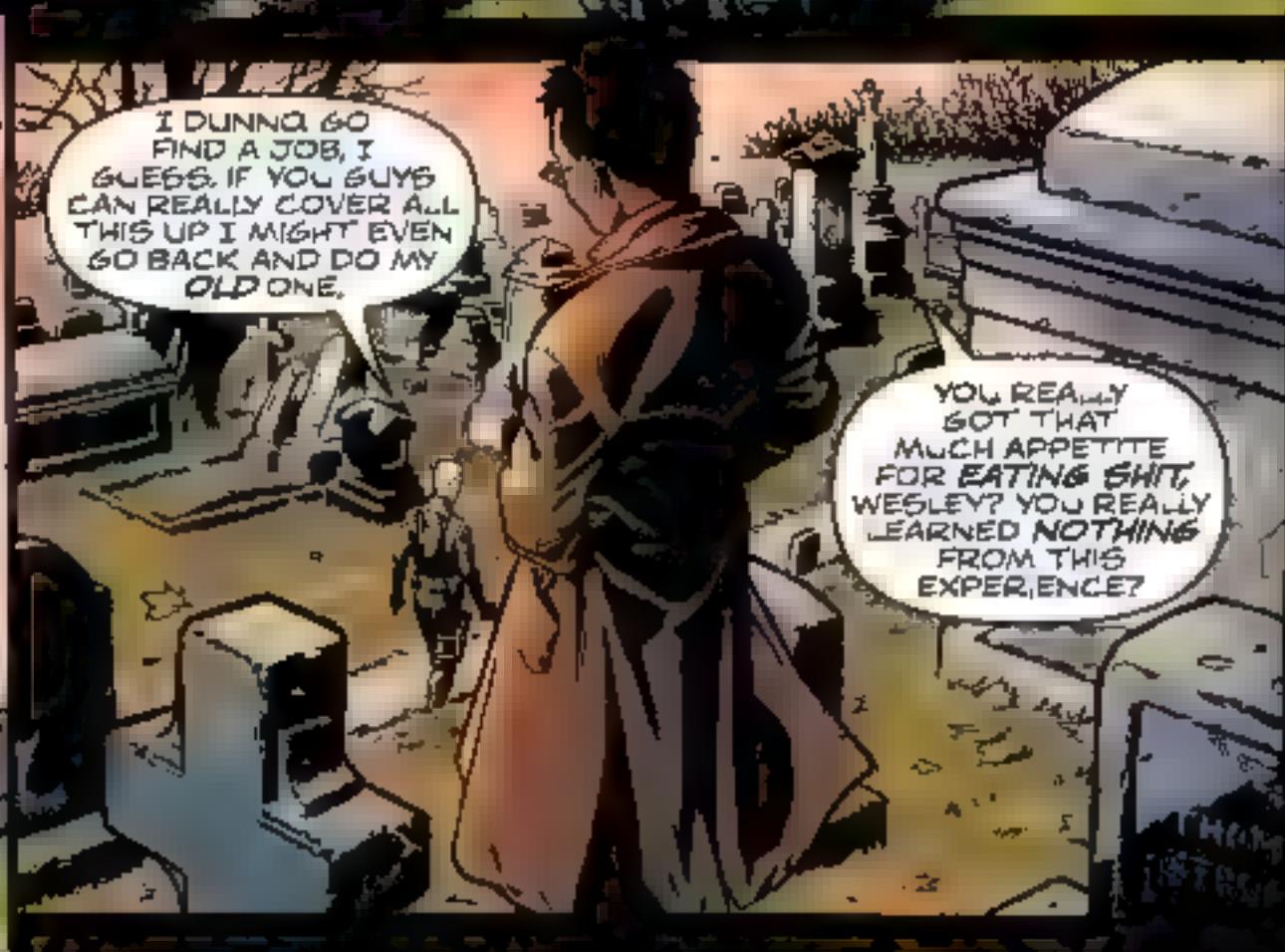
I'M JUST NOT INTERESTED IN THIS SHIT ANYMORE. YOU THINK THIS IS HOW I WANT TO LIVE MY LIFE? YOU THINK THIS IS HOW I WANT TO DIE?

SOME DYSFUNCTIONAL MESS THAT COULDN'T EVEN STICK AROUND AND RAISE HIS OWN SON?



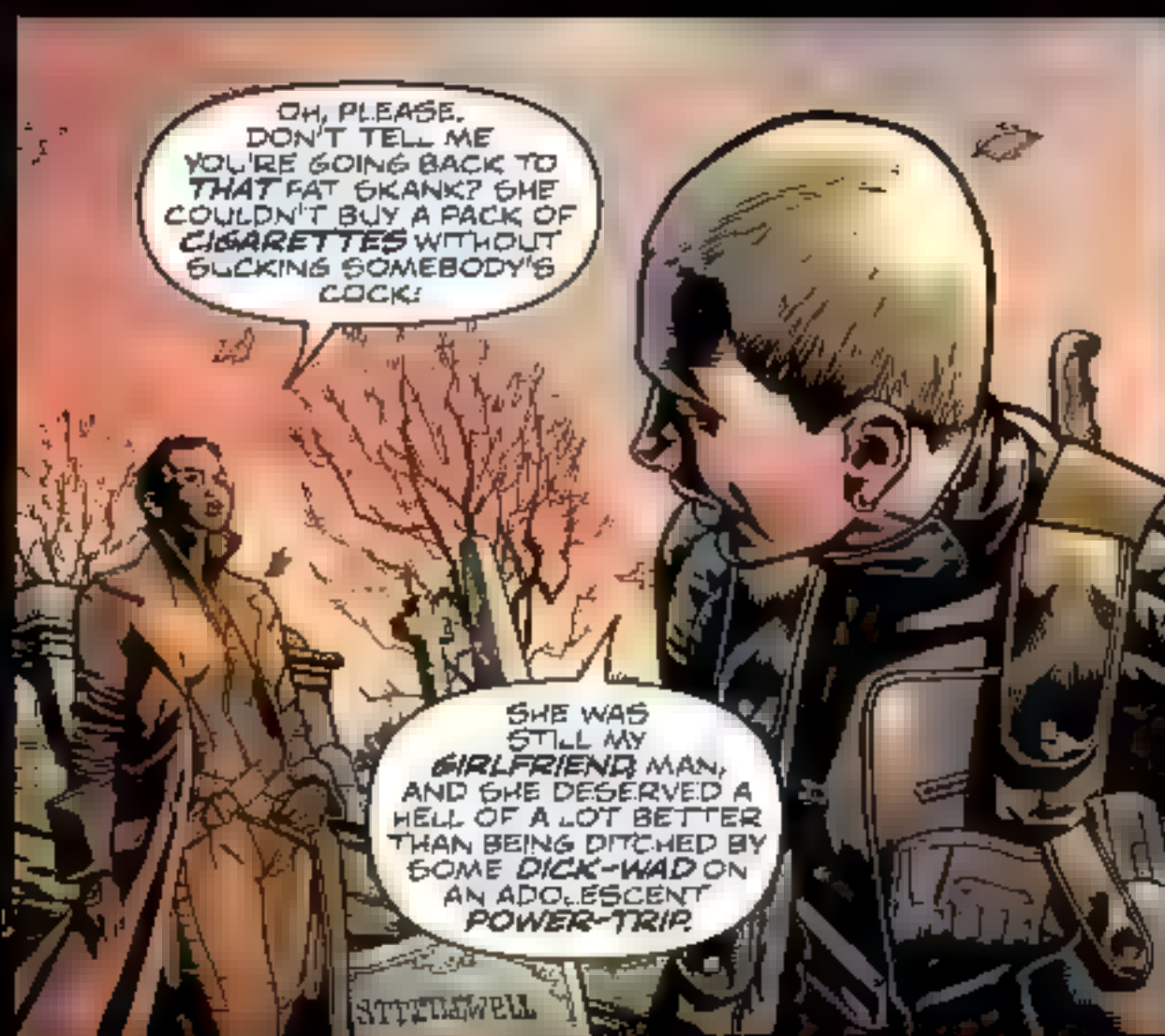
LIKE I SAID BEFORE, I'D RATHER BE A PRICK THAN AN ASSHOLE ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.

SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?



I DUNNO GO FIND A JOB, I GUESS. IF YOU GUYS CAN REALLY COVER ALL THIS UP I MIGHT EVEN GO BACK AND DO MY OLD ONE.

YOU REALLY GOT THAT MUCH APPETITE FOR EATING SHIT, WESLEY? YOU REALLY LEARNED NOTHING FROM THIS EXPERIENCE?



THERE, HAPPY NOW? PLEASED TO SEE THE MYSTERY RESOLVED? LITTLE OLD ME GETTING THE GIRL, THE CASH, AND ENDING OUR STORY AS ONE OF THE SECRET MASTERS OF THE WORLD?

GOD, YOU'RE SUCH AN ASSHOLE, AND I SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY I WAS AT YOUR LEVEL ON THE PATHETIC-O-METER.

WHY SHOULD YOU GIVE A SHIT HOW MY LIFE WORKS OUT?

YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF WORKING TWELVE-HOUR DAYS, GETTING FAT ON CHEAP TAKE-OUT FOOD, AND YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS ALMOST CERTAINLY FUCKING OTHER GUYS.

JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT A PLASMA SCREEN TV AND A BIG DVD COLLECTION DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE A FREE MAN, MOTHERFUCKER. YOU'RE JUST A WELL-PAID SLAVE LIKE ALL THE OTHER CATTLE OUT THERE.

EVEN THIS COMIC WAS JUST A FIFTEEN MINUTE RESPITE FROM HOW HARD WE'RE WORKING YOU.

YOU USED TO THINK THE WORLD WAS ALWAYS LIKE THIS DIDN'T YOU? THE WARS, THE FAMINE, THE TERRORISM, AND THE RIGGED ELECTIONS.

BUT NOW YOU KNOW BETTER, RIGHT? NOW YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SUPERHEROES AND YOU KNOW THE FUNNY THING? YOU KNOW WHAT MAKES ME LAUGH NOW I'M ON THE OTHER SIDE?

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO CLOSE THIS BOOK AND BUY SOMETHING ELSE TO FILL THAT BIG, EMPTY VOID WE'VE CREATED IN YOUR LIFE.

WAY TO GO WESLEY

THIS IS MY
FACE WHILE I'M
FUCKING YOU
IN THE ASS

2005/14
012/210

THE END

In some ways *Wanted* was the first thing I ever wrote

I'm sitting here typing these words at the age of thirty-four, but the idea first came to me almost thirty years ago when one of my brothers pulled a great, big scam and outwitted their tiny sibling. Bear in mind that I was maybe five years old at the time and the brother in question was already halfway through a microbiology degree at university and you'll have some insight into my traumatic and often painful childhood. Anyway, here's how it happened.

When I was in what you people probably refer to as first grade, my classroom had a little library at the back where we could all sit and read some books once we'd finished our work for the day. I picked up a hardback with an image of the Statue of Liberty on the cover, sounded out the word "America" and thought it seemed extremely cool. When you're living in the ass-end of nowhere in one of the poorest countries in Western Europe (i.e. Scotland), America really does sound very cool indeed and thus I was drawn to all those images of hot dogs, Mount Rushmore and Jimmy Carter inside. I can remember the book in incredible detail because it all seemed so bright and glitzy and expensive compared to the low-budget, *Braveheart* meets-*Trainspotting* kind of life going on outside and that was BEFORE I even saw that picture of the real-life Superman standing there with a gangster pointing a gun at his chest.

This wasn't a comic. This wasn't Superman as channeled by Curt Swan and Tex Blaisdell with dialogue by Cary Bates and Curt Swan. This was the real thing. I looked at the picture and read the caption over and over again and all it said was "Superman: The Great American Hero." To me, this was as big and as life changing as Moses getting a call from that burning bush when he was on the way to Wherever The-Hell in the desert (comics always seemed much more interesting than the Old Testament). This was Superman and he was as real as Jimmy Carter, Mount Rushmore or any of those hot dogs. Just as I was starting to have my doubts about Santa Claus, here was a whole new preposterous character to think about and I couldn't bear to part with this crappy book. I wanted to tell the world what I'd found and so I did something I've never done before or since; I slipped it into my bag and sneaked it home to pore over the picture at some considerable length.

An important thing to realize is that we didn't have cable TV in the UK back in those days. We had a mere three channels and,

quite interestingly, one of the lowest obesity rates in the western world (think there might be a connection, fan-boy?). We paid a LICENSE for our television sets every year and the notion of paying money for re-runs was decidedly un-British. Sure, Superman appeared here in the late fifties when it first aired in the States, but it had never been shown again after cancellation and I didn't even know the show had existed. George Reeves was as unknown to me as Linda Lovelace when I was six years old. When I saw this picture of that middle-aged, slightly dumpy-looking Superman standing there it was Curt Swan's art incarnate. This was Superman and the one thing I dearly wanted to know was what the fuck had happened to him.

I can remember the scene with absolute clarity. I was sitting in my shared bedroom (there were eight of us in the house) re-reading the book again and again by the glow from by two-bar electric fire and I asked my brother Bobby what had happened to Superman. Why were there plane crashes on the news? Why were there earthquakes? Why didn't Superman help people in real life like he did in the comics if he was this great American hero? Bobby grinned the same grin he pulled when he told me my Dad killed Hitler during the war that he could read my mind and that I'd inherit superhuman powers on my seventh birthday. "What happened to Superman? Didn't you hear?" he asked. "Superman disappeared during a big war with all the super-villains. Superman, Batman, Spider-Man, Captain America; they all disappeared during this enormous battle and they've never been seen again."

Gufted. I sloped off to bed. The greatest man in human history was gone forever and with him, my hopes of becoming some kind of wisecracking boy sidekick. All my training had been for nothing. Superman was dead, the other heroes were dead and, as Bobby explained, the villains had made us forget they even existed. All we had in their place were comic books. Crude, four-color approximations of their adventures by stoned, slightly crazy misfits who could somehow half-remember their adventures and get them down on the printed page. But who even read comics anymore? And what happened to the villains?

Read on.

Mark Millar

18th March 2004

The Ass-End of Nowhere

Excerpted from *the WANTED: Dossier* May 2004

AFTER

WANTED: DOSSIER

The **WANTED: Dossier** was a printed supplement to the **WANTED** Series. In it, the heroes and villains of Wesley Gibson's world were illustrated by some of comics' brightest stars. The following characters were illustrated by the artists listed below, turn the page to see their unique visions of Mark Millar's characters from **WANTED**.

THE KILLER

Pencils: John Romita Jr.

Inks: Scott Hanna

Colors: Paul Mounts

FOX

Pencils: Marc Silvestri

Inks: Joe Weems V

Colors: Steve Firlow

PROFESSOR SOLOMON SELTZER

Pencils, inks and colors:

Dave Johnson

ORIGINAL KILLER

Pencils and inks: Tim Bradstreet

Colors: Paul Mounts

THE COUNCIL OF FIVE

Pencils, inks and tones: Ashley Wood

Colors: Paul Mounts

THE HEROES

Pencils, inks and colors:

Ty Templeton

DOLL-MASTER

Pencils and inks: Brian Michael Bendis

Colors: Paul Mounts

IMP and DEADLY NIGHTSHADE

Pencils, inks and colors:

Chris Bachalo

SHIT-HEAD

Pencils and inks: Bill Sienkiewicz

Colors: Paul Mounts

FUCKWIT

Pencils and inks: Frank Quitely

Colors: Paul Mounts

SUCKER

Pencils: Joe Quesada

Inks: Mark Millar

Colors: Paul Mounts

MISTER RICTUS

Pencils and inks: Jae Lee

Colors: June Chung

W A N T E D DOSSIER

The Killer

Wesley Gibson spent some time in a dead-end job, a dead-end day in a wash of boredom, and it finally spun into a desperate life of quiet desperation—porting goods and dead-end job surfing for Internet porn on a tiny laptop. But when the Fox plucked him out of his existence, she showed him possibilities he didn't even know he had. The clockwork of the real power was dropped from Wesley Gibson's eyes. The last supervillain Fraternity was and had been since 1986, when they destroyed all the superheroes. Wesley was under the wing of The Fox and embraced his life as a mercenary. He was born again, baptized in blood and fire, as The Killer.

Pencils: John Romita Jr.
Inks: Scott Hanna
Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

FOX

She shoots from the hip—and what hips they are. The woman who would become The Fox grew up poor, in the kind of neighborhood where the only ways up and out are sports, hip-hop, or crime. Guess what? She can't rap and she can't dunk a basketball.

The Fox used her natural gifts of agility and strength, and combined them with a crass disdain of humanity to become one of the deadliest killers the world has ever seen. She kills, because she does not care. Stopping someone else's breathing is as natural as breathing to her.

The Fox has never forgotten where she came from. She may lack formal education, but she has street smarts in spades—and she knows how to hitch her wagon to the right star. She unleashed her insatiable appetite for sex on the original Killer, becoming his consort, and cementing her position in the supervillain Fraternity. When The Killer died, she turned her vulva on his son—Wesley Gibson, the new Killer.

What's she want? Money? Sex? Power? All of the above. And Wesley Gibson just might be nothing more than the latest tool in her arsenal.

Pencils: Marc Silvestri

Inks: Joe Weems V

Colors: Steve Firchow



W A N T E D DOSSIER

Professor Solomon Seltzer

Professor Solomon Seltzer is a schemer who maps the human soul...and fucks 18-year-old prostitutes. He started talking when he was still in the womb, was reading and solving math problems before he could walk, and had graduated magna cum laude with a bio-mechanics degree before his friends had reached kindergarten.

The Professor is the smartest man who's ever lived, a billionaire by ten years old. Rumor has it--and there's not much doubt--that this Level Nine intelligence put together the plan to vanquish all the superheroes in 1986. The villainous Mister Rictus likes to take credit for that act, but he knows in his blackest of hearts that he can't. Rictus is insanely jealous of The Professor for his vast intelligence, and the two are adversaries of the highest order.

Pencils, inks, and colors: Dave Johnson



W A N T E D DOSSIER

Original Killer

The world's deadliest assassin is dead, the victim of assassination himself. But while he was alive, The Killer lived up to his name—frequently, and without remorse.

The Killer killed for money, for sport, to advance his own cause. He killed for fun. The riches he gained bought him the Epicurean lifestyle he so greatly desired. He bathed in the finest champagne. He devoured the finest caviar. He bedded the finest women—and sometimes, the finest men.

So dangerous a foe was he, that when The Killer met his end, he was shot through the head with a gun from two cities away. No one would dare get closer. But The Killer passed on his legacy—and his unerring aim and killer instinct—to his illegitimate son, Wesley Gibson.

Pencils and inks: Tim Bradstreet
Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

The Council of Five

The Illuminati is real—and God help us, they have superpowers.

When the supervillains finally destroyed all the heroes in 1986, they carved the world up five ways. Five “heads” of the supervillain families hold power over their territories:

- Professor Solomon Seltzer got North and South America.
- Adam-One, the world’s oldest man, took Africa.
- The Future, a savage Nazi bastard, got Europe.
- The Emperor, a Chinese crimelord, took control of Asia.

• Mister Rictus got stuck with Australia.

From behind a veil of secrecy, the Council of Five act as the real clockwork of the world, pulling the strings of global society. Not a legbreaking gets done, not an illegal act takes place without their knowledge and consent.

But that veil of secrecy has been called into question. The Professor and Adam-One like things to remain behind the scenes—when the underworld stays underground, there’s more loot for everyone to divvy up. The Future and Rictus, on the other hand, tire of remaining in shadow. They want the world to piss its pants when it hears the mere letters in their names.

The Emperor? He’s the swing vote, constantly in play. Meetings of the Council of Five have taken on the air of an armed camp. Daggers are drawn, searching for a back to be planted in.

The Illuminati is real—and God help them, they may turn against each other.

Pencils, inks and tones: Ashley Wood
Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

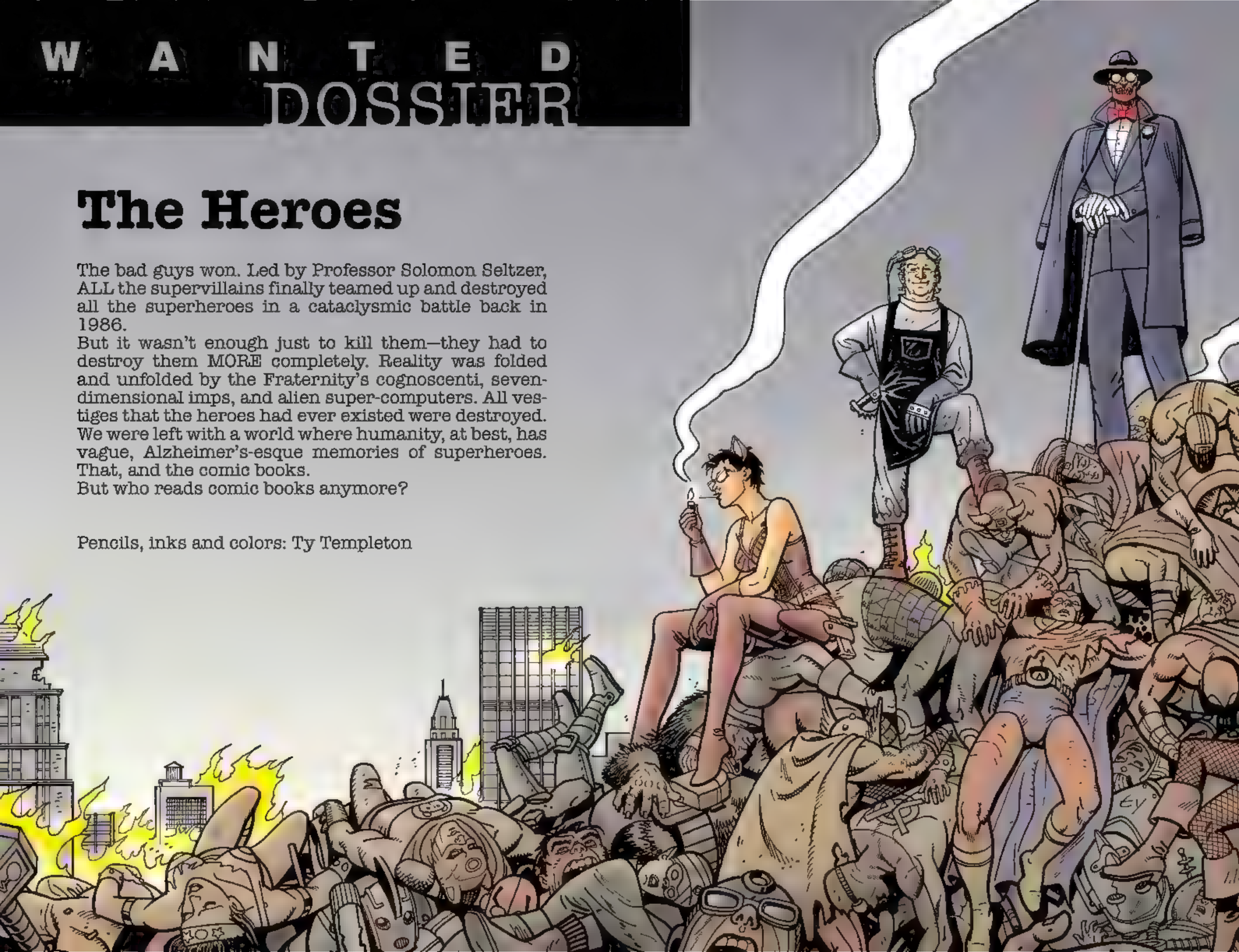
The Heroes

The bad guys won. Led by Professor Solomon Seltzer, ALL the supervillains finally teamed up and destroyed all the superheroes in a cataclysmic battle back in 1986.

But it wasn't enough just to kill them—they had to destroy them MORE completely. Reality was folded and unfolded by the Fraternity's cognoscenti, seven-dimensional imps, and alien super-computers. All vestiges that the heroes had ever existed were destroyed. We were left with a world where humanity, at best, has vague, Alzheimer's-esque memories of superheroes. That, and the comic books.

But who reads comic books anymore?

Pencils, inks and colors: Ty Templeton



W A N T E D DOSSIER

Doll-Master

He has a wife, two beautiful young daughters, a house in the suburbs, and wears a bow tie. He's the most docile, kind-hearted, well-spoken gentleman you're likely to meet. You'd be proud to have him as your neighbor. Too bad he's also one of the most nefarious super-criminals the world has ever seen.

The Doll-Master combines an uncanny knack for micro-mechanics with a Gepetto-like love for his "babies" that's definitely three steps over the line of creepy, and borders on the insane. His smile is halfway between "kindly old uncle" and "pedophile." He is indeed the master of his doll-like automatons...but these babies are killing machines that can rend the flesh from your bones.

He'll order his dolls to fillet a man, but he never swears in front of children. He'll blow up a bank, killing dozens...but always leaves the toilet seat down for his wife. And if so much as a tiny tear appears in his dolls' suits, he'll lovingly stitch it up himself. He is the master of his puppets...but they pull the strings of his heart.

Pencils and inks: Brian Michael Bendis
Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

IMP

The power to fold and unfold reality is in the hands of a child.

Despite the fact that he's thousands of years old, Imp is considered an infant in the seven-dimensional reality from which he hails. He visits us when his parents aren't looking. What we see when we look at him is just the three-dimensional aspect—but there are four more levels you and I can't even dream of.

With his higher consciousness, Imp has the power to shape reality in our dimension as easily as an artist can shape a world with a pencil and eraser. He's limited only by his imagination. In the past, he turned America into a marshmallow-land for 12 hours. He made buildings come alive and slug it out with buildings from other major cities. He turned his greatest super-foe into ice cream on a lark. Part of the Professor's crew, he has been convinced to tone things down a tad when he visits our realm, as he is so powerful, he could accidentally unmake reality.

Deadly Nightshade

She is the deadliest of blossoms. She can envelop you in her petals, and give you the most exquisite of deaths as her pollens fill your lungs, choking the life out of you.

Deadly Nightshade is an assassin in Rictus' crew with a secret. She's so enamored of living on the edge, that she's having an affair with Imp. The cross-camp romance is the most dangerous of games, as tensions between Rictus and the Professor always threaten to boil over. Couple that with the fact that she knows Imp could unmake reality in an orgasm-induced loss of control, and Deadly Nightshade takes all of our lives into her petals every time she slips between the sheets.

Pencils, inks and colors: Chris Bachalo



W A N T E D DOSSIER

SHIT-HEAD

The collected feces of the 666 most evil beings ever to walk the earth have taken on sentience. There's a little Hitler in there, a touch of Ed Gein, half a pound of Jeffrey Dahmer.

No one knows how this walking, steaming shit-pile came to life. Many say it formed in the world's sewers, the result of a mystic spell, or perhaps science gone horribly awry. Suffice it to say that Shit-Head is part of Mister Rictus' army, perhaps the most vile creature among a horrifically vile crew.

Shit-Head is a mere footsoldier in Rictus' crew, used as muscle. He can make his body diarrhea-soft, bloody constipation-hard, or any consistency in-between. As such, he can pound an enemy with the force of a freight train, then slip away, liquid-smooth, through a sewer grate.

Shit happens. Just pray he never happens to you.

Pencils and inks: Bill Sienkiewicz

Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

FUCKWIT

Meet the Down's Syndrome copy of the world's (former) greatest hero.

Fuckwit is the product of an experiment to create a superman. Part of the experiment worked: The body is there. The brain...not so much so.

Fuckwit is massively powered, but dumb as a bag of hammers. He is the concept of the child with the gun, writ large. He'll yank your arm off trying to shake your hand, and not even realize he's done anything wrong...or was that right?

Fuckwit has all the endearing qualities of a new puppy—he's friendly, loyal, and loves you unconditionally. Unfortunately, he also has all the toilet training of a new puppy.

What if the most powerful man in the universe had brain damage? He'd be a Fuckwit, now wouldn't he?

Pencils and inks: Frank Quitely
Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

SUCKER

Sucker came to Earth thousands of years ago, a parasitical alien organism. He forms a symbiotic bond with a host and, to stay alive, has to feed it with the life-force of other living creatures. The second he stops delivering, the host dies, and Sucker moves on to a new one.

This is especially effective when Sucker drains the life-force of a superpowered being—Sucker has access to the powers himself, and a superpowered pawn to put into play.

Sucker enjoys a good cigar—Cubans, of course. He leaves those like he leaves his parasitical victims—drained, dead, and dusty.

Pencils: Joe Quesada
Inks: Mark Millar
Colors: Paul Mounts



W A N T E D DOSSIER

Mister Rictus

Once, he saved souls. Now he damns them.

The man who would become Mister Rictus was once a devout Christian, the most pious of men. But he died briefly on the operating table after a horrible accident. He expected Heaven, but found...

Nothing.

No God. No Heaven. No afterlife. None of what he had been promised for living his devout life. Just a void. And the void left a void in his heart.

The incident created a man without a conscience. Rictus now lives completely without moral compass. He knows there is no eternal consequence to his action. He lives for the day, and that is all.

Rictus does everything you've ever thought about in your darkest moments. Every whim he comes up with, he caters to. And his whims tend toward the dark end of the spectrum.

If he wants to eat, fuck, or kill something, he does it, without thought. He is the creature of pure id. Rictus spent years embracing the light, a light that was never there. Now, there is only darkness.

Pencils and inks: Jae Lee
Colors: June Chung



COVER GALLERY

WANTED #1 cover B pg. 167

Art by **Marc Silvestri, Joe Weems V**
and **Steve Firchow**

WANTED #1 cover C pg. 168

Art by **Rodolfo Migliari**, the pride of Argentina

WANTED #1-#6 and

Wanted: Dossier pg. 169-171

Art by **J.G. Jones**

WANTED #1

"Wizard Ace Edition", overlay and cover pg. 176-177

Art by **J.G. Jones**

CONVENTION VARIANT COVERS pg. 179

WANTED #1 Wizard World Texas variant

Art by **J.G. Jones**, with convention background
design by **Stephanie Lesniak**

WANTED #4 San Diego Comic-Con variant

Art by **Marc Silvestri**,
with background by **Jason Medley**

WANTED #4 Wizard World Chicago variant

Art by **Marc Silvestri**,
with background by **Jason Medley**

WANTED: Dossier

Art by **J.G. Jones**
with convention design by **Chaz Riggs**

WANTED #1-#4 "Death Row Editions" pg.178

Art by **J.G. Jones** with backgrounds
by **Stephanie Lesniak** and **Chaz Riggs**

ISSUE #6 VARIANTS pg. 180

WANTED #6 "Mister Rictus" cover

Art by **Ian Lee** and **June Chung**

WANTED #6 "Shit-Head" Cover

Art by **Bill Sienkiewicz** and **Paul Mounts**

WANTED #6 "Fuckwit" cover

Art by **Frank Quitely** and **Paul Mounts**

"Now get in the fucking car while I still got this Little Miss Patient smile on my face, asshole!"

—THE FOX



"I'm the scariest super-fuck who ever walked the earth..."

—THE KILLER



"If I was chocolate, I swear I'd eat myself right now."

—WESLEY GIBSON



"Only difference between a dream and a nightmare is how big your balls are, bitch."

—THE FOX



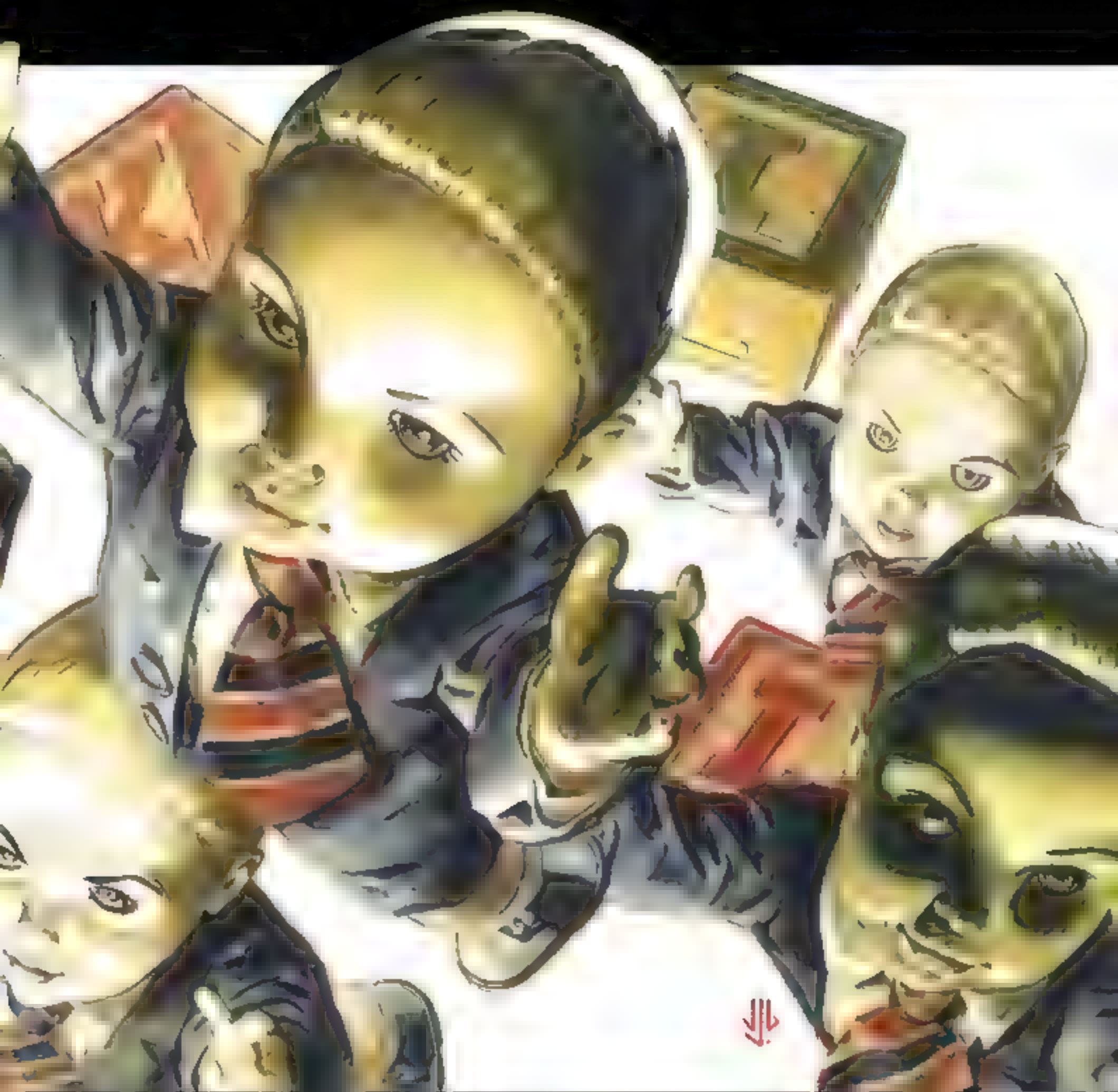
“That’s exactly what you think it is. My own little ‘fuck you’ to the world.”

—PROFESSOR SOLOMON SELTZER



"Boys, I want you to kill these motherfuckers..."

—DOLL-MASTER



"I don't fuck goats, Mister Gibson. I make love to them."

—MISTER RICTUS



1954
1772
EO

"I'm a wheezy, asthmatic mommy's boy. I collected Ninja Turtles figures. I jerk off to music videos, comic-books and lingerie catalogues. I had a seven-figure Sonic high score. I don't do things like this."

—WESLEY GIBSON



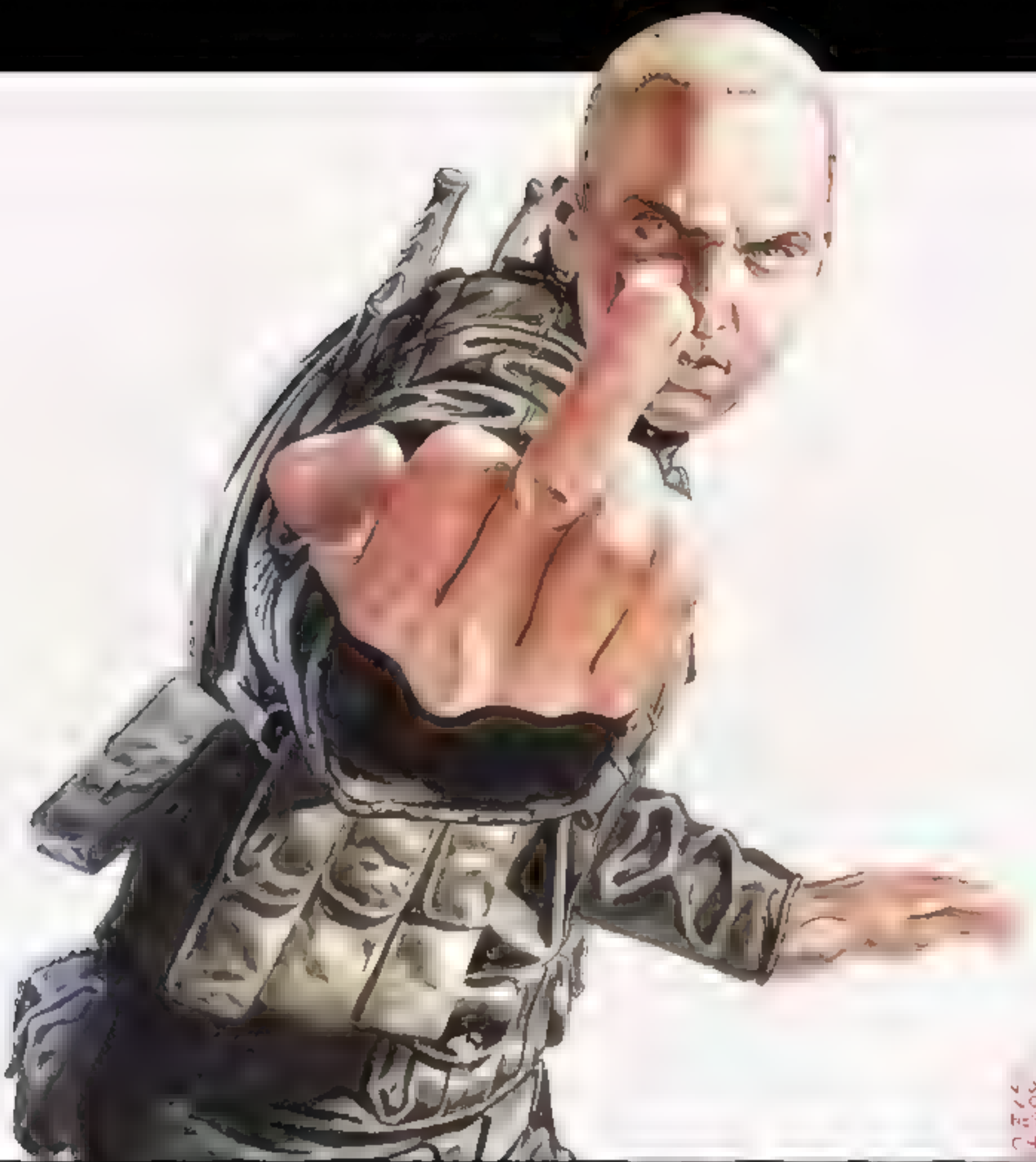
“Didn’t you hear? (He) disappeared during a big war with all the super-villains ...they all disappeared during this enormous battle and they’ve never been seen again.”

—BOBBY MILLAR

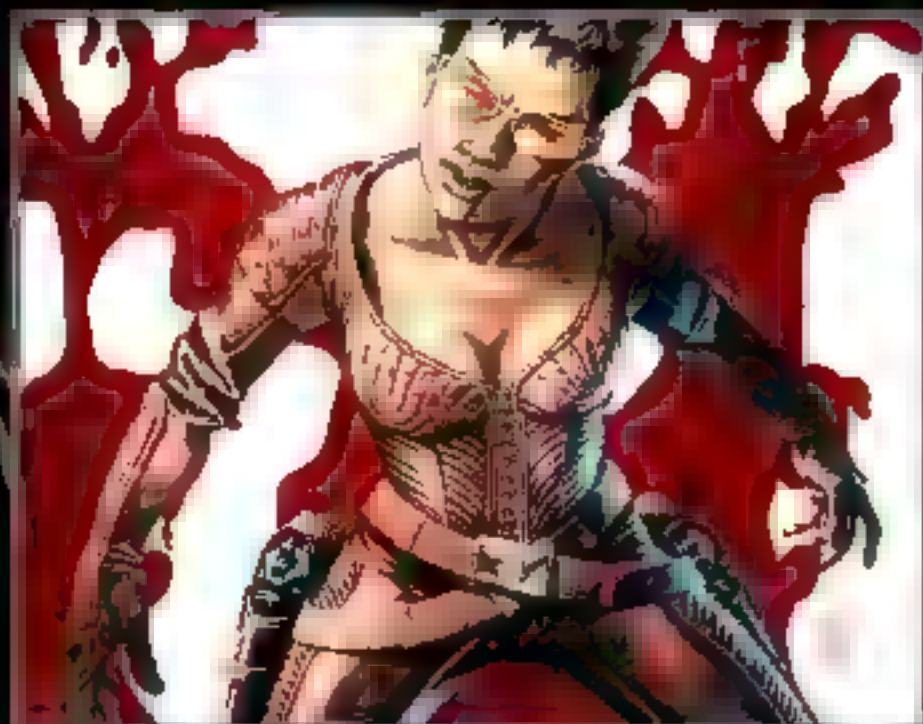
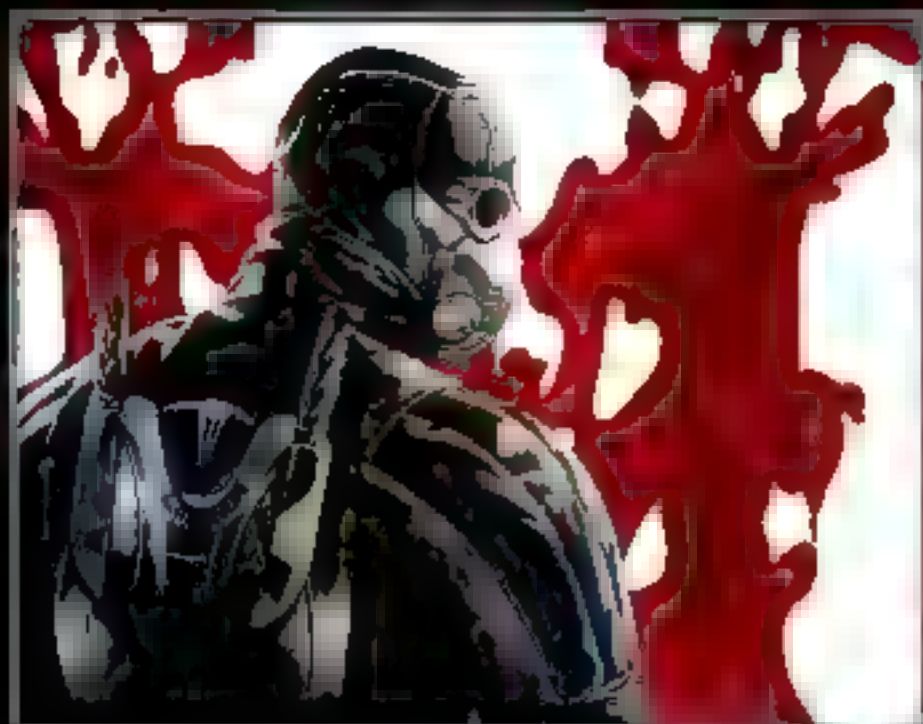


DOSSIER



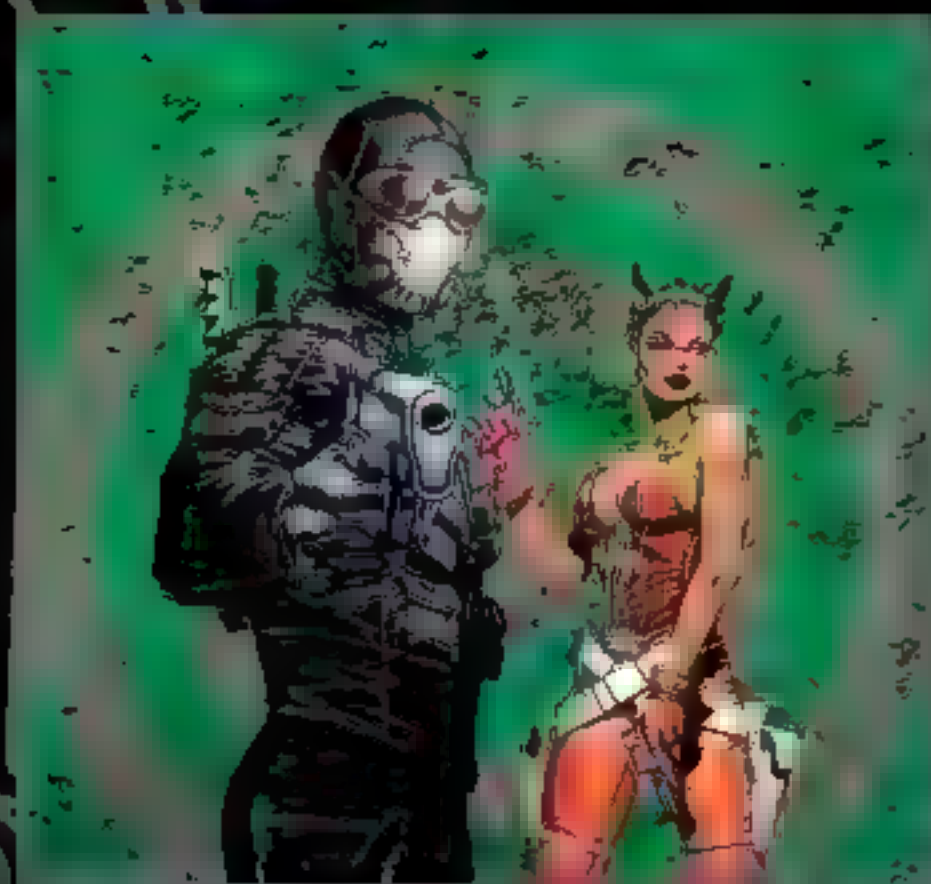
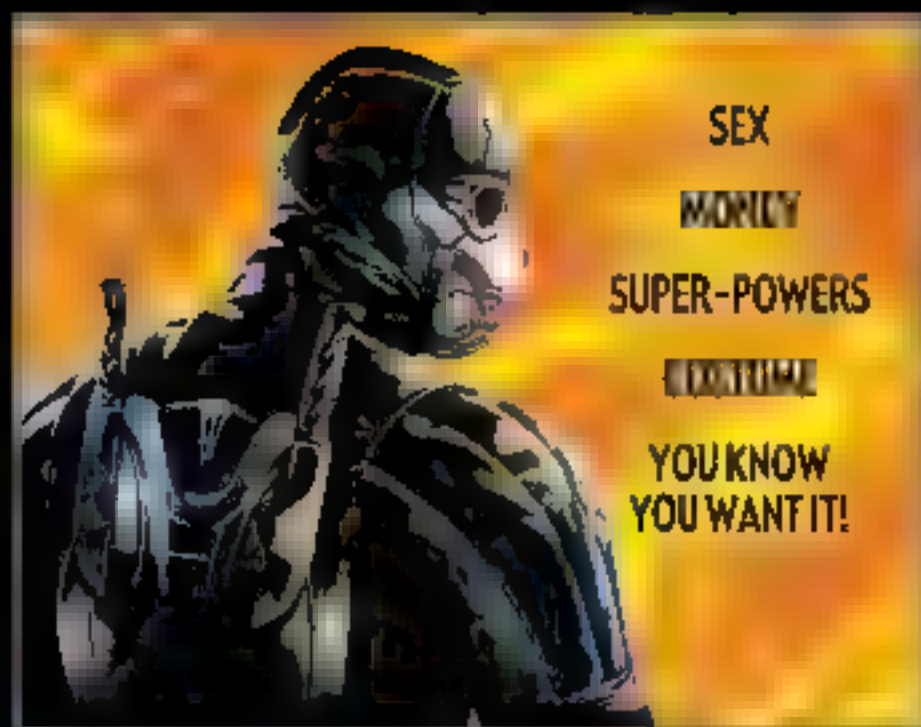


WANTED DEATH ROW EDITIONS



The Death Row editions were second printings with variant covers and contained bonus materials which are included in this trade.

WANTED CONVENTION VARIANTS



WANTED #6 VARIANTS



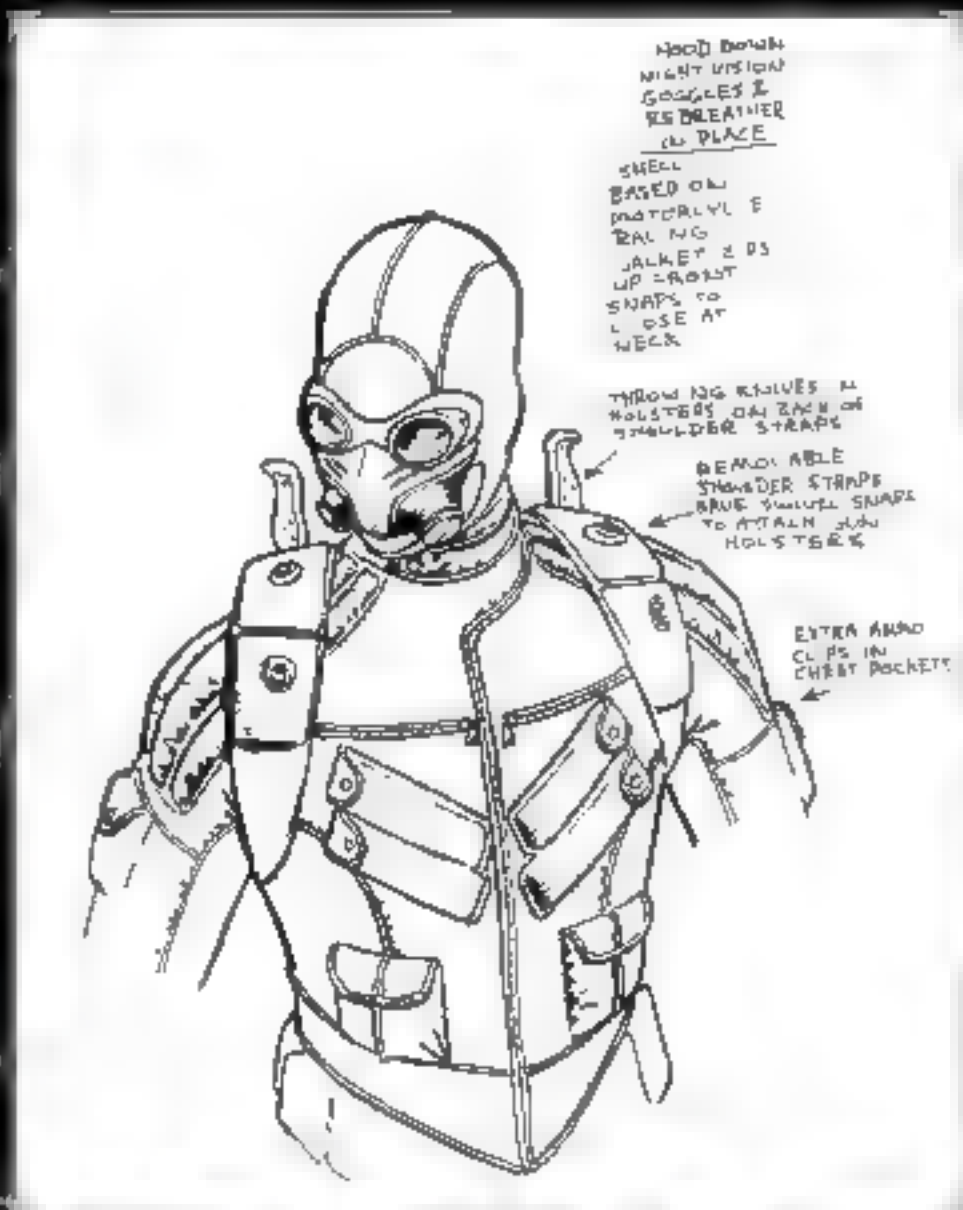
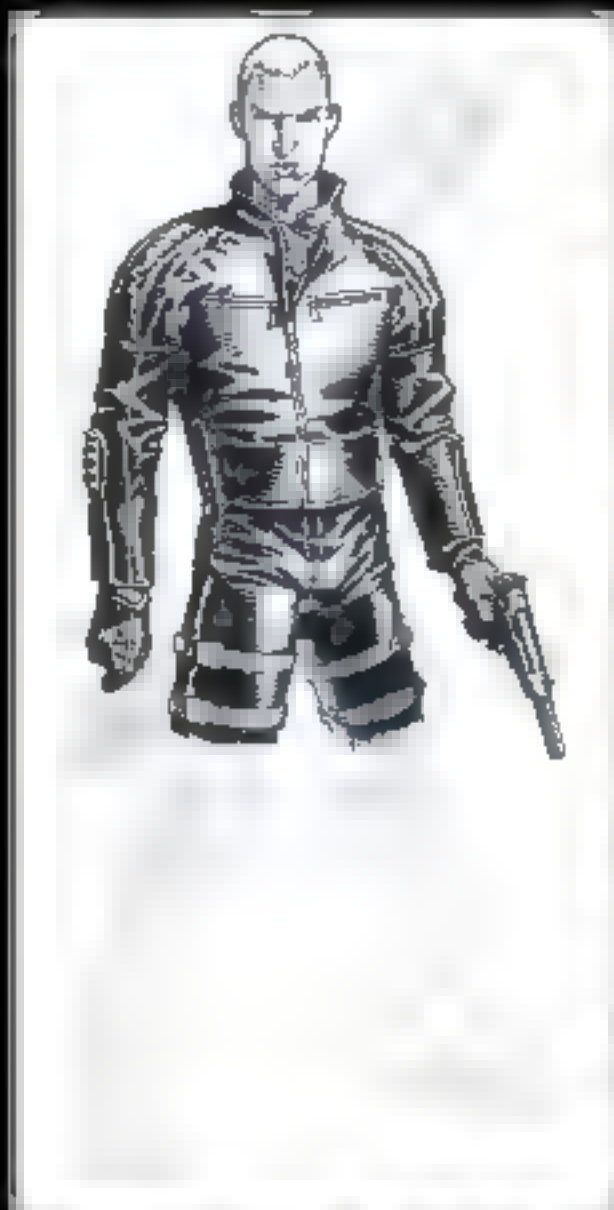
WANTED BEHIND THE SCENES, CHARACTER DESIGNS AND DELETED SCENES

Take a look behind the scenes of *Wanted* with these initial character designs from artist extraordinaire **J.G. Jones**.

CHARACTER DESIGN

THE KILLER, AKA WESLEY GIBSON

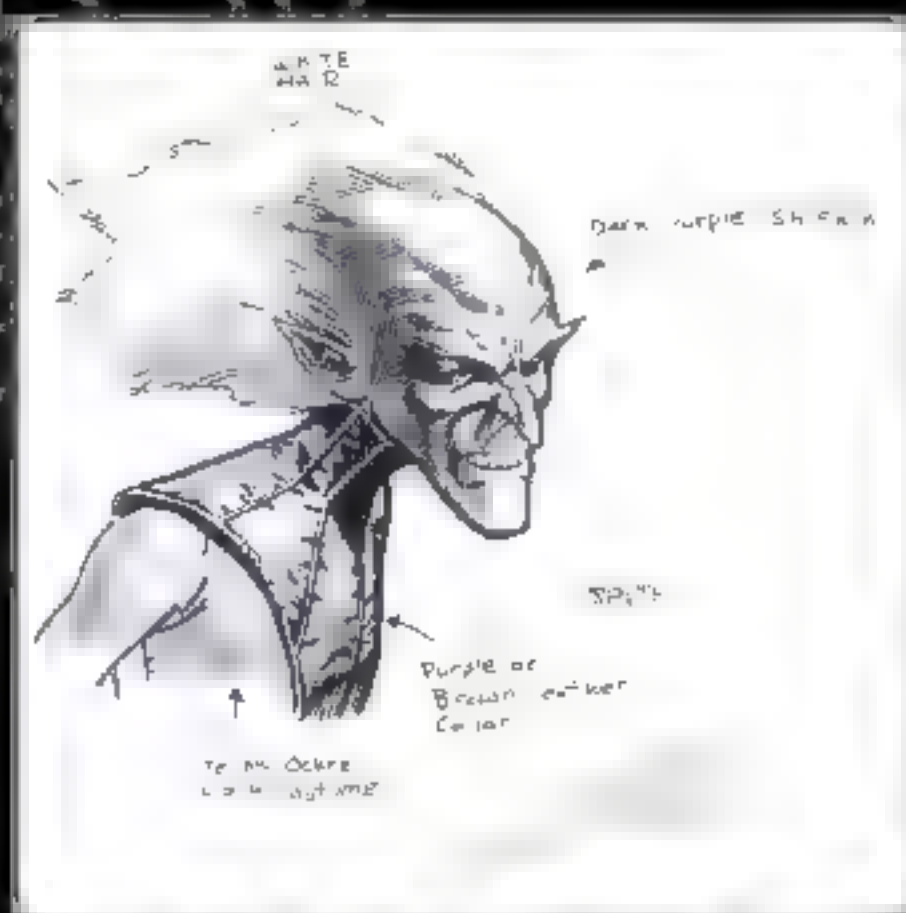
J.G. Jones nailed the design of Wesley Gibson in the "Killer" garb pretty much right out of the box. The costume is very "world outside your window," all real-world stuff that the stylish killer-on-the-go wouldn't be caught dead without.



CHARACTER DESIGN

IMP

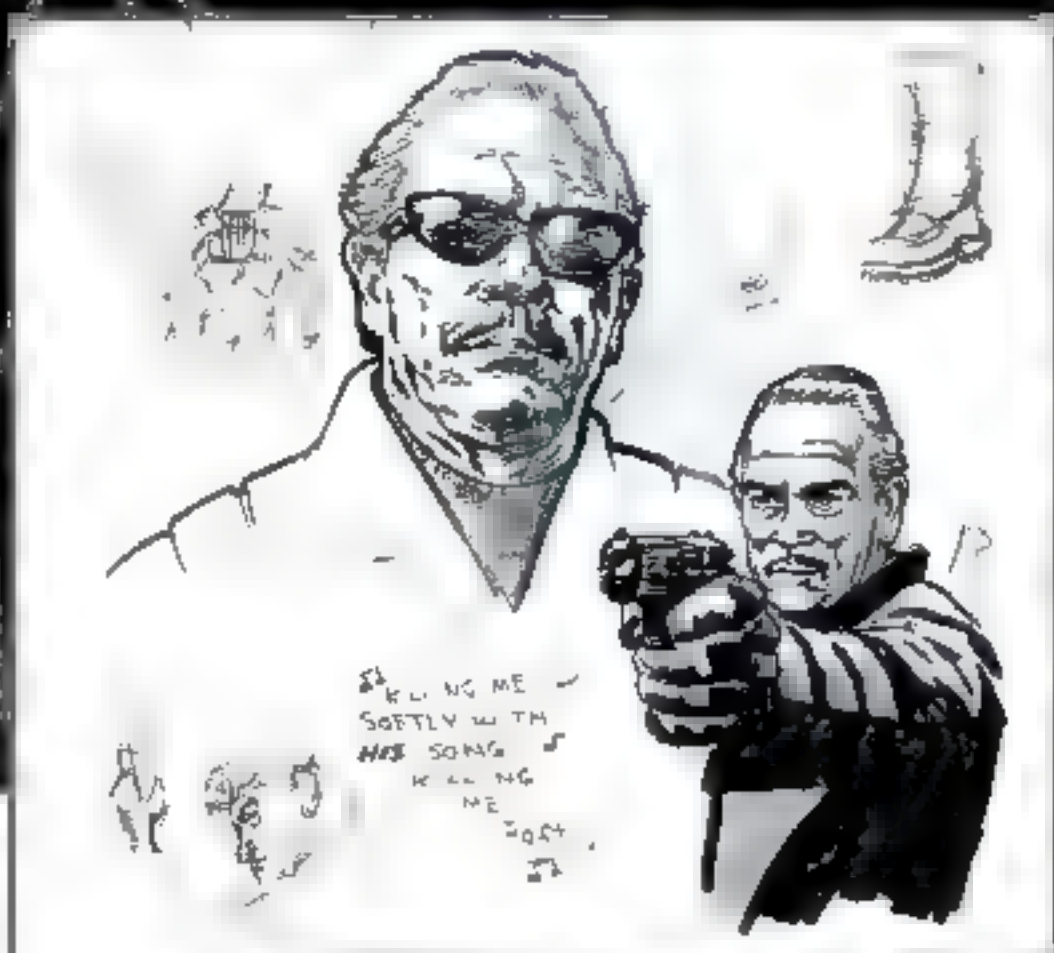
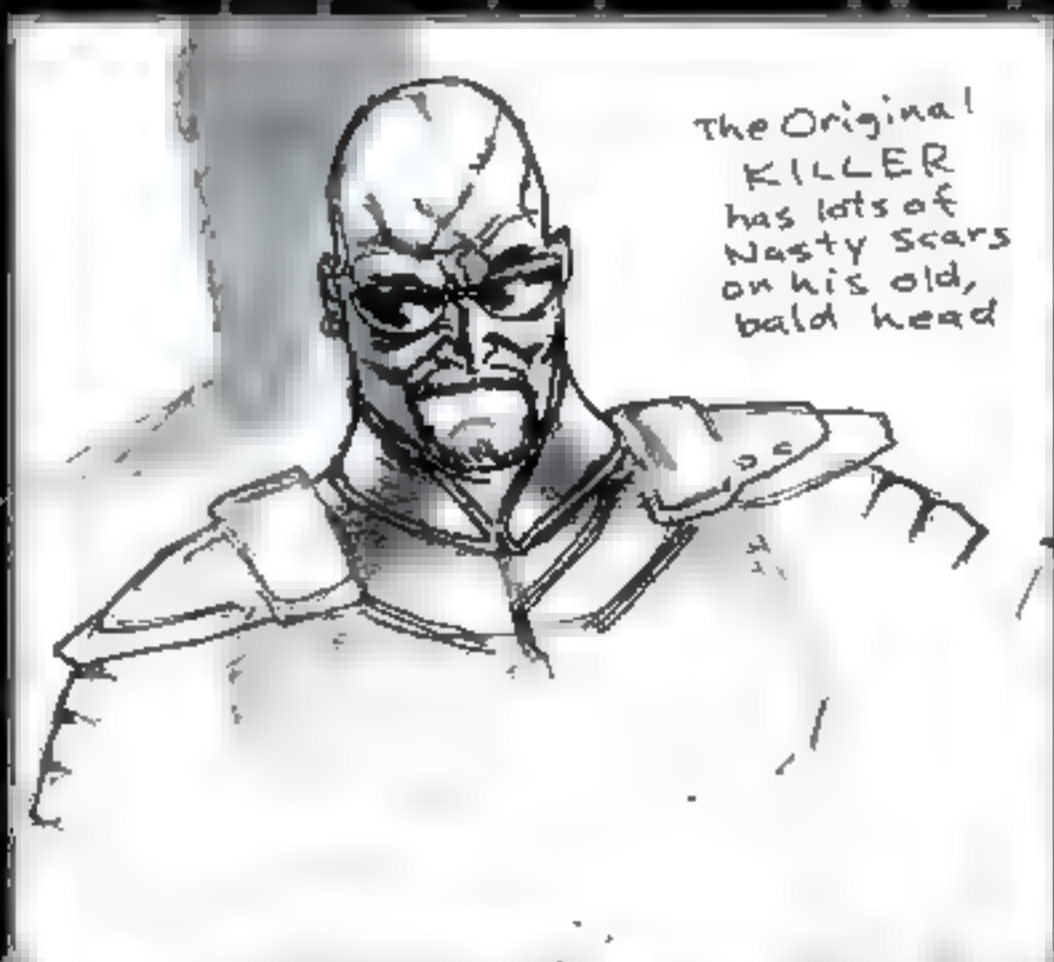
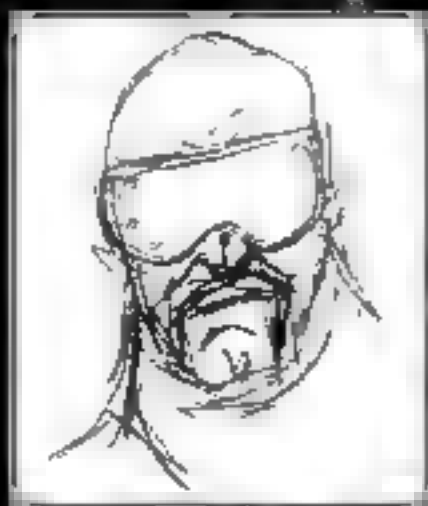
The Imp gets his in *Wanted* #4. But before he could die, he had to come to life in the design of J.G. Jones. J.G.'s design was pretty much spot-on, and no real changes were made from the initial take. "I was sorry to see Imp go," said Jones. "He and Sucker were two of my favorite characters, both to design and to draw."



CHARACTER DESIGN

THE ORIGINAL KILLER

Wesley's papa, on the other hand, went through a bit of revision. The original guy seemed a bit too chunky for a man of such power. The revised Original Killer was sleek and sophisticated.



CHARACTER DESIGN

MISTER RICTUS

The haunting presence of Mister Rictus first appears in WANTED #2. Different names were bandied about and at one point the character was going to be called *The Martyr*.

J.G.'s original character design was eventually the basis for the WANTED #5 cover.



CHARACTER DESIGN SUCKER

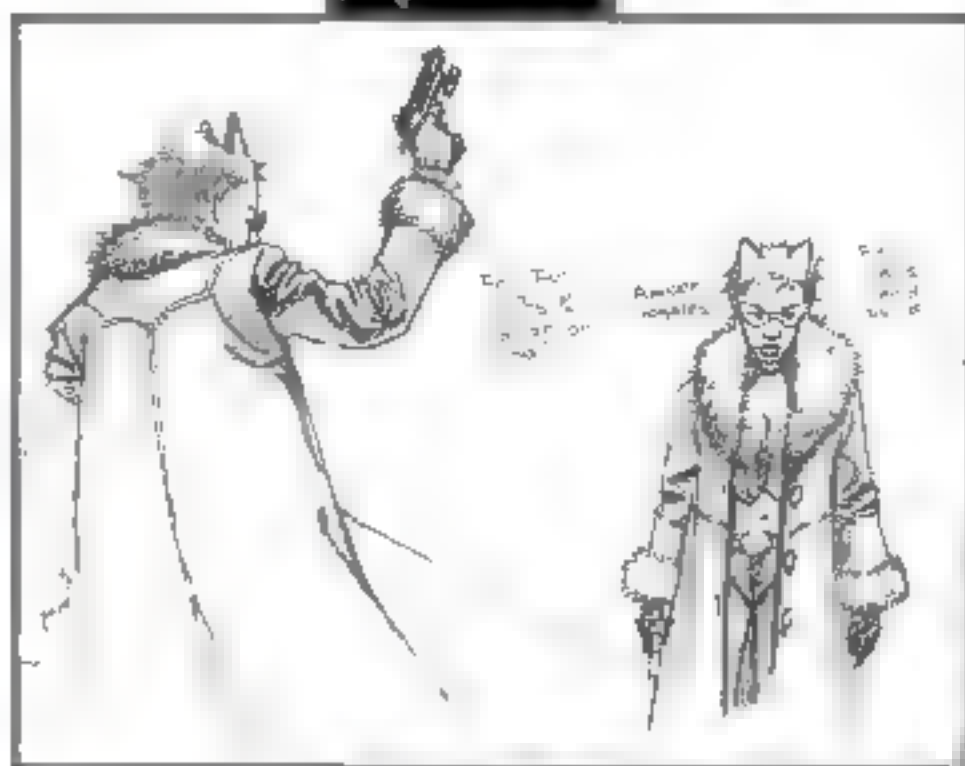
Like most of the villains, Sucker shows up for the first time in costume in WANTED #2. J.G. Jones' first try at Sucker's look and costume was the only try needed. The design was perfect right off the bat!



Not a single accessory went overlooked in J.G. Jones' design for the Fox Cuffs, collar, and even the cut of her pants are all addressed, along with a provision for costume changes.



Fox has pointed Boots with bell-bottom leather pants over them. She wears Redd sh Brown rather need to top

[illegible]



USE TO REPLACE PANEL 4, PAGE 8

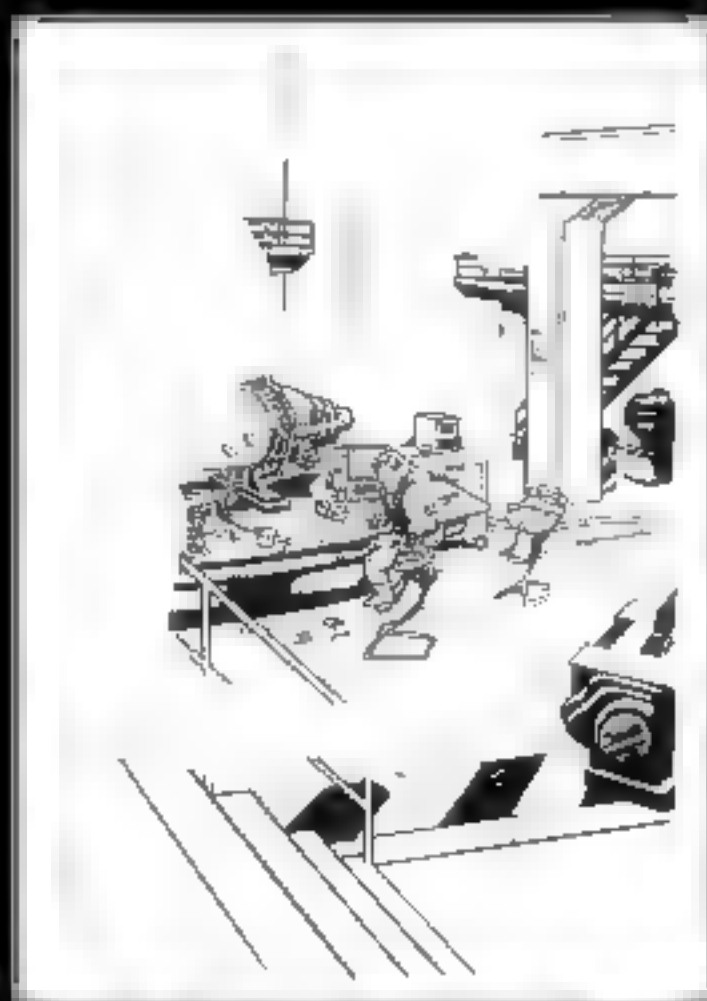
WANTED #1 PG. 8

Man that he is, artist J.G. Jones goes to the end of the row! J.G. did two distinct versions of The Killer getting his head blown up, and went with the "giant hole" version. "Drawing all the bits of the brain made it look a little slow and fussed over," J.G. says. "I wanted to go with something that had the impact of a bullet through the head."



WANTED #1 PG. 14

The all important pin that symbolizes The Fraternity went through three separate takes before J.G. settled on winner. "I was just monkeying around with Masonic-type symbols. *The Man Who Would Be King* is one of my favorite movies after all," says J.G.



WANTED #1 PG. 18

As if this massive splash page could get any more elaborate, J.G. added additional backgrounds and cosmic goo-gob to page 18. "I drew this page early on so that we could have a teaser to release online. After drawing the rest of the book, the lab didn't match what I needed for the rest of the scene, so I changed part of the page to make the whole thing work," says J.G.

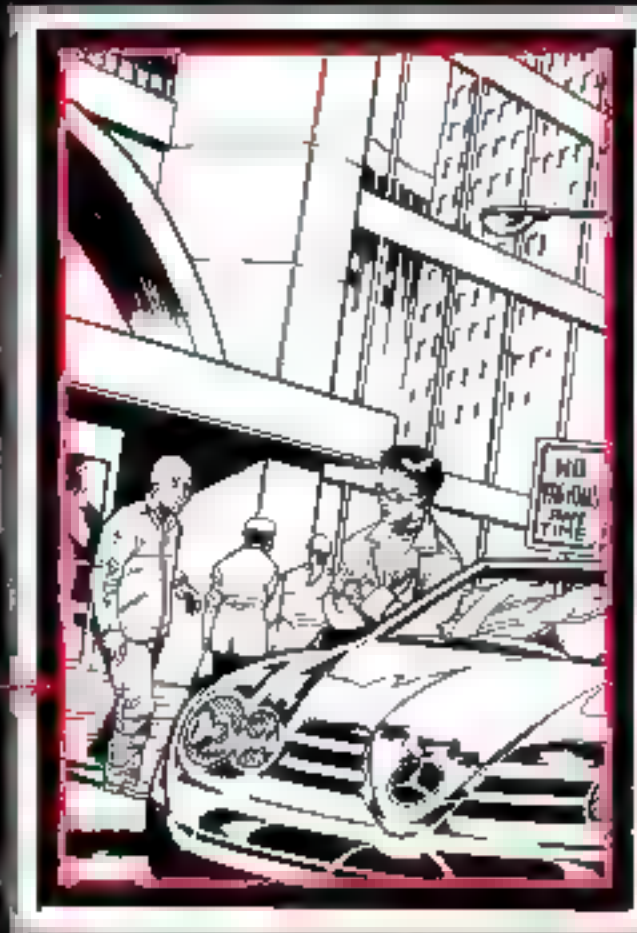




PAGE 2, PANEL 3 Replacement Done

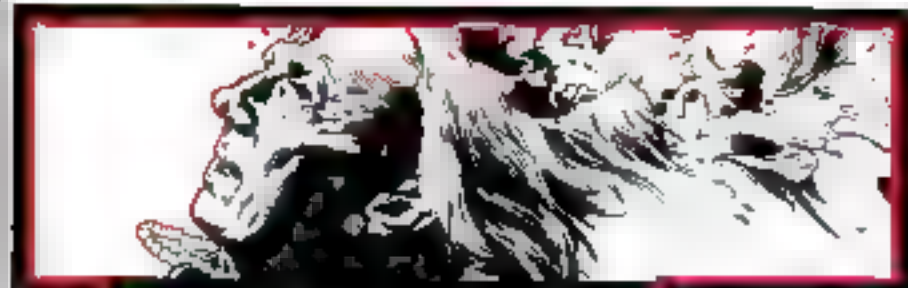
WANTED #1 PG. 21

The scared to death expression of Wesley on page 21 went under the knife before J.G. settled on the final version. "I had to get the face just right to show Wesley starting to freak out," says J.G.



WANTED #2 PG. 4

Writer Mark Millar changed the pace of the story just a tad on pages 4 and 5. Millar felt that having the "Wesley quits" scene extended over two pages didn't set up the next scene well enough. Millar offered to pay artist J.G. Jones out of his own pocket to make the changes to tighten up the "Wesley quits" scene to end on pg. 4. (And cheap Scotsman that he is, Millar is yet to pay.)



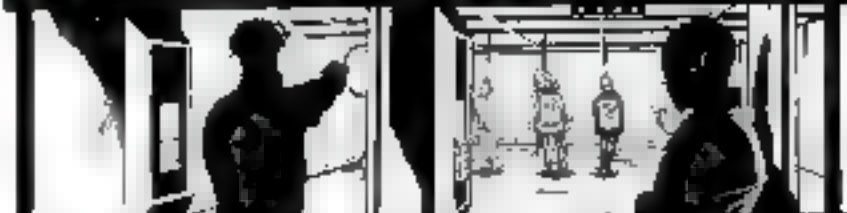
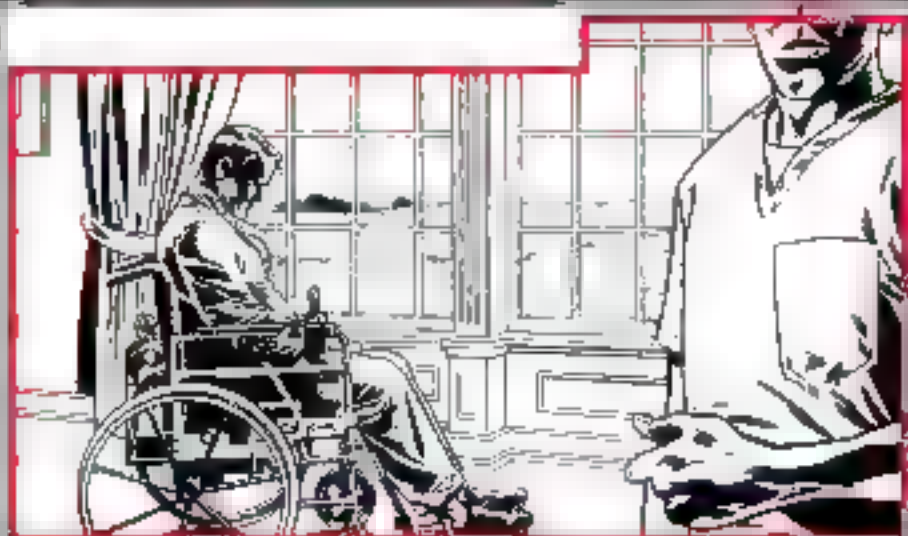
Important
to note the
the No
for the

WANTED #2_PG. 5

Similarly a rewrite on page 5 led to a redraw of page 5. J.G. Jones worked like a demon to get the revisions done, finishing on Christmas Eve, then retiring for the holidays with a tumbler of Scotch. "It was Macallan," Jones says. "A single malt, rich and smoky, with a good dose of that peat-y flavor."

WANTED #2_PG. 20

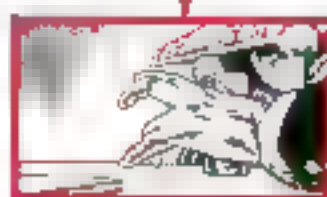
Artist J.G. Jones was moved to re-draw a panel on page 20 when he really "got" the impact of what was meant here. "[I think you'll note a passing resemblance to a certain well-known strange visitor," Jones notes. "But only a passing resemblance. We'd never venture into the arena of identity theft."





WANTED #3 PG. 6

Artist J.G. Jones realized he was running into an angle problem on page 6, the handoff of the radioactive condom from Doll Master to the professor. He redrew the shot for a better reveal, and even a nice warm glow from the radiation on the Prof's face.



ISSUE 3
Page 16
Panel 4
Replacement Panel

WANTED #3 PG. 16

Foreshadowing! Your key to quality funnybook entertainment! J.G. reworked a bit of the "Council of Five" Meeting to show the Professor's fingers tapping on the table. You didn't even realize it was important...until you got to page 18!



WANTED #4 PG. 6

Artist J.G. Jones did a bit of a flip-flop on "generic patriot good guy" on page 3, panel 1. "The figure looked a little flat to me, so I went for something with more energy and impact."



WANTED

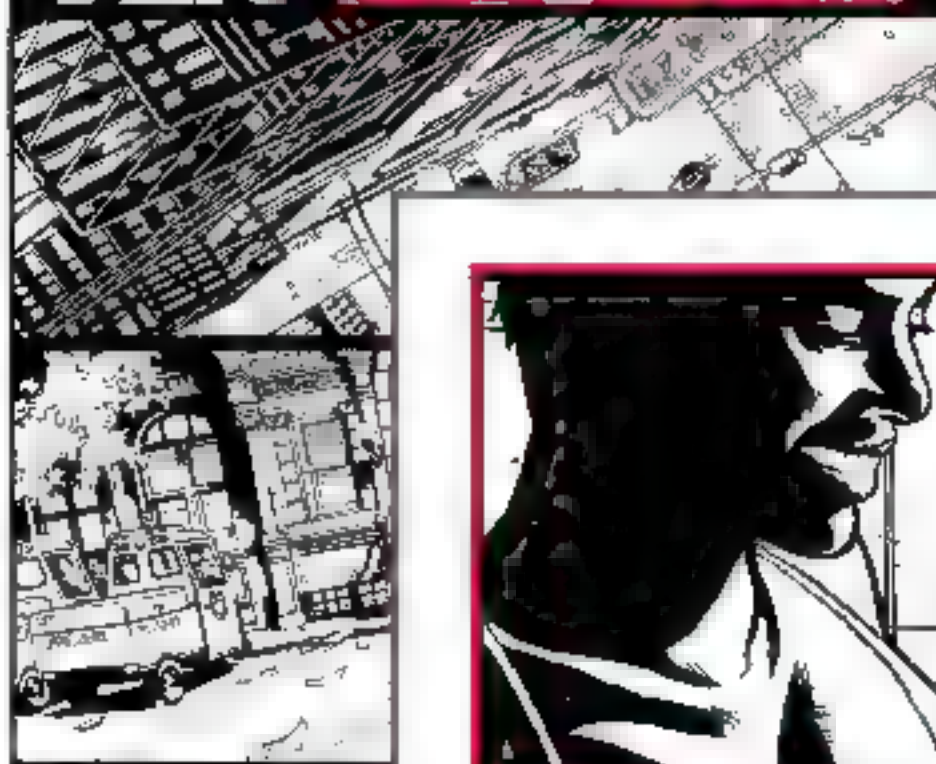
4

4



WANTED #4 PG. 4

Similarly, the Fox and Wesley were reversed on page 4, panel 3. "Here I wanted to emphasize the dim, moody lighting, so I switched to a shot that would backlight the figures and give me more shadows."



WANTED

NEW BONUS MATERIAL, FROM SCRIPT TO PRESS

Here is a quick look at the evolution of writer Mark Millar's story from the original script to the finished page, using the classic final fight scenes between Mr. Rictus and Wesley from *Wanted* #5 pages 19 and 20.

Page Nineteen

1/ Pull back and the most astonishing, Kill Bill-kinda overhead where we see the smallish figure of Wesley standing here with the circle of dead bodies around him. Rictus is standing here alone and is very obviously the next target. Wesley stands here with his head down and a smoking gun in each hand. The Fox still down on the ground and surrounded by all these bloodied corpses.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Close on Wesley as we go all John Woo and have him raise his head and look right into our eyes with an I'm-gonna-fuck-you-up intensity. He's covered in blood and dripping with intense, but restrained emotion here as he takes out his knife.

1 WESLEY CAPTION: Act tough. Act tough. Act tough.

2 WESLEY GIBSON: I'll give you one shot.

3/ Mister Rictus reacts by firing off a shot towards us, slightly panicked looking. He's a dangerous mother-fucker, but even HE knows his time is up.

3 SOUND FX: BLAM!

4/ Super-cool shot as the intense Wesley just smacks (yes, smacks) the bullet aside with the blade of his knife like he's playing ping-pong.

4 SOUND FX: SMACK!



Page Twenty

1/ Reaction shot as this bullet fires back towards it's intended target and just shoots Mister Rictus right through the throat, coming out the back off his neck. His hat comes off for the first time and we're quite surprised by the suddenness of all this.

1 RICTUS (big): GRRRR!

2 WESLEY CAPTION: Holy shit.

2/ Reaction shot from The Fox and even SHE'S surprised by the suddenness of all this, hardly able to take in just how good this off-panel kid has become.

3 THE FOX: That was GREAT.

3/ Wesley squats over the wounded body of Mister Rictus as he lies here bleeding on the floor. He's got his hunting knife out and looks cold and menacing as he basically says goodbye. The Fox is watching the whole thing with some interest.

4 WESLEY GIBSON: Now answer the question, Rictus: I don't care about the peace treaty. I don't care about Goddamn The Professor, I just wanna know who killed my Dad and if you had anything to do with it!

5 WESLEY GIBSON: Who killed him, you old bastard? I just wanna know who put that fucking BULLET in his head!

4/ Close on Mister Rictus as he lies back here, the bullet-wound in his throat, as he coughs through blood to his his defiant last words.

6 RICTUS (huge): HOW THE FUCK SHOULD I KNOW?

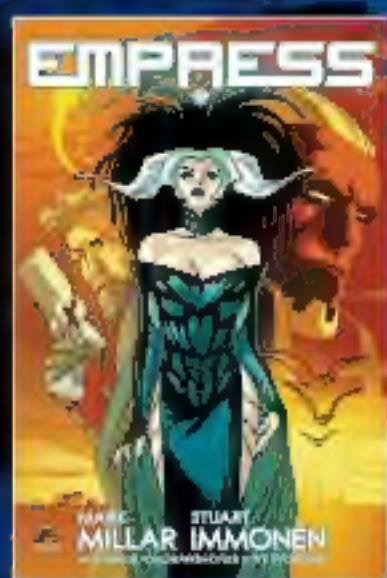
5/ Reaction shot from Wesley as he grits his teeth and looks quite feral. Off-panel, he's clearly plunging the knife in here and we get a big spurt of blood right across his face.

7 WESLEY GIBSON: Wrong ANSWER, cock-sucker.



MILLARWORLD®

THE COLLECTION CHECKLIST



EMPRESS
Art by Stuart Immonen



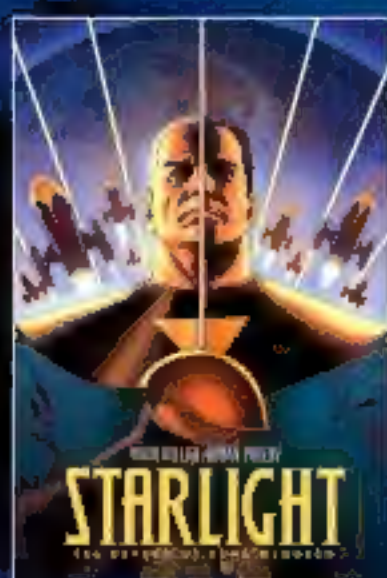
HUCK
Art by Rafael Albuquerque



CHRONONAUTS
Art by Sean Gordon Murphy



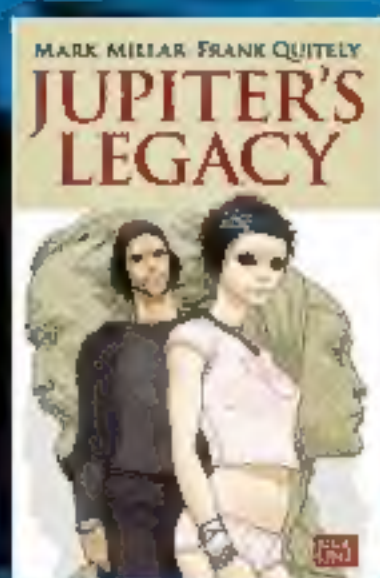
MPH
Art by Duncan Fegredo



STARLIGHT
Art by Garth Pender



**JUPITER'S
CIRCLE 1 & 2**
Art by Willfredo Torres



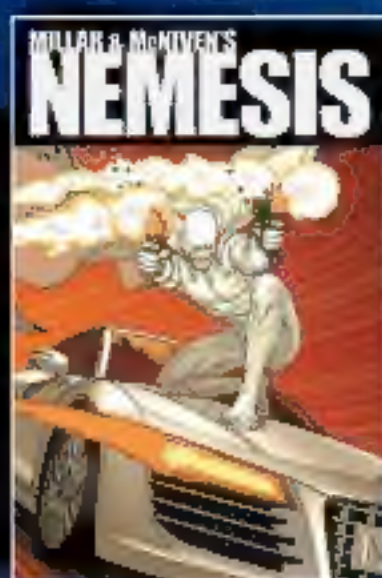
JUPITER'S LEGACY
Art by Frank Quitely



SUPER CROOKS
Art by Leinil Yu



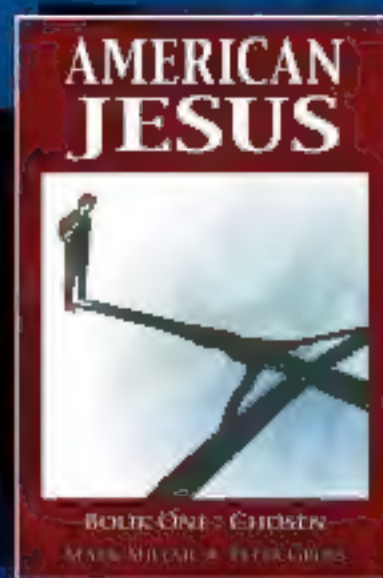
SUPERIOR
Art by Leinil Yu



NEMESIS
Art by Steve McNiven



REBORN
Art by Greg Capullo



AMERICAN JESUS
Art by Peter Gross



Collecting **WANTED** issues #1-6 as well as the **WANTED: Dossier**, the **WANTED** trade paperback reveals an alternate version of life right outside your window where the villains are the heroes, and the bad guys run the world. Created by **Mark Millar** (*Kick-Ass*, *Kingsman: The Secret Service*) with art by **J.G. Jones** (*Final Crisis*, *52*), **WANTED** delivers hard-hitting action and adventure from modern masters of the comics field.

"...Mark Millar has managed to pull off the impossible: a new take on supervillains, and each issue has been better than the last..." -Mediasharx.com

"Blood, mayhem, carnage, gore, sex, violence, and a poster-perfect whipping boy of the world equals one heck of a fun ride." -Alex Hamby, Herorealm.com

"Take the movie 'Fight Club', mix in a little Masters of Evil, shake it around and what do you have? You have **WANTED**." -wizarduniverse.com

"The pencil and ink work of JG Jones is superb." -brokenfrontier.com

"With rollicking non-stop action, colorful characters and the sharpest dialogue around, **WANTED** comes as close to a cinematic comic as you're likely to find." - **WIZARD**

Cubicle-dwelling Wesley Gibson thought he was the same as everyone else. Wesley's life changes the day he discovers he is the son of "The Killer," a member of an underground fraternity of supervillains who have secretly been running the world since 1986.

Brought into the fraternity after his father is slain, Wesley comes into his own abilities as the new Killer and a veil is lifted from his eyes as he sees the world he never knew was there. In a world where all the superheroes are dead, Wesley joins the villains while trying to unravel the mystery of his father's murder. Wesley Gibson is a son, a killer, a hero... and **WANTED**.



IMAGECOMICS.COM
RATED M / MATURE

NETFLIX



A-R. & QUINCH



K6



NW